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IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. III

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE TILL.

[Douglas Jerrold, born in London, 3d January, 1803; died at Kilburn, London, 8th June, 1857. Midshipman, printer, dramatist, journalist, novelist, essayist, humourist—and potent in all the many parts he played. His success was won by dint of hard honest work; his end came in the sunshine of success. He was noted for saying "sharp things:" he should also have been noted for saying them only when falsehood of some sort or other called them forth. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*, in which the *Caudle Lectures* and other popular sketches first appeared. It was as a dramatist and humourist that he was best known; but it was the productions of his more serious moods which exhibited his best powers, whilst they showed his earnest sympathy with all who struggled and hoped, and his love of rural life. This is most apparent in the *Chronicles of Clovernook*, which, according to his son—Mr. Blanchard Jerrold—was his pet work. "The *Chronicles* are a fragment of what it was originally intended by the author they should be;" says Mr. B. Jerrold in his interesting preface to the admirable edition of his father's works issued by Messrs. Bradbury, Evans and Co.; "but the fragment, it was his belief, had a better chance of reaching the hands of future generations, than the rest of his works. All the qualities of his genius shine their brightest here. The study of benignant nature is rich and rare. The 'Legends' have purposes in them, from which the author, being in downright earnest with the world, could never long wean his fancy." The following "Tragedy of the Till" is one of the legends, told by that most delightful of modern Friar Tucks, "The Hermit of Bellyfulle." The book is full of quaint fancies, and presents a world in which the wrongs of our world are humorously set right.[1]]

"IT is a strange tale, but it hath the recommendation of brevity. Some folks may see nothing in it but the tricksiness of an extravagant spirit; and some, perchance, may pluck a heart of meaning out of it. However, be it as it may, you shall hear it, sir.

"There was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London, a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and store-house by half the neighbourhood. All the creature-comforts of the poor—from bread to that questionable superfluity, small-beer—were sold by Isaac. Strange it was, that with such a trade Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts, and of all shopkeepers, was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the Mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash, who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No, a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash, but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the by-ways and short-cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in his house to pay the undertaker, would have thought himself a fortunate fellow; he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to anybody—he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single herring to a debtor's score; no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little girl sent to the shop by the rejected mother,—'he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.'

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[1] The chief dramatic works of Douglas Jerrold are: *Black-eyed Susan; The Rent-day; Nell Gwynne; Time Works Wonders; the Bubbles of the Day; the Prisoner of War; the Cat's Paw*, &c. His miscellaneous works are: *Cakes and Ale; Men of Character; Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures; Punch's Letters to his Son; The Man Made of Money; Story of a Feather; St. Giles and St. James; Chronicles of Clovernook*, &c.

"Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called nature, though in his dim, close shop, he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless, he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—'they threw,' he said, 'such a nice light about the place.' A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthuses, and, won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit. The man with wall-flowers regularly stopped at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. 'If we can't go to nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring nature to us?' Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house, the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of nature for the darkened dwellers, Isaac, despite of Mrs. Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry," said the Hermit—"to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny-roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man overlaboured and desponding—walled in by the gloom of a town—divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences—almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapour over him;—it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth beside food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?" asked the Hermit.

"Most certainly," we answered; "it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise."

"Why, sir," said the Hermit benevolently smiling, "thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances—touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odours cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him, and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—the poor housewife pays for root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge."

The Hermit paused a moment, and then in blither voice resumed. "But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman, Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holiday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money with a fine independence of the state, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea, as Pugwash believed of statute gold, was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamoured and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that further patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think you Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjurer, who in a neighbouring attic was a sideral go-between to the neighbourhood—a vender of intelligence from the stars to all who sought and duly fee'd him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabout of the felon coiner, and—the thought was anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife—the knave would be law-throttled.

"With sad indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjurer called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quack-salvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables, heavy as bullets, upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocuspocus of twelvepenny magicians was scorned by Lotus. There was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits: on the contrary, perhaps, the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman, at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge, that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek coloured like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjurer. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon —the vulgar catch-pennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, amongst much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea; could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

"'Yes, yes, yes,' said Lotus, smiling, 'of course—to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state—but let me look at your tongue.' Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. 'Yes, yes, as I thought. 'Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this—we must cure you of the disease.'

"'Disease!' cried Pugwash. 'Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days.'

"'Ha! my poor man,' said Lotus, 'it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on, quietly breaking us up, ourselves knowing no more of the mischief than a girl's doll, when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone, and you'll sink to the condition of a baboon.'

"'God bless me!' cried Pugwash.

"'A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature to you! for consider, my poor soul,' said Lotus in a compassionate voice, 'in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider what a benighted nincompoop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one.'

"'I have not a sharp eye for money,' said Pugwash modestly. 'It's a gift, sir; I'm assured it's a gift.'

"'A sharp eye! An eye of horn,' said Lotus. 'Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have, in the profundity of their wisdom, made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad; he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic; whereupon the heir, the madman's careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put, as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer, or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad—incapably mad.'

"'I'm not so bad as that,' said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

"'Don't say how you are—it's presumption in any man,' cried Lotus. 'Nevertheless, be as you may, I'll cure you, if you'll give attention to my remedy.'

"'I'll give my whole soul to it,' exclaimed Pugwash.

"'Very good, very good; I like your earnestness, but I don't want all your soul,' said Father Lotus, smiling—'I want only part of it: that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger. Ay, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now, then, for examination. Now, to have a good stare at this soul of yours.' Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee, for he had been patting her all the time he talked, and turned full round upon Pugwash. 'Turn out your breeches' pockets,' said Lotus; and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. 'So!' cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown holland whereof they were made —'very bad, indeed; very bad; never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life.'

"Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjurer: he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"'Yes, yes,' said the wizard, still eyeing the brown holland, 'I can see it all; a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul.'

"Pugwash found confidence and breath. 'Was there ever such a joke?' he cried; 'know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches' pockets!' and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

"Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. 'Ha, my good friend!' he said, 'that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy.'

"'Well, but, Father Lotus,'——

"'Peace,' said the wizard, 'and answer me. You'd have this soul of your's cured?'

"'If there's anything the matter with it,' answered Pugwash. 'Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy a soul as the souls of my neighbours. I never did wrong to anybody.'

"'Pooh!' cried Father Lotus.

"'I never denied credit to the hungry,' continued Pugwash.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said the wizard very nervously.

"'I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small-beer to'——

"'Silence!' cried Father Lotus; 'don't offend philosophy by thus bragging of your follies. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul: nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk.'

"Pugwash merely said—for the wizard began to awe him—'I'm very much obliged to you.'

"'Now,' said Lotus, 'answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?'

"'A very nice thing,' said Pugwash, 'though I can do with as little of it as most folks.'

"Father Lotus shook his head. 'Well, and the world about you?'

"'A beautiful world,' said Pugwash; 'only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brick-dust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes, when the sun shines, and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow.'

"The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. 'And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However—patience,' said Lotus, 'and let us conclude.—And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?'

"'God bless 'em, poor souls!' said Pugwash. 'It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?'

"'Well,' said the conjurer, 'for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book.' Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. 'Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you.'

"'Come, there's nothing easier than that,' said Pugwash, with a smile, and reverently putting the volume in his pocket—(the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased)—he descended the garret stairs of the conjurer.

"On the morning of the eighth day Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"'How do you feel now?' asked the conjurer with a knowing look.

"I haven't opened the book—'tis just as I took it,' said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"'I know that,' said Lotus; 'the clasps be thanked for your ignorance.' Pugwash slightly coloured; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon the necromantic page. 'Well, the book has worked,' said the conjurer, 'I have it.'

"'Have it! what?' asked Pugwash.

"'Your soul,' answered the sorcerer. 'In all my practice,' he added, gravely, 'I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition.'

"'Impossible!' cried Pugwash. 'If my soul is, as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? How is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like any body else?'

"'Ha!' said Lotus, 'that's a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, ay, as they'd swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession; bless you,' and the conjurer laughed maliciously, 'it's a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of 'em.'

"'Well,' said Pugwash, 'if it's true that you have, indeed, my soul, I should like to have a look at it.'

"'In good time,' said the conjurer; 'I'll bring it to your house, and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I'll bring it to you; 'twill then be strong enough to bear removal.'

"'And what am I to do all the time without it?' asked Pugwash, in a tone of banter. 'Come,' said he, still jesting, 'if you really have my soul, what's it like—what's its colour; if indeed souls have colours?'

"'Green—green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands,' said the wizard; 'but 'tis changing daily. More; it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; 'tis every hour mending. In a week's time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world.'

"'And pray, good father—for the matter has till now escaped me—what am I to pay you for this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?'

"'Nothing,' answered Lotus, 'nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labour. Think you that men's immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker's price? Oh, no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages.'

"After further talk Pugwash departed, the conjurer promising to bring him home his soul at midnight, that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that, in very truth, he went through the labours of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more; he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler's lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac's heart no thought of the fields: and then for flowers and plants, why, Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls, than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity, that made him seek the conjurer.

"At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjurer. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the same moment Father Lotus smote the door-post of Isaac Pugwash.

"'Have you brought it?' asked Pugwash.

"'Or wherefore should I come?' said Lotus. 'Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home.'

"'The till!' cried Pugwash; 'what the devil should my soul do in the till?'

"'Speak not irreverently,' said the conjurer, 'but show a light.'

"'May I live for ever in darkness if I do!' cried Pugwash.

"'It is no matter,' said the conjurer: and then he cried, 'Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it—you know it.' Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, 'It is all right. Your soul's in the till.'

"'How did it get there?' cried Pugwash in amazement.

"'Through the slit in the counter,' said the conjurer; and ere Pugwash could speak again, the conjurer had quitted the shop.

"For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life he felt himself ill at ease, left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor, upon a crown-piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's—'How are you? *I* am comfortable.' It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark-naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. 'The conjurer said it was green,' cried Pugwash; 'as I live, if that be my soul—and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it—it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!' cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the till: it was to him such a counsellor, and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish: if a poor woman—an old customer it might be—begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket-piece down upon the counter, than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the colour of money, and capering, and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropped—dropped in. In time, the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after, he sent his soul to his banker's—the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver."

"And so," said we, "the man flourished, and the conjurer took no wages for all he did to the soul of Pugwash?"

"Hear the end," said the Hermit. "For

some time it was a growing pleasure to Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old, very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king; but he died, shrieking in his madness, to be saved from the terrors of his own soul."

"And such the end," we said; "such the Tragedy of the Till? A strange romance."

"Romance," said the Sage of Bellyfulle; "sir, 'tis a story true as life. For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their souls in a Till?"

THE TRAVELLER;

OR A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

[**Oliver Goldsmith**, born at Pallas, Leinster, Ireland, 10th November, 1728; died in London, 4th April, 1774. The pathetic and yet amusing narrative of his early years is well known; his wanderings at home and on the Continent, his misfortunes and final settlement in London, are familiar to most readers. Of his works there is only one opinion: his histories are full of errors in the statement of facts; but are models of English composition; his imaginative works—poems, comedies, and novels—are classics. Lately, *The Traveller*, like other important productions of his genius, we fear, has been more talked about than read, and therefore we reproduce it here. "*The Traveller*," wrote Sir S. Egerton Brydges, "is indeed a very finished and a very noble poem. The sentiments are always interesting, generally just, and often new; the imagery is elegant, picturesque, and occasionally sublime; the language is nervous, highly finished, and full of harmony."]

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale!
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.
But, where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks, where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteor's glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtue's o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcon's cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined.
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till overwrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,

The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,[1]
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown,[2] and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

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[1] This line is said in Croker's *Boswell* to have been written by Dr. Johnson, as were also the last ten lines of the poem, with the exception of the last couplet but one.

[2] Referring to the torture of a red-hot iron crown fixed round the head of a rebel in Hungary.

"HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD."

In the ancient city of Dort, or Dordrecht, in South Holland, on the banks of a canal, dwelt, where his father and grandfather resided before him, Jan Dirk Peereboom. By trade he was a timber-merchant, and was the purchaser of large rafts which were brought down the Rhine for sale, and there broken up; and as there were many saw-mills in Dort, and ship-building forming a large branch of its industry, Jan Dirk Peereboom was a thriving man. He prided himself considerably in being an inhabitant of the same city which gave birth to Gerard Vessius and the brothers De Witt. But Jan Dirk Peereboom lacked somewhat of the usual Dutch prudence in his marriage, for instead of entering into the blessed state of wedlock with the daughter of a neighbouring merchant, where the interests of trade could have also been united, he made an alliance that much disturbed the consciences of his relatives, who were lineal descendants of those excellent and learned worthies who translated the Bible into the Dutch language, John Bogerman, William Baudart, and Gerson Bucer. The alliance into which Jan Dirk Peereboom entered was caused by the timber-merchant, when on a visit to Amsterdam, becoming fascinated with the charms of Madame Coralie Comifo, a principal *danseuse* of the theatre, and who was in high vogue at the period in the principal city of Holland.

She was a widow; and the cause of her becoming so had created considerable interest amongst the frequenters of the opera; for Monsieur Comifo, getting rich and corpulent on an extravagant salary, was representing Zephyr in a newly imported ballet from Paris, and in which he had to fly lightly through the air; this aerial feat was to be accomplished by the means of wires which were affixed to a sort of pair of stays which were laced round the body of the fat Zephyr, and by which he was to be guided in various directions across the stage. But Monsieur Comifo forgetting his weight, and only thinking of his consequence, insisted on performing this principal part. He got safely through the rehearsals, but alas! on the first night of the representation, as he was most gracefully floating through the scenic air, the wires suddenly snapped, and, piteous to relate, down came Zephyr with such force, that he effectually made his way plump through the stage of the Amsterdam theatre, which, from the peculiar construction of that aquatic city, could not boast of the convenience of a *mezzanità* floor: so poor Monsieur Comifo unfortunately fell into the muddy water, on a level with the canals, and surrounded by the huge piles on which the edifice was erected. Before efficient aid could be obtained, for Dutch stage-carpenters are habitually slow, Zephyr was drowned. This proved a considerable damper to the performance of the evening; and some practical economists amongst the spectators, with a proper and exact feeling of commercial arrangement, went and demanded back the price of admission from the money-taker, as the manager of the theatre had made a breach of his contract. This being refused, the proceeding opened the door to several petty lawsuits, and the case being a novel one, and quite without precedent, the aforesaid *suits*, which at first were so small that they would barely fit anybody, became gradually enlarged, until they completely enveloped the persons of the fattest and wealthiest burgomasters.

We will not dwell on this painful subject, but skip over a six months' widowhood, when the still charming Madame Coralie was enabled again to skip over the stage with her customary grace and elasticity.

It was about this time that Jan Dirk Peereboom arrived in Amsterdam on business, and having partaken of a plenteous dinner, and indulged in exciting potations, resolved to finish his day's amusement by a visit to the theatre. But oh! when he saw the celebrated Coralie voluptuously dressed—he stared—he was breathless—he fell over head and ears in love with her.

The love of a Dutchman is not of so ardent a nature as his own Geneva; he usually takes it "cold without," but in the instance of Jan Dirk Peereboom it was like igniting a cask of spirits—he was all in a blaze; he endeavoured to smoke off his passion, but in vain; the more pipes he smoked, the more enamoured he grew, he neglected all his timber concerns.

> "Adieu, for him,
> The dull engagements of the bustling world!
> Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
> And hope, and action! for with her alone,
> By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,
> Is all he asks, and all that Fate can give."

We have quoted the above lines from *Acheinside* to give a proper notion of the condition of Jan Dirk Peereboom.

The friends at Dort could not divine what had come to him, or what detained him so long at Amsterdam. Jan Dirk now thought, that as he had observed that perseverance and money can carry everything in the world before them, that he would try their effect. He accordingly obtained an introduction to Madame Coralie Comifo, where he made himself as agreeable as he could, but that was not very sprightly; by his looks and manner he soon discovered to the cunning Frenchwoman that he was her devoted slave. She acted her part to admiration, giving him no encouragement, but at the same time, apparently unconsciously, displaying in a hundred little ways the charms that had captivated him.

Jan Dirk could no longer endure to exist without the fair widow, so he abruptly told her the amount of his fortune, and that, if she refused to accept him for her mate, he would inevitably drown himself in the deepest and muddiest canal.

Now Coralie had a tender heart: she had already lost one lover by drowning (poor Zephyr!), and she took into consideration that the property of Jan Dirk Peereboom was a very comfortable thing to retire upon, that dancing nightly was a great exertion, and that dancing cannot last for ever, though Holbein has endeavoured to perpetuate it in his painted moral "The Dance of Death;" she therefore implored time to consider. Jan Dirk was delighted, for he knew enough of the world to be aware, that if a female demands "time to consider," she has already fully made up her mind. It soon came to preliminaries. At the expiration of six months, the conclusion of Madame Coralie Comifo's theatrical engagement, she was to quit the stage, to be married to Jan Dirk Peereboom according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, as she professed that creed, and was very particular; as well as being also united to him in the Presbyterian form, in which Jan Dirk had been brought up; that her own property was to remain in her possession, and that she was to have the unlimited power of spending it as she pleased. The love of Jan Dirk Peereboom also occasioned him to give way to a most tyrannical requisition, which was no less than that he was to leave off smoking his pipe, as the smell of tobacco was offensive to the olfactory nerves of the fair widow. Coralie made also some other stipulations, which savoured more of a cautious engagement with a playhouse director than an agreeable understanding with a good-natured husband; but these occurred from habit, the lady in her day having always been in turmoil with her managers. Amongst the articles specified, her favourite poodle *Mouton* (almost as big as a sheep) was, if she required it, to travel with them; and although she did not condescend to give her private reasons for this measure, she had frequently found the great benefit of her large white, glossy, curled poodle being her *compagnon du voyage*. This will require a little explanation, but will simply solve itself thus. Madame Coralie, not being permanently attached to the Académie Royale at Paris, frequently visited the provincial theatres of France and the Continent generally. Now everybody who has travelled abroad is aware that there is not the same attention paid by landladies, and chambermaids, and garçons, to the airing of bed-sheets as is practised in England. Indeed, we have heard of the garcon sprinkling the bed-clothes with water in the interim between the departure of one nightly occupant and the arrival of another. Madame Coralie had undergone the usual result of this refreshing proceeding, and rheumatism was consequent; and as rheumatism is decidedly the worst disorder, and the most readily taken, that a public or private dancer can experience, she, with that ingenuity for which French women have always been admired, after dismissing the chambermaid or garçon, ordered Mouton to jump into the bed. The warm silken poodle was so thoroughly accustomed to this, that it became a matter of perfect habit, and if any damp was in the sheets or coverlets, Mouton extracted it unheeded and unhurt, rendering her beloved mistress perfectly safe from the ravages of cold or *sciatica*, and leaving a minor annoyance only, in the shape of that most active, industrious, and (as it has been proved in this enlightened age) intellectual animal, the *Pulex irritans*.

The six months glided away, and Jan Dirk Peereboom, after having been kept in the state of misery so delightful to a lover, at length was united to the object of his passion.

He had not dared to mention the matter to his grave friends at Dort. It could not be supposed that the descendants of the celebrated Synod, who were rigid Calvinists, would countenance a marriage with a French opera-dancer. Perfectly aware of this, Jan Dirk Peereboom, accompanied by Madame, went to Paris.

With infinite astonishment Peter Bogerman, auctioneer and agent at Dort, received directions from Jan Dirk Peereboom to dispose of his house, timber-wharf, stock in trade, ships, barges, &c. &c.

The announcement was the subject of conversation in Dort for one entire month. But when the sedate, plodding, and money-getting merchants ascertained that Jan Dirk had actually married Madame Coralie Comifo, there was a general commotion of tobacco-puffs, turning up the whites of the eyes, hemming, and lamentations at his gross imprudence. The spinsters of Dort were utterly enraged.

Jan Dirk Peereboom, in the height of his honey-moon, made the reflection that he had married to please himself, not to gratify his friends. He therefore visited with his beloved Coralie all the places of public amusement, and partook of every gaiety that the fascinating city of Paris afforded.

We have in a former page hinted that Monsieur Zephyr Comifo had an extravagant salary for the performances of himself and wife, and this was rendered exceedingly necessary, as both Monsieur and Madame were very expensive in their *habits*, stage and otherwise.

Madame Coralie figured away three pairs of shoes nightly, and the fact is recorded to introduce a personage who will turn out to be of some importance towards the end of this narrative.

This individual was named Scheck Stalman, and at the period we are describing he was in thriving circumstances at Amsterdam as a ladies' shoe-maker; he was manufacturer to Madame Coralie Comifo.

When Jan Dirk Peereboom first paid his addresses to the enchanting Coralie, she was struck by the resemblance in features between her lover and her *cordonnier*.

Scheck Stalman had an excellent customer in Madame Coralie; and though he was occasionally obliged to give her considerable credit, yet, when she did pay, she paid most liberally. He was also in the habit of discounting the notes of hand of Monsieur Comifo, at a large rate per cent., which the improvidence of the dancer rendered necessary; Stalman was therefore a very useful person to Madame, and knew exactly the length of her foot.

But Scheck Stalman in heart was a great rogue, he prospered for a time; but when a Dutchman *is* a rogue, perhaps from their extreme punctuality in business, and exactness in keeping accounts, the rogue cannot escape detection so long as in other countries. And about the period of our tale some new fiscal arrangements with the French government introduced without a duty the manufactures in which Scheck Stalman excelled, and his trade declined at the moment that he had made some unlucky and over-reaching bill-discounting speculations. All his attempts to reinstate himself proving ineffectual, he in despair committed a forgery, for which, when convicted, he was condemned to a singular punishment, we believe peculiar to Holland, and which has a refinement of cruelty to recommend it that could only have entered the imagination of a Dutch or a China man.

Scheck Stalman was condemned to seven years' imprisonment, *and to live without salt to his food.*

The consequence of this sentence to the unhappy beings who have the misfortune to fall under it is that they become dreadfully infested with worms.

Some, whose obstinate spirits could never be subdued, used in bravado and ridicule to call this punishment *the Diet of Worms.*

As we cannot help Scheck Stalman in his predicament, however large the bump of benevolence may be on our cranium, there he must remain, and return we to Jan Dirk Peereboom and his bride.

The Dort auctioneer, Peter Bogerman, after writing several letters of remonstrance to Jan Dirk, but without any avail, proceeded slowly, but surely, to sell the effects to the very best advantage; but the worthy agent, and nearly all the town of Dort, were sore on account of Jan Dirk Peereboom's marriage; for his family had been mixed up with an extraordinary event, well recorded in the province. This event has been variously related; and at the period it occurred it created so great a sensation, that the money coined at the mint of the city (pieces of which are to be seen to this day), dollars, stivers, and doights, bore the impress of a milkmaid milking a cow.

Well, what was the occasion of this? Why, the Spaniards, under the cruel Duke of Alva, undertook suddenly to surprise the town of Dort. They made forced marches in the night, and arriving within five miles of the city, 3500 soldiers were placed in ambush, to wait for an opportunity to attack.

In the neighbourhood of Dort resided a farmer, by name Booser; his riches consisted of a large number of cows, from which he supplied the town with milk and butter. When his dairymaids went to their avocations in the morning at a very early hour, one buxom lass, Elizabeth Peereboom, espied some soldiers in strange uniforms lying on the ground behind the hedges. With great presence of mind she insisted on her companions milking the cows as usual, and singing merrily; when they had completed their task, they returned unmolested with their pails to the farm. Elizabeth Peereboom now went to Booser, and related what she had seen. He was sorely alarmed, but took her with him on a horse to Dort, where he aroused one of the burgomasters, who lost no time in sending for the aid of a force from Rotterdam. The government then commanded the sluices to be opened, which speedily laid under water the ground on which the Spaniards were in ambush, and a great number of them were drowned. The timely information and presence of mind of Elizabeth Peereboom thus saved the city, and she was afterwards munificently rewarded with a handsome annuity, not only on her own life, but to her heirs for ever.

We have made this digression, because Jan Dirk Peereboom, being a descendant of the noble-spirited milkmaid, was in the present receipt of this same annuity, which made him care the less about giving up his timber trade.

All for a time went on gaily with the new-married couple, but at length the husband began to discover that he was dragged too often to the theatres in the evenings, and he grew sick of the eternal *pirouetting* of the various *corps de ballet,* particularly as Madame criticized every dancer with much severity, though she insisted on seeing them perform. The mornings of Jan Dirk Peereboom began now to wear heavily for the want of his counting-house and timber-yard. He had relinquished his accustomed employ.

> "A want of occupation is not rest,
> A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

His circulation of blood became sluggish, his spirits sunk, he grew pettish and fretful; he brooded over every little vexation or inconvenience; he not only increased his real, but conjured up imaginary evils, and got no sympathy with any one in either; his original and grand resource in his bachelorship, under any calamity, was a pipe of tobacco; and of this, under his marriage articles, he was deprived.

Jan Dirk Peereboom certainly preferred the smell of his late pipe to all the fragrant and subtle Parisian perfumes in which his wife delighted.

Jan Dirk thought he would endeavour to pave the way to resume, with Madame's permission, his favourite recreation, so he turned over in his mind as to how he should introduce the subject of tobacco; and as they were sitting together, he suddenly said,—

"Did I ever tell you a curious thing that happened to a nephew of mine, of my own name, whom I sent out as a supercargo to Batavia, from whence he was to proceed with a freight to Japan?"

"Never, my dear," replied Madame Coralie Peereboom, yawning.

"Then I will," continued Jan Dirk, "for I think it will amuse you."

"Don't let it be a very long story, *mon ami,*" again yawned the lady.

This was a discouraging commencement, but Jan was a Hollander, and possessed perseverance; if he was flung in a ditch, he could raise an embankment.

"If I tire you, Coralie, with my relation," said he, "you can but stop me."

"What *relation* was he?" asked Madame.

"My nephew, Jinks Peereboom," continued Jan, "a staid demure clerk, who had been brought up with a proper respect for his superiors, and with a knowledge of what is due from man to man in any part of the globe; and under his immediate charge was placed a valuable commodity already imported from our other settlements, a ton of tobacco."

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Coralie, "don't mention that filthy drug, which would poison our apartments, and tincture, with its odious smell, our linen,—nay, our food; and, moreover, our poor poodle Mouton cannot endure it; it positively makes his dear eyes water."

Jan Dirk perceived that he had not made much progress: he however persevered.

"Well, Jinks Peereboom——"

"Who did you say he was?" inquired Madame, languidly.

"My nephew. Well, the youth conducted himself with credit, arrived at Samarang——"

"Where is that, dear? in Africa?" asked Coralie.

"No, my love, Asia."

"And where is Asia?" said Coralie, with a prodigious yawn; "somewhere in America, I suppose?"

The imperturbable Dutchman was aroused to a smile by this remark; but he felt somewhat of a superiority, for the first time, that he exceeded his wife in geographical knowledge. He did not think it worth while to discompose her good opinion of herself by any remark on her profound ignorance, but continued his narrative.

"When Jinks Peereboom discharged his cargo at Batavia, the ship was newly freighted with Dutch goods and the TOBACCO for Japan——"

"Why do you lay that stress on tobacco, my dear?" said Coralie.

"Because," replied Jan Dirk, "I consider it to be the most cordial, cheering, and valuable vegetable production supplied by nature. I am sure it saved Jinks Peereboom's life. I have said the lad was well brought up, and he had been informed that the Japanese were a very polished, polite, and ceremonious people, and when his ship arrived at the island of

Desima, on which is situated the Dutch factory, Jinks perceived certain of the inhabitants waiting to receive him, two of whom, in long flowing gowns, held white wands in their hands. As Jinks Peereboom was fond of respect, he took it as a very great compliment that two chamberlains, or gentlemen-ushers, should have been appointed to superintend his disembarkation.

"As he landed, these two Japanese chamberlains saluted him very respectfully, but Jinks was rather surprised, on casually turning round, to observe that one of them had placed his white wand against his back from the ground, as if taking his altitude; however, he said nothing until they arrived at the Dutch governor's dwelling. The governor was a rough Hollander, who hated anything like ceremony; and when, after dinner, Jinks was expressing his extreme satisfaction at the marks of respect with which he had been received on his landing by the chamberlains with their wands of office, the Dutch governor, albeit not a laughing man, roared outright in Jinks' face.

"'Ha! ha! ha! chamberlains, indeed! Bless your simplicity, young man! Ha! ha! ha!'

"Jinks could not comprehend the governor, who soon explained,—

"'Are you not aware—ha! ha! ha!—that this part of the world is most unhealthy in climate for Europeans?—not one constitution in ten can resist it. The Japanese always have an eye to business; those chamberlains, as you call them,—ha! ha! ha!—are the undertakers here, and they took the earliest opportunity on your arrival to measure you for your coffin! Ha! ha! ha!'

"Jinks Peereboom was aghast, but became somewhat relieved by the governor asking him if he had brought plenty of tobacco. Jinks replied in the affirmative.

"'Then,' said the governor, 'your only chance is to smoke morning, noon, and night, as I do.'"

"The filthy wretches!" exclaimed Coralie; in fact, the lady was as much exasperated against the Indian weed as James the First and sapient, of "Counter-blast" memory.

Jan Dirk Peereboom now positively pined in the absence of his pipe. He was a man of his word, and he had promised to abandon the luxury in his wife's presence. He had held out now some months, but he could no longer resist. One day a party was made up, consisting of several *artistes* of the Grand Opera, to go to St. Cloud, on a sort of pic-nic recreation, and Mynheer and Madame Peereboom were included in the invitation. Jan Dirk, who for some time past had been nauseated with the society of dancers, made up his mind to be taken ill on the morning of the event, not so very bad as to prevent his dear Coralie from joining her friends, but sufficiently indisposed to afford an excuse for staying away. He, however, had very little difficulty in persuading his wife to go and enjoy the day in the fresh air with her light-hearted companions. But directly the carriages, with their gay occupants and eatable and drinkable contents, had rattled away from the door, the Dutchman, with a feeling of satisfaction to which he had been a stranger for some time past, involuntarily exclaimed,—

"Now *I* will go and make a day of it!"

He had promised not to smoke at home, but that was no reason why he might not take a whiff of tobacco abroad; so he repaired to the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, where he was not long in scenting out the *Estaminet d'Hollande*, which he briskly entered, and was speedily furnished with the objects of his desire—tobacco and an Amsterdam gazette. The room was so full of smoke, reeking from the lips and the bowls of the pipes of the *habitués*, that he could scarcely discern a feature in the company; but each frequenter was enjoying himself, and not caring a straw for any one else.

Here Jan Dirk Peereboom filled his pipe again and again without intermission, until he had whiffed off three dozen replenishments, with a liquid accompaniment of veritable Schiedam, by way of atonement for the time he had lost since his wedding-day. He resumed his accustomed placidity, and glanced, as well as the clouds of smoke permitted, at the Amsterdam gazette, when his eye caught an *advertentie*:—

"Jinks Peereboom begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has commenced the business of general broker at Dort on his own account, and trusts that his long experience in the house of Messrs. Clarenbach and Voute, as well as in the service of his uncle Jan Dirk Peereboom, will enable him to do justice to those friends who may be pleased to favour him with their commands.

"His office is established at No. 14 west side of the Great Canal Street, where all orders will meet with immediate attention."

Jan Dirk sighed as he read the modest advertisement of his nephew, and inwardly wished that he himself had put forth such an announcement to the public. Another newspaper, the *Amsterdam Courant*, was lying on a table, around which sat three Dutch merchants, smoking at each other like rival steam-boats. In this paper was a fac-simile of young Jinks' advertisement. Jan Dirk's back was toward this party, but he had the infinite mortification to listen to a dialogue broken all to bits by pipe-puffs, to the following effect:—

1st *Smoker.*—"I see by this paper that Peereboom the younger is commencing business." (*Puff, puff.*)

2d *Smoker.*—"What a confounded ass his uncle Jan Dirk made of himself by marrying that French dancer! Three years hence, he will not have a stiver to bless himself with." (*A huge puff.*)

3d *Smoker.*—"Oh! fool as Jan Dirk has been, he knows how to take care of his money!" (*Puff.*)

2d *Smoker.*—"Then he goes the right way about it, for this very morning I saw his wife with a gay party of people in three carriages, apparently going out of town for a *fête* for the day."

1st *Smoker.*—"That is not done for nothing." (*Puffs.*)

2d *Smoker.*—"His credit is gone at Dort, although he must still be rich, besides being the holder of the milkmaid's annuity; and, I warrant me, he will soon melt down his guilders in the bank of Amsterdam."

These remarks made Jan Dirk Peereboom feel very uncomfortable, and he was reluctant to discover himself, after having been stigmatized as an ass and fool, without resenting it; he in his own defence puffed up such a cloud of smoke that he became invisible; for, indeed, now he began to think that he had done rather a weak thing.

After the Dutch merchants had quitted the *estaminet,* Jan Dirk ventured to go home, where, subsequent to some uneasy reflections, he reclined himself at full length on a sofa, and went fast asleep. When Madame Coralie Peereboom returned from her country excursion, having inhaled during the whole day the pure air of St. Cloud, her senses were mightily annoyed by the strong odour of odious tobacco (and the French tobacco being a government monopoly, it is notoriously the worst on the face of the globe).

"*O mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed as she entered, "these fumes will annihilate me! What has happened during my absence?"

And then she discovered Jan Dirk snoring heavily. She shook him up briskly, but he was not at all inclined to stir; and under the influence of the smoking, the Schiedam, and his wounded feelings, as well as the peculiar irritability which most persons have felt at certain periods at being waked from a nap, he, for the first time since his marriage, exhibited his real Dutch temper. The air and temperature of the climate of Holland has, as a matter of course, an effect on the national character, and incline to produce phlegmatic disposition both of body and mind. And yet a Dutchman is irascible, especially if heated with liquor. Therefore, when Coralie, shaking his arm, in a shrill tone of voice demanded where he had been, he replied,—

"What is that to you?"

"Jan Dirk, what have you been about?"

Mynheer Peereboom answered with a hiccup,—

"Why do you expect I should tell you when I don't know myself?"

"Indeed, sir!" said Coralie impatiently, "I see no reason why I should not ask you."

"If women were to always have their wills," grunted Jan Dirk, "the world would be rarely governed!"

"How, what is all this?" exclaimed Madame, in a tone of utter surprise, "did you not marry me for love?"

"Yes, and you married me for money; so you have your reward, and I have mine!"

"What is it that now offends you?" asked Coralie, a little subdued.

Jan Dirk answered gloomily, "Two clergymen!"

"What, in the name of Heaven, have they done to you?" inquired Madame.

"They married me!" groaned Dirk,—"fettered me in both churches—Catholic and Protestant;—I find that I have been a great fool!"

"I am glad to observe that you have some discernment," tartly replied Coralie; and she indignantly left the room, told her *fille de chambre* that Monsieur had unaccountably come home in a state of intoxication, and that she intended to lock herself in her chamber, and to see him no more that night.

Jan Dirk stretched himself on the sofa, and presently fell into a profound slumber.

Here was the first open matrimonial dispute.

Coralie could scarce believe what she heard, for, with a considerable portion of French vanity, she imagined that her husband was devoted in his affection for her, though she was aware that she had never loved him.

The obstinate nature of Jan Dirk Peereboom would not permit him to make any concession in the morning, although the facile French woman gave every opportunity; so that the slight wound, which might have been healed by the soothing bandage of common sense and good temper, gradually grew more and more inflamed, until it created a constant petulance in the wife and moody brutality in the husband.

And in this miserable way did they pass eight years, occasionally travelling from place to place, occasionally residing in Paris. Coralie, to dissipate thought, dissipated her own money, over which Jan Dirk had no control, while Mynheer Peereboom, whenever he could find an opportunity, steeped his cares in Schiedam, cognac, and tobacco.

This ill-paired couple were now, for the first time in their lives, in the agreeable city of Aix-la-Chapelle, with a view of the benefit that Jan Dirk Peereboom might derive from the mineral waters; for, from his inebriated habits, his health had commenced visibly to decline: he was about fifteen years older than Coralie. But all the bathing in the emperor's spring, and all the drinking the sulphureous waters of a temperature of about 143° Fahrenheit, proved of no avail to Jan Dirk.

One day as the man and wife were being driven in a carriage east of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the neighbouring little town of Burtschied, Coralie, looking out of the window, beheld a face she well remembered, although she had not seen its owner for years.

The said owner was standing at the door of a mean-looking shop, overhung with one antiquely built story. The wares in the window, though few, did not accord with the appearance of the warehouse, being of superior form and workmanship. Madame Coralie recognized Scheck Stalman; but oh, how altered in appearance! instead of the bustling, well-fed, rich, supercilious *cordonnier,* who once had all the better part of the ladies of Amsterdam on his books, peered from the portal, as if almost ashamed to breathe fresh air (probably because he had been of late years unaccustomed to it), the prison-discharged criminal, who had been sentenced *to live on food without salt,* with a pale cadaverous countenance furrowed with the traces of care and suffering. Madame Peereboom could not resist remarking that the indisposition that had reduced her husband still rendered their features as much alike as when he and Stalman were both in robust health. She took an after opportunity to drive over alone to Burtschied, when she entered the little shop, and, to the surprise of Stalman, introduced herself, and gave him an order to supply her with her *chaussure.* He expressed himself in terms of gratitude at this unexpected visit and employ. From old associations, Madame Coralie Peereboom did Stalman, in his reduced circumstances, other charitable kindnesses.

Jan Dirk Peereboom decayed gradually, and, being of a superstitious turn of mind, added to his ailments of body, he beckoned Coralie to his bedside, and, in great confidence, communicated to her that he had heard, during the preceding night, continually the death-watch clicking. The study of entomology at this period being very little attended to, the terror that this noise inflicted upon hypochondriac persons frequently caused the event imagined to be prognosticated. Madame Peereboom could not instil any sort of confidence into her husband by laughing at the affair; and he lay restless and oppressed, listening to the heart-sickening tick of a small beetle, that was, in its own mode of merriment, giving an affectionate call to its female companion.

A few days more passed, and Jan Dirk rapidly declined. He then told Coralie that he had not made any will!

The physician of Aix-la-Chapelle who attended was a perfect stranger to them, and as he had to visit a vast number of equally perfect strangers who resorted to Aix-la-Chapelle when it was too late to render them the slightest professional service, he was quite contented to receive his fees, without being very particular as to further intimacy or any inquiries into affairs.

Madame Peereboom became exceedingly anxious when she heard that Jan Dirk was likely to die intestate; she was aware that she never would have any claim to the "Milkmaid's Annuity," as that must, by the original grant, descend to the next male akin bearing the name of Peereboom; but still, with Jan Dirk's saving habits latterly, there must be a considerable sum in the bank of Amsterdam. Coralie had no one to advise with her—she was at a distance even from her dancing friends, and while she was reflecting as to how she should *act,* the Angel of Death suddenly arrested the body and soul of her husband.

After the first shock was over, she resumed her presence of mind. She felt she was utterly ruined to all intents and purposes, as no will had been made in her favour; she racked her theatrical brains, which, by the way, had often assisted the stage inventions of her former husband, to devise a scheme by which she might secure to herself the property of her second. At length she hit upon a notion which she imagined would prove infallible.

Coralie was a woman of adventurous character, and had to contend with difficulty from early youth. The first thing she did was to refrain from giving any alarm in the ready-furnished house in which they resided; it was evening, and she securely locked up the bedchamber door, wherein poor Jan Dirk Peereboom lay. The next *step* was to wrap herself up in a large silk mantle, secretly to make her way through the garden-door unobserved, even by a servant, and to walk hastily to the little town of Burtschied, where she suddenly rapped at the door of the humble shop of Scheck Stalman. He was utterly surprised at beholding Madame Coralie, and thought that she had come to rebuke him because he had not finished her blue silk shoes; and yet it was a strange time of night for her to come alone. Coralie then thus addressed Stalman:—

"You are under some obligations to me?"

"Greater than I can ever possibly repay," answered the *cordonnier*.

"You must immediately come with me to Aix-la-Chapelle, and without asking any questions," said Madame.

"I am ready," replied Stalman, promptly.

And they quitted the house together, and walked on in the dark; during which Coralie told Stalman what had occurred to her husband, that he had died without a will, remarked on the extraordinary resemblance existing between the two persons, and then, rogue as she certainly was, proposed that Stalman should go to bed in the house, personate Jan Dirk Peereboom, and dictate a will in her favour, and that she would so amply reward him, that he would be provided for during the remainder of his existence.

There was a plausible reason for supposing that this expedient would succeed, as they were all strangers in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The great difficulty to be overcome was to introduce Stalman into the house unseen. Coralie unlocked the garden-gate, and told him to remain concealed in a summer-house until she came to fetch him.

She then went in-doors, and going to the room where she had left her *fille de chambre* at work, said to her suddenly,—

"How has your master been during my absence?"

"VERY QUIET INDEED," said the unconscious girl, who had ofttimes been disturbed by the effects of Jan Dirk's drunkenness.

"I do not like that quiet," remarked Coralie, "it bodes no good; go you, my good girl, for the doctor, you know where he lives, and tell him I wish to speak to him immediately."

The chamber-maid obeyed her mistress. Madame then sent her other servant, who officiated as her cook, to the poulterer's, to buy the smallest and tenderest chicken she could find, to make some broth.

Having despatched them both on these errands, she admitted Stalman at the garden-door, made him ascend to a spare bed-room, where he got into bed, and, attired in a night-gown and cap of Jan Dirk Peereboom's, his own worm-eaten frame made him exactly to resemble a man in the last stage of life. There were plenty of empty physic-bottles to place about the room.

The cook returned first home, and began busily to prepare the chicken-broth for her poor master; she even shed some honest tears into the stew-pan, by way of salting it mildly.

Then arrived the *fille de chambre* with the physician, and this was the moment that required all the dexterous art of Coralie as an actress.

She told the doctor that her husband had aroused, and was so far better that she had been induced to remove him to a fresh bed, and was now in a mild slumber, from which she should not like to hazard awaking him, apologized for bringing him out, but handed him his fee, and at the same moment, after sending the *fille de chambre* out of the room, she in a confidential tone acquainted the physician with that which he before knew, that they were strangers in the city, and that she would be eternally under obligation to him, as her husband had neglected the extremely necessary obligation of every man who had anything to bequeath,—in fact, he had not made his will; if he (the physician) would be good enough to recommend to her an honest attorney.

The physician immediately stated that he had a brother, a most respectable person, who followed the law;—and if he had stated that he had also a cousin that was an undertaker, he would not have spoken falsely. They were a profitable sort of family circle amongst themselves, as far as turmoils, tumours, wills, medicine, and coffins went.

The physician took his departure, promising to send his brother the lawyer, but ventured to entertain sanguine hopes that the patient might recover, although at the moment he felt perfectly confident that there was a job for his cousin the undertaker.

Madame Peereboom was thus far completely successful, but she continued in a state of considerable anxiety until the attorney arrived, attended by two clerks as witnesses; she took them up to the chamber where Stalman was in bed, entreating them to go very gently that her poor husband might not be disturbed; the attorney and the two clerks, led by Coralie, entered the room on tiptoe.

"He is awake," said Madame; and addressing Stalman, who, from the effect of the Diet of Worms, certainly looked the character he represented to the life, or rather, we should say, to the death—raised his head from the pillow, and rolled his eyes so horribly, that the very clerks were alarmed; he spoke, with apparent difficulty, "Who are these people?"

Coralie replied, "My dear, did not you express a wish that I should send for a professional gentleman, to receive directions about your property?"

Stalman sighed, "Ah! we know not how soon calamity may fall on us in this world. I shall not be long in it."

The attorney here interposed in a bland tone of voice, saying, "Put reliance in Heaven, sir; never give up hope. I am certain you will recover. I see it in your face."

The two clerks winked at each other; and the attorney, notwithstanding that which he had just uttered, lost no time in preparing the necessary document.

"And now, my poor sufferer," said Madame Coralie Peereboom, "to whom will you bequeath your property?"

The attorney had commenced writing the customary preamble, when Scheck Stalman, having been lifted up by his supposed wife—looked as if every instant he was going to give up the ghost; he then uttered distinctly, but in a faint voice, "To you, my beloved Coralie, I bequeath half of my estate."

"Half?" said Coralie, faintly.

"Half," repeated Stalman. "The other half of my estate," continued the impostor, "I hereby bequeath to Scheck Stalman, shoemaker of Burtschied, and formerly of Amsterdam."

The widow was thunderstruck at being so entrapped, any one might have knocked her down with a straw, the reply was so different from that which she expected; but in the cleft stick in which she had placed herself she did not dare to negative the will of Stalman, for fear of losing the whole of the property; while the cunning old rogue in bed was laughing in his sleeve at the thought of dividing with her the fruits of a project which Madame Peereboom had intended for her own sole benefit (a small annuity excepted for the shoemaker.)

There was now no alternative left for her; but it was with great bitterness and mortification that, falling into her own trap, she saw Stalman (his hand shaking very much, and the pen almost guided by the attorney) sign J. D. Peereboom to the will, which was duly attested by the two clerks. The testament was taken away to be registered, and affidavits were made by the clerks, before the proper legal authorities, that the testator at the period of signing it was so dreadfully ill that the signature was hardly to be recognized as the handwriting (when compared with the real sign-manual of Jan Dirk) of the husband of Madame Coralie Peereboom.

The moment the attorney and clerks were gone, Madame flew at Stalman, and overloaded him with reproaches for his roguery and ingratitude; and as she was rating him vehemently, he very calmly advised her to hold her tongue, or her servants would overhear her, and then every stiver would be lost, that the best thing for her to consider was how to get him, unobserved, out of the house again; and then to send for the undertaker to prepare the funeral of her real husband. At last he talked so sensibly to her, getting louder and louder in his tone every minute, that Coralie Peereboom was compelled to own the truth of the proverb which we have thus displayed, that

"Half a loaf is better than no bread."
—*Fraser's Magazine.*

GILLE MACHREE.

Gille machree,[1]
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, "To other lands I'll roam,
Where Fate may smile on me, love;"
I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

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[1] *Brightener* of my heart.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven.
But then, I said, "In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends, thus left behind her."
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

Oh, no, I said,
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure,
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing *Gille machree*,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

Gerald Griffin.

DARA.[1]

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That snuff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
Made his own village by the self-same spell
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees,
Under his sway, to neighbour villages
Order returned, and faith, and justice old.

Now when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear,
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said, that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;
But, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
To glow and light with heapèd jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight;
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand:
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest!"
'Twas done; and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found therein. Some blushed and hung the head;
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo all the spell I had!
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids;—before 'twas night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

James Russell Lowell.

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[1] From *Under the Willows and Other Poems.* Boston: Houghton & Co.

WHY LADY HORNBURY'S BALL WAS POSTPONED.[1]

[**Henry Kingsley**, born 1830; died at Cuckfield, Sussex, 24th May, 1876. He was a novelist and journalist of remarkable power. Upon leaving Oxford, in 1853, he proceeded to Australia, where he spent five years. Shortly after his return to England he became for some time editor of the Edinburgh *Daily Review.* For that journal he acted as war correspondent during eight weeks of the Franco-Prussian war; and, after the famous battle of Sedan, was the first Englishman who entered the town. His chief works are *Geoffrey Hamlyn; Ravenshoe; The Hillyars and the Burtons; Austin Elliot; Mademoiselle Mathilde; Stretton; Hetty* (a cheap edition of these is published by Macmillan & Co.); *Old Margaret; Hornby Mills*, which have been issued by Tinsley Brothers; and *The Grange Garden* (his last novel). *Geoffrey Hamlyn* is generally regarded as his most successful book; but there is good workmanship in all he wrote.]

COURT JOURNAL, April 12th.—"Lady Hornbury's ball on May 2d is unavoidably postponed."

"What is the matter?" said all the world and his wife. On this occasion the world and his wife were very easily satisfied; Sir John must have had another stroke, and Lady Hornbury would soon be the most beautiful widow in England of her age, while her daughter Edith would be one of the greatest heiresses. The male line was notoriously extinct. Sir John was a shrewd man of business, a little apt to be near, and the very last man in the world to enrich unnecessarily a successor to his house in the shape of a new husband for Lady Hornbury. The world and his wife were easily satisfied; one of the pleasantest houses in London would be closed that season, and of course Lady Hornbury could not go out in the present state of her husband's health. So said the world that week; but the world was astonished out of all propriety when it went into the Park next day to find Sir John—faultlessly dressed and as upright as if paralysis and he had never made acquaintance—riding his celebrated bay, with his faultlessly appointed groom quite a long way behind him, by no means close to him, as he used to ride when Sir John was likely to have a seizure. The world, in short, was utterly puzzled; the more so when he answered that Lady Hornbury was perfectly well, but had been called suddenly from town on business, and would probably not appear for a considerable time. Sir John was a man who generally did his own business as well as his wife's, and it seemed very strange that he should be riding about so coolly in the Park, and Lady Hornbury gone away on business. Mystery was added to mystery when Hunter, of the Dragoons, came on the scene and reported himself returning from the camp at Chalons, where he had been professionally examining the French cavalry: he said that he had met Lady Hornbury at the station at Calais, just getting into the Paris train. Here was a great mystery; Edith Hornbury was at school in Paris, and was to come out at the great ball now postponed. What on earth was the matter?

Sir John and Lady Hornbury were, deservedly, nearly the most popular people in London; they were wealthy, clever, kindly, and good-humoured. He was much older than she, but she was absolutely devoted to him, and never left him for an instant in his very numerous illnesses, one of which had resulted in a very dangerous attack of paralysis. There was perfect confidence between them, although Sir John had hitherto left all matters relating to his daughter to the care of his wife, only asking from time to time how the girl was getting on. She was all that could be desired; discreet, beautiful, accomplished, and perfectly obedient in everything, a most model young lady in every respect: early in her life she had shown a will of her own, but it seemed to have been perfectly subdued by her parents' kindness and indulgence. An event which had taken place a year before this had shown her submission in the most remarkable way. She had been staying at a country house, her old Aunt Hornbury's, where there was a large general society, and a style of living under the careless, good-humoured old maid most conducive to mild flirtation, or, what the old lady called it, "the young people being happy together." The old lady, however, drew a pretty sharp line in these matters, and thinking that Edith's attention was a little too much engaged by a very handsome young fellow, a Mr. Holmsdale, wrote to her mother quietly, and Edith went very submissively home. Her mother never mentioned the matter to her, and all was perfectly secret, until, some months after, the maid who had been with her at her aunt's tremblingly told her that Miss Edith was corresponding with this Mr. Holmsdale, and handed her a letter, of which the following were the contents:—

"SIR—Once more I request you to cease this utter folly. I have unfortunately once told you that you are not indifferent to me, and for that one expression in a moment of weakness I am to be persecuted to death. You must take your final answer, and further letters from you, sir, will be instantly laid before my father."

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[1] From *Hornby Mills and Other Stories*, by Henry Kingsley. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

"I think that our girl has behaved very well indeed," said Sir John, when his wife showed him the letter. "Deuced well. I wish my sister would keep her house in better order. The girl shan't go *there* again. I think we are very well out of it; give me the letter."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Send it to him addressed in my handwriting, with my name signed in the corner. I shall send it under cover to my sister; her butler knows his address. Who is this Holmsdale?"

"I don't know; the villain!" exclaimed Lady Hornbury.

"We don't know that he is a villain, my dear," said Sir John; "he must be a gentleman, or my sister would never have had him to her house."

"A clandestine correspondence!" said Lady Hornbury, bridling.

"My dear, did we have no clandestine correspondence when I was a younger brother, and a dragoon, with five hundred a year, and you a fine lady, with Lord Bumpster at your heels everywhere? Did not you tell me once that if your mother pressed on the match with him that you would run away with me on five hundred a year and your own fortune, and trust to my poor brother Tom to get us something? And you would have done it, my lady, come."

"I was very young and foolish," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, and Edith is young and wise," said Sir John, kissing her. "Now the first thing to do is to turn that maid of Edith's out of the house."

"Why, we owe her much," said Lady Hornbury.

"I tell you that no right-thinking young woman would have betrayed a kind and gentle young mistress like Edith in a love affair," said the atrocious dragoon, Sir John. "What would you have said to your own maid in old times if she had done it to you?"

The *argumentum ad hominem* was a little too much for honest Lady Hornbury, and she had to laugh again. "But," she added, "if we send her away she will talk about the matter all over the town and country."

"Well, then, double her wages and let her stay," said Sir John; "but don't let me see her. And as for Edith, let her have change of scene; give her a year's school somewhere. Send her to Comtesse d'Aurilliac, at Paris; she can't come to any harm with that old dragon."

"My daughter will come to no harm anywhere," said Lady Hornbury, proudly.

"That I am quite sure of, my dear. But the society at the old lady's pension is very agreeable, none but the very best legitimist girls, and no followers allowed."

"I would not be vulgar, Sir John, if I were in your place," said the lady; "will you *ever* forget the barracks?"

"You were very nearly knowing a good deal about them yourself, my lady, that night when you proposed to run away with me."

Lady Hornbury swept out of the room majestically and left Sir John laughing. There was very little conversation between mother and daughter, for Edith found in a day or two, by an answer which came from Holmsdale, that her father and mother knew everything. She was completely impassive in their hands; but apparently the Holmsdale wound had gone a little deeper than her mother had thought for. Edith spoke very little, and seemed cheerful at the thought of going to Paris. In a week she was with the Comtesse d'Aurilliac.

Every letter from the comtesse breathed delighted admiration for her charming and beautiful pupil. Since madame had been forced by the lamentable occurrences of the Revolution (her two aunts perished in the September massacres) to take pupils, she had never had such a pupil as Edith. She was the admiration of every one who had seen her, and the brightest star in her little legitimist galaxy: everything went perfectly well for three months, and Sir John and Lady Hornbury were delighted.

About this time there came to Sir John and Lady Hornbury a lumbering young nobleman of vast wealth, who was in some sort a connection of theirs; so near that they called him cousin. He called one morning to say that he was going to Paris, and to burden himself with any commissions to Edith.

"I should like to see my old playmate very much," he said. "I was a lover of hers when we were in the schoolroom; I should like very much to see her once more, though I suppose she is getting too fine for me."

There was not the slightest objection to his seeing as much of his cousin as he chose, and Lady Hornbury wrote a note in her best French (Madame d'Aurilliac did not speak English, nor did Lord Lumberton speak French), whereby the Comtesse d'Aurilliac was requested to receive Lord Lumberton as one of their own family. The comtesse received him in French, and he responded in English: he stayed on in Paris, and in two months the comtesse found it necessary to write to Lady Hornbury as follows:—

"MADAME,—My Lord Lumberton's visits are extremely frequent here, and I should be very glad to know your instructions as regards them. I have not the least reason to believe that anything has passed between milord and your beautiful daughter, but at the same time, madame, I think that he thinks of her a little more than he does of my other young ladies, while she treats him with merely the kindness of a cousin. I observe that in our little family parties she prefers dancing with M. de Rocroy, a gentleman of the very highest refinement and introduction, until lately gentleman-in-waiting to his most Christian Majesty Henri V. at Frohsdorf (whom may the holy saints have in their keeping!); M. de Rocroy, however, appears as indifferent to her as she is to him. This feeling of milord Lumberton's may ripen into an attachment, or it may not. I only await your instructions as to my management in this affair."

"What shall we do now?" said Lady Hornbury to her husband.

"Do!" said Sir John. "Nothing at all. If Lumberton likes to fall in love with her, I don't see why we should put a spoke in his wheel. The lad is a good honest fellow enough, and would make any woman in the world happy. Old d'Aurilliac says that she doesn't care for him, so there is no immediate danger: let Lumberton go to her, but don't say anything to the girl herself. Write and tell old d'Aurilliac that we approve of his visits."

"But Edith is not out," said Lady Hornbury.

"My banker's book tells me that," said Sir John. "If she can make up her mind before she does come out, all the better for her."

"He may gain her affections before she has had an opportunity of choosing."

"That is precisely what happened to yourself, and if you don't regret it I am sure I don't; you know that we were engaged before you came out. No, there is not an unmarried man in London whom I would prefer to Lumberton."

"But, Sir John, submissive as Edith is now, you must remember the time, not so very long ago, when she had both a will and temper of her own. Any attempt to force her inclinations would be fatal."

"When will a woman learn to argue?" said Sir John, testily. "I don't want to force her inclinations, I only want her to receive Lumberton's visits. If you don't wish Lumberton to see her, you are doing the very best thing to make her think more of him by sending him to the right-about without the ghost of a cause."

Lady Hornbury gave way after a time, good-humouredly. She was a woman, and, good and honest as she was, would very much have liked to have had Edith out in London, and to have gone through that game of chess with eligible suitors as castles and knights, and with ineligible suitors as pawns, in which every British mother delights. But she yielded; Lumberton would most certainly "do." She wrote to Madame d'Aurilliac at once before she went out, and, being in a hurry, wrote in English. What follows is part of her letter:—

"Both Sir John and I quite approve of Lord Lumberton's visits. Edith and he were cousins and playmates, and the matter is quite a family one."

Which madame, with the aid of a dictionary, translated to mean that the two families had agreed on a *mariage de convenance* in the French fashion.

The effect of this wonderful discovery on the part of madame was singularly delightful to Lord Lumberton, who was by this time honestly head over heels in love with his cousin; and also singularly and terribly disagreeable to poor Edith, who, for reasons of her own, was nearly out of her mind. Whenever Lord Lumberton came now he was left alone with her, Madame d'Aurilliac always quitting the room after a short time, with a far-seeing air, as though she was looking towards St. Petersburg to see if the ice was breaking up so as to allow of navigation; and the young ladies leaving also with that air of *espiéglerie* or archness of which some Parisian ladies are mistresses, and which has occasioned more than one British islander, while suffering from the spleen, to long to throw his boots at their heads. Lumberton desired to do nothing of the kind; he was in love, and he liked it, though sometimes he would have wished when they were alone that he had something to say for himself. Edith of course knew that he loved her, and she had no dislike for him, but would chat with him over old times, about his sisters, his horses, his dogs, and such things, which helped him on wonderfully. Edith knew that some day or another he would speak, and she was quite ready for him. Good fellow as he was, she would as soon have married a chiffonier. She never alluded to his attentions to her mother, and Madame d'Aurilliac only occasionally mentioned his presence at her house as a matter of form. So matters went on for months, until there came a cataclysm. Lady Hornbury received this letter:—

"Madame,—When I receive a viper into my bosom, or a snake into my house, what do I do? I expel that snake or that viper. Madame, I have discovered a snake in the form of your daughter's maid, Rose Dawson, and I have expelled her with ignominy, having first had her boxes searched by warrant from the Juge d'Instruction. Madame, we found four thousand francs in gold, which we could not retain, so she is gone free.

"My eyes, madame, have long been directed in a certain quarter. I have now, in consequence of the Revolution, to address my attention to the forming of young ladies. I have therefore an eye not readily deceived. I have noticed for a long time looks of intelligence pass between M. de Rocroy and your daughter's beautiful, but wicked, maid. I saw an intrigue, and I watched; last night they were in the shrubbery together for an hour, and at last I came on them as they were saying farewell. Him I banished my house at once, telling him that his sacred majesty Henri V. (whom the virgin and saints preserve till he comes to his own!) should hear of this violation of my hearth. Her I despatched as you have heard. I have broken the truth to your sweet and gentle daughter, who has acquiesced, though with sorrow."

"I told you that girl was no good," said Sir John. "You had better send for her home and provide for her, or she will be talking about the Holmsdale business with emendations and additions. I shall, if Lumberton ever says anything to me about Edith, tell him the whole of that matter."

"I suppose we ought," said Lady Hornbury. "If Lumberton cannot see how well she behaved, he is unworthy of her; but wait till he speaks, for it is not everybody's business. I don't think that he cares much for her. I hear nothing of it from Madame."

But Lumberton spoke very shortly afterwards. He spoke kindly, honestly, and tenderly. He said he would wait any time she chose, that she should come out and look round in the London world to see if there was any one she liked better, but that he would not take No as an answer now. He looked so noble and manly in his faith and honour, that for one instant she felt inclined to confide everything to him, but she felt a chill as she reflected that she was in France, and that a deadly duel would be the consequence. She had been ready for him very long, and she was ready for him now.

"Cousin," she said, "if you think that I do not love you and respect you for what you have said, you are very much mistaken; but I vow before Heaven that if you ever speak to me like this again I will enter the Romish church and take the veil."

"Edith!"

"Do you remember in old times my starving myself for a day because I was not allowed to go to Lady Maitland's children's ball?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"I will starve myself for good if you ever speak to me like this again. Now you must go; you must go at once."

"Never to meet again?"

"Never until you have given up all intention or hope of mentioning this subject to me."

"Then it is never," said the poor young gentleman. "Good-bye, Edith." And so he went.

"I could have managed him in no other way," thought Edith, after he had gone. "Poor fellow! how happy he will make some good woman when he has forgotten me." . . .

On the 11th of April Lady Hornbury received the following telegram:—

"D'Aurilliac, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, to Lady Hornbury, Portland Place, London. Come instantly. Frightful trouble about Edith."

"What on earth is the matter now?" said Sir John.

"I can't conceive," said Lady Hornbury. "Edith must be ill. I must hurry away. Put off the ball."

And so we have got round to the beginning of the story again.

We must, however, leave Lady Hornbury to go to Paris, and stay in London with Sir John for a short time. Sir John took his ride in the Park very comfortably in spite of Madame d'Aurilliac's telegram, he not believing that anything very great was the matter. During his ride he met with an old friend who inquired after his wife, and on being told that she was gone to Paris, asked Sir John to come and take dinner with him. Sir John declined, on the ground that his lawyer was coming to dine with him, and to discuss very particular business. "Indeed," he said, "old Compton is so very urgent and mysterious that he makes me a trifle uneasy: his news is very disagreeable, because he says that he will only discuss it after dinner."

"That looks bad," said his old friend, laughing. "I'll bet you five pounds that you have lost some money."

"I suppose I have," said Sir John. "I

shall sell that horse and groom yonder. What will you give me for them?"

"I'll take the horse," said his old friend, "but I won't have the groom. You and your wife have an ugly trick of making your servants so comfortable that they are discontented everywhere else."

So they parted, and Sir John went home to dinner at six, the hour in which he delighted, but at which he never was allowed to dine when Lady Hornbury was at home. Mr. Compton was very punctual, but was evidently very serious; and before dinner was over Sir John had calculated his losses at about from ten to twenty thousand pounds. When the servants were out of the room, and Mr. Compton proposed business, that gentleman looked so very grave that Sir John thought he should be well out of it with fifty thousand.

"Now, frowner, how much is it?" said Sir John, laughing. "How much is it? Put a name to the figure, and have it over."

"To what figure, Sir John?"

"To the figure of the sum I have lost. You look so black that I have put it at fifty thousand pounds. Is it the colliery?"

"The colliery is doing splendidly, Sir John. The sixty-fathom level has been struck, and the seam is seven feet thick. But——"

"What is it, then?"

"Sir John, did you ever hear of your brother, Sir Thomas's, domestic life?"

"Yes," said Sir John.

"Do you remember a certain Marchioness de Toul?"

"And poor Tom's connection with her? Certainly."

"I fear that he married her."

"Then why on earth did he keep his marriage secret?"

"He was not proud of it," said Mr. Compton. "It was a discreditable affair from beginning to end. She found that by her conduct she had lost all claim upon society, and she led him a terrible life, accusing him, perhaps with reason, of having cut her off from the world she loved so well. She got terribly anxious about her future state—superstitiously so. She left him to enter a religious house at Amiens."

"Yes," said Sir John.

"I fear," said Mr. Compton, "that he had married her before she left him: in fact, I *know* it."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Yes; and I fear that, out of mere spite to him and to his family, she concealed the fact that she had a son by him in that religious house. Such is apparently the case, however, and according to the other party's statements, that same son is alive."

"This is too monstrous to be true!" said Sir John.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mr. Compton. "You never can reckon on an angry woman. It would seem that she left with the lady superior at her death a packet which was not to be opened for twenty-four years. This trust was handed from one lady-superior to another, and was opened last year only. It contains, according to the other party, the proofs of her marriage and of the birth of this boy, which the other party have verified and are prepared to bring into court to-morrow. The other party have a terrible case, and Watson and Hicks are about the most respectable and safe firm in London."

"Then I have never been Sir John Hornbury at all?" said Sir John, with a coolness which utterly astonished Mr. Compton.

"If their story is right," said Mr. Compton. "*We* have got to see about that."

"What became of this boy?"

"He was given over to the Jesuits, and was brought up at Stonyhurst. His mother provided for him partly with the nine thousand pounds which she had drawn from the estate in three years, and partly from her own property, which was a very good one. The Jesuits were honest stewards for the boy, according to Watson and Hicks, and although he refused to become a priest, the young man is pretty well off."

"Do you believe this story?"

Mr. Compton did not speak one word, but shook his head.

"Ruin?" said Sir John, quietly.

"It looks very much like it," said Mr. Compton. "I have been busy about the thing without troubling you, and I cannot at present see that we have a leg to stand on. But I come to the strangest part of the whole story. This young man will make any compromise which you please on your own terms; will leave you in possession of the estates and title for your life; will do anything you can suggest, on one condition."

"You amaze me. What is his condition?"

"The hand of Miss Edith."

"Like his impudence," exclaimed Sir John, "to ask Edith to marry him before she has seen him. Why, Compton," he went on, almost violently, "if Edith were to offer to save me by such an unnatural match, I would refuse my consent in such terms as would render a renewal of the offer impossible. I would sooner live in a garret on bread than consent to such an arrangement. And Edith, my own daughter, do you think that she would degrade herself by marrying a man she did not love? You know her better, Compton?"

"I do, Sir John, and I know you pretty well also. Of course neither of you would consent for an instant—only——"

"We shall have nothing, then," said Sir John, "if this be true. My poor Mary, my poor Mary!"

"You will have Lady Hornbury's fortune, Sir John, five hundred a year."

"Aye, but he will want that. I must be £300,000 in his debt."

"It is settled on herself."

"Aye, but I will make her give it to him—every penny; she never disobeyed me yet, and she will not now."

Mr. Compton looked at his old friend with eyes which were brightened with admiration. "And this," he thought, "is the man whom the world calls mean in money matters, and jealous of his young wife?" "Sir John," he continued aloud, "I have something to tell you which will surprise you more than anything, my dear old friend. This young man has told Watson in confidence, and Watson has told *me* in confidence, that he not only knows Miss Edith, but is absolutely certain that he gained her affections eight months ago when she was staying with her aunt. Mr. Holmsdale says——"

"What!" cried Sir John.

"Mr. Holmsdale—by-the-by, I forgot to tell you that the young gentleman who claims to be Sir Richard Hornbury goes by the name of Holmsdale, which the Jesuits gave him (they seem to have given him none of their evil ways, for he is behaving very well)—Mr. Holmsdale says that he is absolutely certain that his attentions would not be disagreeable to Miss Edith, and should his claim, on examination, be allowed by you, he asks you to put the question to the young lady herself."

"Why, Compton," said Sir John, solemnly, striking his hand on the table, "Lady Hornbury and I sent that young man to the right-about with a flea in his ear eight months ago. I believe Edith did care for him, though she behaved splendidly, sir; nobly."

"Of that I have no doubt," said Mr. Compton. "Now the question is, supposing all things go wrong with us, will you——?"

"You must ask her mother about that. If Edith really cares for the man, I would drop my title and live quietly at Huntly Bank on a thousand a year. I should be sorry to lose my servants and horses, but Mary could go into society as well as Mrs. Hornbury as she could as Lady Hornbury. No, if she cares for this man, and he is really the man——"

"Of which we are not sure as yet," interrupted Mr. Compton.

"Of which we are not sure as yet," repeated Sir John; "I would do anything I could for peace. For, Compton, we must not take this into court without a very good case; a better one than we have at present. I am not going to throw £100,000 into Watson and Hicks' lap, and leave you unpaid."

"I'd fight the matter for you if you were bankrupt to-morrow, Sir John," exclaimed Mr. Compton.

"I have not the least doubt of it at all, you obstinate old man. Now I will go to bed and sleep over it. I should like to see this Holmsdale. Have you any idea whether he knew of this when he first knew my daughter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Compton, "as Watson pointed out to me, he had been to them about his claim before he ever saw her. His affection for her is utterly disinterested. When he got his dismissal from her he waited to see if he could see her again, and win her affections entirely without letting her know the fearful power in his hands. Watson says—and Watson knows young men pretty well—that Mr. Holmsdale will not move in the matter at all during your life unless Miss Edith marries some one else. That is Watson's opinion. I am of opinion that he might if he was to find a young lady more accessible than Miss Edith, but that is all guess-work. Has Miss Edith any predilections in another quarter?"

"That good ass Lumberton seems smitten," said Sir John, "but I don't think old d'Aurilliac has given him much chance. Good night!"

We must now leave Sir John to his own thoughts, and take flight to Paris, where the most terrible events were taking place. Lady Hornbury got to the Hôtel Meurice by two o'clock in the day, and by half-past two she was in the salon of Madame d'Aurilliac, in the Rue St. Honoré, awaiting that lady's pleasure with deep anxiety. She had not asked for Edith, considering it wiser to see the duenna herself. It is worthy of note that Lady Hornbury had been thinking matters over, and had come to the conclusion that Edith was not ill. Having allayed her maternal fears on this point without the least foundation, she had travelled on alone, and by thinking about her sea-sickness, the rumbling of the railway, and her postponed ball, she had arrived in Paris extremely cross, and was just nourishing a mortal hatred against Madame d'Aurilliac for having telegraphed instead of writing more fully, when that good lady entered the room in full war paint and feathers, looking daggers. Lady Hornbury saw that there was going to be a fight, and was determined that she would not be the last to begin it. The conversation was carried on in French, which was greatly to Madame d'Aurilliac's advantage. But then Lady Hornbury had a great advantage in not understanding the most stinging of Madame's points, and so preserving a coolness which deserted that lady at one period of the conversation.

"How do you do, madame, and how is my daughter Edith? May I ask the reason of this mysterious telegram, and whether my daughter is ill?"

"I am not in the least degree aware of the state of your daughter's health, madame."

"Would you be kind enough to explain yourself, madame?"

"Certainly. Your daughter left here five days ago."

"And where is she gone, if you please?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Into Burgundy."

"With your leave, madame?"

"No, madame, without my knowledge. I have nourished a viper in my bosom which I was weak enough not to expel."

"If you allude to my daughter as a viper, madame, you forget *yourself;* and as for expelling her, she seems to have expelled *herself.* Are any further explanations convenient?"

"I have been most grossly deceived, yet I have borne everything. Madame, when I took your daughter into my house, did you say a word about the clandestine correspondence with Holmsdale?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Hornbury. "It was no business of yours: and what you choose to call a clandestine correspondence was limited to a single letter from her, in which she forbade Mr. Holmsdale to speak to her."

"Madame, her late maid tells quite another story," said Madame d'Aurilliac.

"If madame chooses to believe the word of a discharged and most unprincipled servant in preference to mine, I can only pity madame: my daughter is incapable of a mean or underhanded action."

"I think that you will change your opinion of Madame Rocroy directly," said Madame d'Aurilliac.

"Madame Rocroy? I never heard of the woman," said Lady Hornbury.

"Your daughter Edith is now Madame Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurilliac. "She was married four days ago secretly at the mairie of this arrondissement, and afterwards at the Carmelite chapel in the Rue de Brissac, and at the Protestant church in the Rue d'Aguesseau."

Though Madame d'Aurilliac said this while she was looking straight into the eyes of Lady Hornbury, the Englishwoman never flinched or changed colour. Her mouth was as dry as dust, and her heart going wildly, but she never moved a muscle before the Frenchwoman. "Not before her," she thought, "not before that woman."

"And who," she asked, "is the gentleman whom madame has selected for my son-in-law?"

"Madame is kind enough to throw the blame on me. I thank madame very much indeed for allowing me to admit a viper to my house, and then throwing the blame of what has happened on me."

"Now, my dear madame," said Lady Hornbury, who by this time had managed to moisten her dry mouth and get her heart a little quiet. "We do not want any more vipers, if you please; we have had vipers enough. I must ask you civilly to give me an account of this matter from beginning to end, first requesting you to give me your honour as a D'Aurilliac that my daughter was married as you say."

"Madame de Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurilliac, "has made a marriage which I should have recommended myself had it been sanctioned by your ladyship. M. de Rocroy is a gentleman in every way worthy of the best woman in France, and of fortune, not large, but good. He is a gentleman high in favour with his majesty Henri V., as these jewels will show. It would seem that his majesty condescended to take interest in the love affairs of M. de Rocroy, and knew what was going on, for these jewels have arrived only to-day from Frohsdorf as a bridal present for Madame Rocroy. Here are the jewels, my lady; perhaps you will take charge of them."

"Thank you," said Lady Hornbury, coolly. "I may as well take them until my daughter arrives in England: they are very fine jewels; indeed, I think that I will wear them myself until my daughter, Madame ——, what name did you say?"

"Rocroy."

"Ah! Rocroy claims them. And now, my dear creature, how did all this come about? I am really dying to know."

"Insular wretch!" thought Madame d'Aurilliac; "she cares nothing for her daughter."

There was a wild, nearly bursting heart behind Lady Hornbury's broad bosom which told another tale though; and one sentence was ringing in the ear of her mind continually—"It will kill John; it will kill John:" but she faced the Frenchwoman as though she had no fox under her tunic.

"In consequence of your directions with regard to the visits of Lord Lumberton as the fiancé of Miss Hornbury——"

"None such were given," said Lady Hornbury, interrupting.

"I beg madame's pardon. Here is madame's letter, in which you told me that his visits were a family affair."

"I wish I had written in French," said Lady Hornbury.

"I wish you had, madame. I suppose that with that letter in my hand I may be excused from blame."

"Go on with your tale, and we will talk about blame afterwards," said Lady Hornbury, who felt a trifle guilty, though she would have died sooner than show it.

"In consequence of that letter I admitted Lord Lumberton's visits; nay, after I had discovered the affair Holmsdale, I encouraged them."

Lady Hornbury nodded, and sneezed in the most unconcerned manner, and said, "Go on, madame, for you begin to interest me."

"I encouraged his visits, knowing what I knew, and at last he proposed to her. She refused him with scorn, and he told me of it. I went to her and told her that in consequence of the affair Holmsdale she was destined to marry that young man by her parent's orders."

"Oh, you told her *that*, did you, madame?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Yes, madame; I considered that I was acting under your instructions, and I told her that. I told her that she must give Lord Lumberton a favourable answer in five days. On the second day after that she was gone, and at night the young Comte de Millefleurs came and told me all that had happened: he had acted as groomsman, and his sister as bridesmaid."

"How very nice of them," said Lady Hornbury. "You have not got such a thing as a hair-pin, have you, countess? for I slept in the train last night, and my hair is coming down. Now about this young Millefleurs. He is quite respectable?"

"He is gentleman-in-waiting to his majesty Henri V."

"Ah! we call him Comte de Chambord; I respect your prejudices; he will claim his title as King of France some day, and I wish he may get it." (This vulgarism was utterly lost on Madame d'Aurilliac.) "Well, madame, if you will send me a note of my daughter's expenses here to my hotel to-night I will discharge it. May I ask, had you any suspicions of the attentions of M. de Rocroy towards my daughter?"

"Madame's memory is short. I thought that his attentions were directed to your daughter's maid, and so I discharged her; she was only the go-between subsidized by Rocroy."

"Ah! I see," said Lady Hornbury. "Well, madame, I suppose that neither of us has much cause to talk about this matter. I do not want to talk about it, and I should think you did not either. *You had better not.* If you hold your tongue I will hold mine; if you speak I will ruin you: you depend on your pension; and affairs of this kind, so grossly misconducted as this has been by you, would ruin a dozen pensions."

So Lady Hornbury got into her fiacre and went to the Hôtel Meurice after her great victory. Madame d'Aurilliac would have given a year's income had she seen her in her bedroom, alone with her maid, an old friend, who had been her nurse in times gone by.

"Pinner," said Lady Hornbury, throwing herself in a chair, "I have borne up before that woman, but I am going to die."

"What is the matter, my lady?" said the maid, kneeling before her.

"I never can face Sir John. And oh, my Edith! my Edith! dearer than ever, why could you not have trusted your mother?"

"Is Miss Edith dead?" asked the frightened maid.

"No, Pinner; but she has married a Frenchman, and deceived us all. Oh, Madame d'Aurilliac, I will remember *you!*"

Pinner got her mistress to bed as soon as possible. Lady Hornbury wrote a letter to her daughter, poste restante, Dijon, full of tenderness and kindness, only regretting that Edith had not confided in her, and putting her entirely in the right about Lord Lumberton's attentions. "I will not conceal from you the fact, my darling, that we should have liked you to marry Lord Lumberton, but that old idiot, Madame d'Aurilliac, mistook everything. As for this Rocroy of yours, give him a box on the ears for me, and tell him that I will give him another when I meet him."

That was the way that Lady Hornbury got out of the difficulty: was she a wise woman, or was she not? I think that she was wise. She said to Pinner before she cried herself to sleep, "She shall love me still, though that miserable old Frenchwoman made her distrust me. We must be off by the first train to Calais, and

I must break it to Sir John. That woman d'Aurilliac will send in her bill to-night. Wait up and pay it. It will be 10,000 francs, or thereabouts. Don't haggle; I'll give her *her* receipt some day."

Sir John slept over Mr. Compton's astonishing communication, and he came to this conclusion, that it was in all probability perfectly true.

In the first place, it was obvious that Compton believed it, and Compton was the first solicitor in London. It was also obvious that Watson believed it, and Watson was the last man in the world to take up a case unless he was as good as certain. Compton *might* still find something not known as yet, but it seemed highly improbable. Sir John quietly acquiesced in the matter as far as he was concerned: the worst thing was the breaking it to his wife.

"How will she take it?" he repeated to himself a hundred times over. "There will be one explosion when I tell her the truth about Compton's story, and another when I order her to give up her fortune. I wonder how she will go through with it. Poor sweetheart, she has never seen trouble yet."

Here she was, late the next day, fresh from Paris with a new bonnet and a frank smile. "Now, John," she said, "you may kiss me, but if you rumple my bonnet you rumple two pound four, and so I warn you. And how are you, my dear?"

"I am as well as ever I was, I think," said Sir John. "I am wonderfully well. But I will come up to your dressing-room while you change your dress for dinner, for I have some very heavy news to tell you."

"I suppose that you have heard about half the truth, John," she said. "Come up and tell your story, then I will tell mine. Any one to dinner?"

"Mr. Compton."

"The very man," she said. "Now, my dear, tell me your story while I am dressing."

"Mary, I fear we are utterly ruined."

"How? In money?" she asked, combing her hair.

"I fear so."

"How very curious! Have you been speculating?"

"No. I am, it would seem, not Sir John Hornbury at all."

"Don't say another word," she cried. "I know what is the matter. Tom was married, and had a son."

"My darling, I fear that it is only too true."

"I *knew* it," she said, looking at him triumphantly, and plying her hair-brushes. "I knew it as soon as you spoke. Tell me all about it, and don't keep me waiting. I was certain it was that when you spoke."

Sir John sat down and told her the whole matter, as Compton had related it, from beginning to end.

"Well," she said, "surprises will never cease in the world. At all events, we have my fortune, and we can be very comfortable on that."

"Mary," said Sir John.

"Yes, dear."

"If this man is proved to be my nephew, I shall owe him about £300,000."

"I am afraid so; but we never can pay it."

"We can pay him your £15,000."

"If you think it necessary to your honour, of course I will obey you; but it leaves us penniless. I suppose that we ought to give it. I will tell you what I can do better than most women—I can give music lessons."

"You are not afraid of the future, then, without a penny?"

"Not in the least. I have got you, John, and it will go hard but what I will keep you. *I* am not afraid so long as you are with me."

"Come here, you golden woman, and sit on my knee," said Sir John.

She came, and their cheeks were together, and her brown hair was mingling with his gray hair, and they sat in the silence of love.

"Then you do not mind it?" he asked.

"I don't see that there is anything to mind in it," she said. "I like money and society more than most, but I love you better than all. We are not the first people who have lost their money, and we sha'n't be the last. I should have liked my fifteen thousand pounds for your sake, but it must go if it turns out that we have been living false lives."

"Edith could make everything straight for us," said Sir John.

"How?"

"The claimant is that young man Holmsdale who was in love with Edith. He will never move in the matter during my lifetime if Edith marries him. He says that he has won her love could the match be brought about. And, by the way, how is Edith, for I had forgotten to ask you?"

"Now this *is* checkmate," said Lady Hornbury. "How is Edith? Why, Edith is as well as a bride can expect to be. Edith, living in that atmosphere of lies which every Frenchwoman carries about with her, has been frightened by old D'Aurilliac into running away with a French count. Edith is now Madame de Rocroy."

"Is he a gentleman?" asked Sir John.

"Oh yes; a man about Frohsdorf. By-the-by, here are the jewels which the Comte de Chambord sent her."

"She might have done worse," said Sir John. "Has he money?"

"He has enough," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, then, under the circumstances, we really must not grumble," said Sir John. "Now come, let us go down and meet old Compton."

Old Compton was waiting for them, and dinner was waiting for all three of them; but old Compton wanted a few words on business before they went into the dining-room.

"Sir John," he said, "you have, I suppose, put her ladyship in possession of the facts?"

"I have," said Sir John.

"My lady," said Mr. Compton, "I have been at work ever since I spoke to Sir John, and I have to tell your ladyship that we have not a leg to stand on; those Jesuits are good men of business."

"Well, we have prepared our minds. We are beggars."

"Sir John told you the terms of the compromise?"

"Yes," said Lady Hornbury, "but such a compromise happens to be impossible. My daughter Edith has married a Frenchman. She is now Madame de Rocroy."

"Madame de *what!*" shouted old Compton.

"Madame de Rocroy," said Lady Hornbury. "My daughter's husband's name is Richard de Rocroy."

"Have the goodness to bring me a glass of wine," said old Compton, "I am faint."

Lady Hornbury rang the bell violently, and, not waiting for the footman, hurried Mr. Compton and Sir John into the dining-room, where she poured out a glass of wine.

"Don't you see what you have done?" said Mr. Compton, after he had drunk his wine.

"Not in the least," said Lady Hornbury.

"Don't you see that your daughter has married Holmsdale, the very man we wanted her to marry? This Holmsdale, whom I believe to be your nephew, always has taken the title of Rocroy in France. Your daughter has married her cousin, and we are uncommonly well out of it. Sir John, do you forget everything when you forget that the family name of the De Touls was Rocroy?"

"I had completely forgotten it," said Sir John. And so they went to dinner and discussed matters very quietly.

"How could this astounding result have come about?" said Sir John.

"It is perfectly plain to me now that we have to thank the folly and stupidity of the Comtesse d'Aurilliac for this," said Lady Hornbury. "She put things in a false light to Edith, and Edith was foolish enough to believe that we should force her into a marriage with Lumberton. Well now, what do you say about my going to Dijon and taking Mr. Compton?"

"Or what do you say to my going to Dijon and taking Lady Hornbury?" said Mr. Compton.

"Well, you must fight it out on the way as to who is the commander-in-chief," said Sir John, "but you had better both go. Compton, you have full power to act for me with this man. I feel sure that I shall like him. Mary, my love, what do you say to dropping the title, and becoming Mrs. Hornbury?"

"I think on the whole that it would be the best thing to do for Edith's sake. The world will say some hard things of us—will say, for example, that we discovered the justice of the claim, and sacrificed our daughter to save ourselves, but we, knowing otherwise, can laugh at that. However, nothing can be done until I have taken Mr. Compton to Dijon."

Edith had written a letter to her mother, which had crossed that lady's; she was therefore profoundly astonished, as she was sitting alone deeply anxious, to see her mother come sailing into the room, and saying, "My sweet Edith, get me some tea. I am as tired as if I had walked all the way. Where is your cousin?"

"My cousin, mamma?"

"I should say your husband. Don't you know that you have married your cousin, and are Lady Hornbury? Come here and kiss me, you curious child. So he has never told you."

Meanwhile Mr. Compton and Edith's husband had been in conversation. At first that young gentleman refused emphatically to touch the estates, titles, or anything else, save a decent allowance from Sir John. The most that he could be got to do was this: he was to be received as a nephew of Sir John's and heir to the baronetcy at Sir John's death, drawing such money as should be decided on from the estates. The marriage was to be immediately announced, and Sir John was at once to be told to do so.

"Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you to do a certain thing very much."

"I will do it," said Richard Hornbury.

"*Go at once, to-morrow, to Frohsdorf,* and take your wife with you. You are pretty sure of a welcome there."

"*I* see," said the bridegroom, laughing.

People in London have got over the matter very easily. Sir John appeared in the Park on his famous horse, and told everybody his own version of the affair. His daughter Edith had married her cousin Dick abroad, and her mother had gone over to see her. The bride and bridegroom were staying with the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf: the jewels which the bride had received from the legitimist aristocracy were very handsome, monstrous handsome: the girl had won everybody's heart over there.

The world was a little puzzled about this new nephew of Sir John's, and also rather amazed at the suddenness of the marriage; but there came half a dozen other things to wonder about, and so the postponement of Lady Hornbury's ball was soon forgotten.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses
First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far a-field thou hast not flown;
With mocks and threats, half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or hornbook thumbing.

Well; let it be!—through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WIND AND STARS.

The stars are shining fixed and bright,
I stand upon the windy height,
Alone with sorrow and the night.

O stars so high, from earth apart,
Ye are the hopes that stirred my heart;
O wind, its beating wings thou art.

The wind may rave, the starry spheres
Unheeding shine, nor moved by fears
Nor shaken into trembling tears.

O hush, wild heart, regarded not;
Sink to the level of thy lot,
In pity sink, and be forgot.

ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

A BLIND BOY'S SONG.[1]

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer, tho' often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot touch it—I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell;
While touch'd to my heart with its deep thrilling strain,
Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain.
What brightness of hue is with music combined?
Will any one tell me? I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? On what kind of wings do they fly?
Are not they sweet angels, who come to delight
A poor little boy, that knows not of sight?
The sun, moon, and stars are to me undefined,
Oh! tell me what light is: I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

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[1] Appropriate and beautiful music, composed by W. R. Dempster for this song, is published by R. Cocks & Co., London.

MARRIED? OR NOT MARRIED?

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Countess von Werbe became a widow very young. Her husband was old and rich when he asked her in marriage. She rejected his addresses, and wept in the arms of her father. Her father laughed at her tears. He did not conceive how it was possible to reject the count, and his daughter did conceive it. Her father reckoned the estates of the count, and she reckoned his years.

She had sometime before become acquainted with Herr von Welt, who had fewer estates, and fewer years over his head, danced well, talked tenderly, and loved ardently. But the count was pressing—the father severe—the Herr von Welt was poor, and the count rich. She continued to love the Herr von Welt, and gave the count her hand.

The count had no children. The gout and a cough reminded him of temperance, and he retired in the arms of Hymen to one of his estates. The young countess lived in solitude; the count coughed worse, and remained without children. His old age and his infirmities increased every day; in two years he left the world and his estates, and the young wife was a widow.

She laid aside her white dresses and put on black. The countess was fair—the dark dress set off her complexion—mourning became her.

The count left her all his property: but old people are often fantastical! According to a singular condition of the will, if she married again, the greatest part of the property reverted to one of his relations, living at the residence.

Herr von Welt hastened to comfort the widow. He found her beautiful, and she found him as amiable as before. He talked all day long without coughing, and she listened to him all day long without yawning. He could relate a thousand little anecdotes, and the countess was curious. He spoke of the torch of love and his own feelings, and the countess felt. He described the torments of separation, and the anxieties which had martyred him, and the countess was compassionate. He lay at her feet; protestations of his passion streamed from his lips, and his tears upon her hand, and the countess loved; but she thought with tears on the conditions of the will. She was melancholy. It was already six weeks since the count had bid adieu to his gout for ever, and grief appeared now for the first time on the countenance of the countess.

"My dear friend," said Herr von Welt to her in the morning, "you torment yourself with doubts, and it remains in your own power to put an end to them."

"How so?" said the countess.

"You believe in the possibility," continued he, "of my ceasing to love you; you consider the band of the feelings not strong enough to withstand time; but, my dear friend, how easy it is for the hand of the priest to join ours together; you will then be tranquillized."

"Have you then forgotten the will?" said she weeping.

"My love, the question now is only about making you easy. We will be married privately. You and I, the priest—and love will hear our oath."

"But you see, there must be a priest," said she, hastily.

"Let me manage that," said Herr von Welt. "Here in the neighbourhood lives an old man, who is borne down by poverty and close upon a century of years. He is as worthy as the times in which he was born, and as silent as the tomb which will soon receive him. He will carry our secret with him to the grave, and we will bury it in our bosoms."

The countess threw herself into his arms, and entreated him to hasten. Welt did so. The conscience of the priest was tranquillized; twilight, and a distant summer-house, concealed them from the eye of suspicion, and Welt embraced with rapture—his wife.

A year passed away; she no longer looked after him with inquietude when he rode out, and his eyes were no longer fixed on her window when he returned; she could yawn when he related, and he sometimes felt *ennui* though she was sitting by him—but they lived together. The servants had observed familiarities not warranted by friendship; yet their attachment did not appear to be ardent enough to account well for their being together. A year had made them feel secure, and they no longer paid that strict attention which they did at first to their conduct and conversation. People began to conjecture, to doubt, at last to believe, and after a time to impart their sentiments to each other.

The Count von Werbe, who was to inherit the property in default of the condition of the will being observed, was at this time out of favour with the prince, through the intrigues of his numerous creditors, and had left the residence with his wife, to take refuge in the arms of nature. He had purchased the situation of grand chamberlain to the prince—had squandered his property by giving balls and *fêtes*, and destroying his health by dancing and dancers. His wife was formerly a lady of honour—people had formerly paid homage to her charms—she was formerly surrounded by a circle of admirers, but the boundaries of this circle grew smaller, and it was now many years since she had found the residence empty and tiresome, and the taste of the times quite spoiled.

Their estate joined that of the countess. The count attended with much interest to the suspicions which were imparted to him, and hastened to the castle of the countess to pay his respects to her as a relative, and to convince himself of the truth of the opinion of his neighbours; but he did not convince himself. The countess was prepared for his visit. The Herr von Welt was tender and attentive—his eyes riveted on her. The countess showed all the cordiality of friendship and the attentions of a warmer affection. The count returned home sorrowful.

"Dear Augusta," said the count, as he entered the chamber of his wife, "our neighbours are not prudent. It is only necessary to see them both to give no credit to the tale they have amused us with. I was there two hours, and he had not the courage to come within three steps of her."

"But that proves for us," cried the countess; "he would have sat at one end of the room and she at the other."

"Not so, my love," said the count; "respect seemed to keep him at a distance. Their eyes sought each other—her countenance appeared to complain of my presence. Then the interest with which they spoke of each other! No, my love, we see each other—we talk to each other, but believe me, on my word they are not married."

"But," said the countess, "our neighbours have eyes; did you never, then, observe nothing which can justify their opinion?"

"My love," replied the count, "you may suppose that I observed everything very attentively. It is not my fault if our creditors are not paid."

"Trifles often betray us," said the countess. "Reflect a little; did she not once drop her pocket-handkerchief?"

"Her pocket-handkerchief?" said the count, and considered a little; "no, but her fan fell down."

"And she picked it up again?" said the countess, quickly.

"Truly yes, she picked it up," said the count, looking at her with astonishment.

"And he was there, and suffered it?" said the countess.

The count looked thoughtful—she struck him playfully on the shoulder: "Believe me, good count, our neighbours are in the right."

"When I consider well," said the count, "it appears to me probable; she was very well dressed; her toilette was certainly a few months behind the fashion, but we are in the country, and I was astonished at her taste."

"And he?" asked the countess.

"He held a long dissertation upon taste; he went through the whole history of fashions, from the fig-leaf of the first lady to the last gala-dress of the grand-duchess. He particularly admired the Grecian costume."

"And was she dressed like a Greek?" said the countess quickly.

"Oh no," said the count: "she was true German—buried up to the chin."

"They are man and wife," said the countess, throwing herself into his arms.

"But her eyes," said the count, shaking his head.

"You are a keen observer," said the countess. "What proofs do you wish to have? The lover would have fallen to the ground with the fan, the husband remained quietly seated; the lover would have had eyes only to admire, the husband had time for a long conversation; the lover would have been delighted to see a German woman he admired dressed in the German fashion, and the husband praised the Greek women. My dear count, are you not aware of all that?"

The count laughed. "Well," said he, "we are invited to-morrow to our neighbour the chamberlain; the Herr von Welt and the countess will likewise be there. In a large society we fancy ourselves less remarked, and give ourselves up more to our ease; we can therefore both observe them. You may be in the right, but her countenance, and her eyes. I have had the honour, during the last fifteen years, of presenting many married men to his royal highness, and I know mankind well! Matrimony has a peculiar look, something like despair—if you are right, my knowledge of mankind is good for nothing."

The next day all the company was assembled at the chamberlain's except the countess and Herr von Welt. The chamberlain was impatient, all eyes turned toward the road; at last a cloud of dust was observed, and then the carriage of the countess driving quickly up. She was looking out of the right window of the carriage. Welt, leaning on his arm, was looking out of the other. The lady of the grand chamberlain touched her husband and smiled; he turned round good-humouredly, and said in a low voice, "I believe you are right." The carriage stopped; Welt sprang out, the servants assisted the countess; he stood quietly by and brushed the dust from his coat. "They are man and wife," said the grand chamberlain's lady softly.

"Yes, yes, I begin to doubt my knowledge of mankind," said the count.

The countess made excuses for being so late; Welt knit his brow in vexation. Dinner was announced; the master of the house offered his arm to the lady of the grand chamberlain. The grand chamberlain and Welt, the countess and a strange lady remained. Welt offered his arm to the strange lady, and left the countess to the grand chamberlain. His wife looked back and smiled; the grand chamberlain nodded significantly. The society was gay. Welt sat between the countess and the strange lady. He conversed with the stranger on fashion and feeling, and left the countess to be amused by the grand chamberlain. The latter smiled, his wife looked at him good-humouredly. After dinner Welt approached the countess. He talked of the influence of the body over the mind, which occasioned satiety in everything. The countess yawned. "That is the body," said she. Welt continued calmly talking, and the body of the countess yawned again.

The grand chamberlain stole up to his lady. "They are man and wife," she whispered.

"It is certain," said the grand chamberlain.

The chamberlain proposed a walk in the garden, and the company went. A narrow plank led to a fine waterfall. The grand chamberlain had brought his vertigo with him from the residence; the chamberlain was too lusty to trust himself on the plank, and the ladies were timid. Welt sought to tranquillize them. He escorted them over the plank; but he offered his services last to the countess.

The grand chamberlain stood smiling on one side, and his wife stood smiling at him from the other. It was evening, and the company hastened back to the house. The countess was behind, Welt near her. He walked on thoughtfully; she followed him fatigued.

The grand chamberlain pressed the hand of his wife. The carriages were ordered; the party separated, and hastened home.

"You are a clever woman, my love," said the grand chamberlain; "it is certain they are man and wife."

"Now, my dear," said the countess, "only take the pains to get certain proofs."

"Leave me alone," said the count. "The thing is clear, and when that is the case, there must be proofs." Accordingly he went round the neighbourhood to obtain more information; but he wanted proof, and could only procure conjectures. People had heard this, and seen that; one referred to another; and when he wanted proofs, the one had said nothing, and the other had heard nothing. He came back sorrowful. "My dear," said he, "I return just as rich in conjectures, and as poor in proofs."

"Indeed!" said the countess. "Can the people yet doubt that they are married?"

"Alas! no," said the count; "but no one can prove it. However, I will try what I can do; the day after to-morrow Herr von Welt has business in the residence; I will send immediately to my lawyer. We must take advantage of the moment, for conjectures lead to nothing."

The lawyer was called; they were shut up together, and on the second day he drove to the chateau of the countess.

"All alone?" said the grand chamberlain, as he entered the room with an appearance of surprise.

"Herr von Welt is in town," said the countess; "he will be sorry that he was not at home when he finds that you have been here."

The grand chamberlain took a seat near her; he admired the arrangement of the house, and some pictures which were in the room.

"My husband was a connoisseur," said the countess. "The collection of paintings he has made proves his taste."

"Ah! his taste proves other things still more," said the count, smiling; and he kissed her hand. "But he was an extraordinary man; he had caprices, which he showed even to the last; his will proves that."

The countess looked at him surprised. The grand chamberlain appeared not to observe it, and continued, "So young as you are, to remain a widow can only be the caprice of an old jealous husband, who wishes to torment you after his death. The poor man forgot that the heart is very susceptible at your age."

The countess cast down her eyes and blushed.

"Herr von Welt is an old acquaintance, at least I think so," said the grand chamberlain.

"I have known him above four years," said the countess embarrassed.

"He was remarked at court for his talents and affability," continued the grand chamberlain, smiling, and his smile was expressive; "but the last year he has been quite lost to the court and to the world. How is it possible for him not to forget the caprices of an old man who is dead?"

The countess was evidently more embarrassed.

"Why were you not sincere with me?" said he, softly, and took her hand. "Your secret is known in the neighbourhood, why would you conceal it from me?"

The countess started up terrified. "Is it possible?" said she—and her voice faltered. "Can the old man have—Oh, count! what do you know—what is known?"

"Do you think," said the count, "that I watch my advantage so servilely?" and his tone was tender and sincere. "I will see and hear nothing. Enjoy in peace what you have dearly enough bought, by a sacrifice of two years. But, dear countess, I have children, who may hereafter complain of my pliability and indulgence. I must therefore do something to fulfil the duty of a father. Another in my place would here require—he would lay before you proofs on which to ground his claims, but I spare your heart, and respect your secret. The friend is silent—it is the father only entreats."

"Alas!" cried the countess, and tears streamed from her eyes, "what do you require of me?"

The grand chamberlain drew a paper out of his pocket. "You know," he continued calmly, "that my property is greatly embarrassed. Your husband left you large estates, and a great fortune; I am silent on his will, of which I make no use; but this wound which I give to my interest must not continue bleeding in my children. Sign, therefore, this writing, my dear friend. You undertake therein to discharge a part of my debts, which have been occasioned by my service in the state, and your secret will ever remain concealed."

He fetched a pen. The countess in the meantime recovered her presence of mind.

"Allow me," said she, more tranquilly, "to request that you will present me the proofs on which you ground your suspicions?"

"Why so?" said he, smiling, "the government will, perhaps, soon communicate some to you."

"The government?" said the countess, terrified.

"You know," continued he, "the steady course of justice; you will be cited. It is certainly only a form, but still unpleasant. You must appear and take your oath."

"Oh heavens!" cried the countess, and her voice faltered again.

"You take your oath," said the grand chamberlain, "and remain in possession of your property."

The countess seized the pen hastily. "Your children shall lose nothing," said she, and signed. The grand chamberlain kissed the hand which returned him the paper, and went gaily to his carriage.

Herr von Welt returned the next day. "We are betrayed," said the countess, and threw herself weeping into his arms.

"Betrayed?" said he, astonished.

"The old priest must have chattered," said the countess.

"Indeed!" says Welt, "he has not spoken these nine months, for he is dead."

The countess looked confounded. She related to him the visit of the grand chamberlain, his behaviour, and her signature.

"That is a deception," cried Welt, "he has taken you by surprise; but he shall not long enjoy his triumph." He hastened out of the room, ordered his horse, and rode to the grand chamberlain. The count came to meet him on the steps.

"I have a word to say to you, count," said Welt; "but I should wish it to be in private."

"A word also with you, for it is time to sit down to dinner, and you must be our guest," said the grand chamberlain affably, and led him into the room.

"Count," said Welt, "you expressed a suspicion yesterday to the countess, in which I am concerned."

"Quite right," replied the count; "people told me of these conjectures, and I repeated them to the countess."

"Count!" said Welt, "by what can you prove your conjectures?"

"We will talk about it after dinner," said the grand chamberlain; "it is already on the table. Our conversing longer may occasion surprise, and you do not, of course, wish that we should furnish the people with more materials for conjectures?"

Welt bowed embarrassed. "After dinner, then," said he, and his tone was somewhat milder. The grand chamberlain opened the dining-room door, and introduced him to his wife.

Two sons of the count were at table with them. The youngest, the mother's darling, sat next her, and amused himself by getting under the table to pinch the calf of his father's leg. The count drew up his feet several times, making a wry face; but the strength of the darling seemed to increase, for he clung like a crab to the calf. The grand chamberlain at last kicked him from him with an exclamation, and the darling fell screaming at his mother's feet.

"The child grows unbearable," cried the grand chamberlain, as he rubbed the calf of his leg, which was smarting with pain; and the mother wiped the tears from the cheeks of the little one. "Poor child!" said she, "has he hurt you?"

"Go on spoiling him," said the count, "and he will one day give your heart as much pain as he has now done my calf."

"Only do not torment him," said the mother, stroking his cheeks; "he must be allowed to grow like the tree of the field. It was so that Jean Jacques wished boys to be educated."

"But he is to be a gentleman of the chamber," said the father, "and you will at last make a Jean Jacques of the boy. He will then be good for nothing at most but to be a stable-boy."

"When the children are grown up," said she, coldly, "you may present them at court; that you may understand, but do not interfere in their education. You do not wish the tender plants to wither before their time."

The grand chamberlain was silent, and looked vexed; the countess expatiated on the virtues of her children, and the cruelties of certain fathers, who had no steady principle of education.

The storm subsided by degrees, and they rose from table. Welt impatiently reminded the count of his promise, who conducted him into his room.

"Herr von Welt," said the grand chamberlain, as he begged him to be seated, "am I married?"

Herr von Welt looked at him with astonishment.

"I do not know what this question means, count?"

"You were not a witness at our marriage; you did not accompany us to the altar: may I be allowed to ask by what means you know we are married?"

"I think you must be joking," said Welt; "how I know?—people have told me so."

"You consider that as a proof, then?" said the grand chamberlain quickly.

"You embarrass me," said Welt; "I knew it before I had the honour of seeing you, and my eyes convinced me."

"What have you seen, then?" asked the count.

"Oh!" said Welt, "there are certain trifles which soon discover that connection. One is more familiar together, one is not so attentive to the choice of expressions when speaking together, and sometimes one differs about the mode of education."

"Precisely so," continued the grand chamberlain, "the ardour of first love is gone by, but we live together, we bestow our attention on strangers, and leave our wives to be entertained by others: we walk onwards lost in thought, and forget that a wife is following."

"Count!" said Welt embarrassed, "you describe the most minute features of the picture. But we have digressed from the main point of our conversation."

"And I think we have been constantly discussing it," said the grand chamberlain; he went to his bureau and took out a paper—"will you have the kindness to deliver this to the countess? You may read it, Herr von Welt; it is the ratification of my promises. You see I therein renounce my claim according to the will."

"The countess will be astonished at your generosity," said Welt; "but she delivered you a contract yesterday which she requires back."

"Indeed!" said the grand chamberlain, "then I beg you to return me my writing.—But, Herr von Welt, you have withdrawn yourself entirely from court.—Do you know that people have made observations upon it? Thence arise conjectures; you must have rendered a few people jealous. I give you warning, my dear friend; no one can hurt you, but they seek to revenge themselves on the countess."

"How is that possible?" said Welt, astonished.

"I am entreated to ground a complaint on the conjectures I have heard: I have not done so, but have explained my apprehensions to the countess. The ecclesiastical court, which puts the consciences of his royal highness's subjects to proof, can put her upon her oath."

Welt looked over the paper much agitated. "I will give your renunciation to the countess," said he, getting up.

"And if she wishes her contract again," said the grand chamberlain, smiling, "it lies here amongst my papers."

"Count," said Welt, "the countess will not be behind you in generosity. Her property comes from her husband, who bore your name, and I am convinced she will be happy to appropriate a part of the property to support the splendour of his family."

He took a friendly leave of the count, who accompanied him to the hall door.

"Will you not soon travel?" said the grand chamberlain, as they descended the steps.

"Possibly very soon," said Welt; "I mean to accompany the countess, who is anxious to be in a warmer climate."

"Well, the observations you make on your journey cannot be otherwise than instructive," said the grand chamberlain. "But, my dear friend," he continued, "when in London or at Madrid you see a man sitting opposite a lady, and the lady lets fall her fan, and he does not stoop to pick it up, or when he speaks learnedly, and the lady yawns—and they yawn at Madrid as well as here—then believe me, they are man—and wife."

Herr von Welt threw himself on his horse.

"Ride fast," said the count laughing; "make haste home; a gallop will confound the neighbours, who always walk their horses home to their wives."

Welt laughed, and spurred his animal. The grand chamberlain soon after satisfied his creditors, and returned to court.

THE HOUSEHOLD FESTIVAL.

'Twas when the harvest-moon came slowly up,
Broad, red, and glorious o'er dark groves of pine;
In the hush'd eve, when closed the flow'ret's cup,
And the blue grape hung dewy on the vine,
Forth from a porch where tendrill'd plants entwine,
Weaving a shadowy bower of odorous things,
Rich voices came, telling that there were met
Beauty and youth and mirth, whose buoyant wings,
Soaring aloft o'er thoughts that gloom and fret,
Gave man release from care, or lured him to forget.

And, as the moon rose higher in the sky,
Casting a mimic day on all around,
Lighting dim garden paths, through branches high,
That cast their chequer'd shadows on the ground;
Light maidens, dancing with elastic bound,
Like fairy revellers, in one place were seen;
And gentle friends were slowly pacing where
The dark, thick laurels formed a bowery screen;
And merry children, like the moonlight fair
With their wild pealing laughter fill'd the perfumed air.

Another hour,—and in a lighted room,
Where glorious pictures lined the lofty wall
They sate in social ease:—no brow of gloom,
No sadden'd, downcast eye, that might recall
Sorrowful musing, dimm'd the festival.
It was in honour of a gallant youth
Those friends were met,—the friends he dearest loved,—
All wishing he were there—and well, in sooth,
Might his gray father unto tears be moved,
Listening to his grateful praise,—his tears were unreproved.

Her bright eyes sparkling with delight and love,
Told his young sister of his travels wide,
Of pleasant sojourn in some palmy grove,
And Indian cities in their gorgeous pride;
Of desert isles where savage tribes abide,
And glorious shores and regions of old fame:
Then were his trophies from all lands display'd,
Belt, baracan, and bow of wondrous frame,
High nodding crest, and deadly battle blade,
And birds of curious note in glittering plumes array'd

And, in her joyful phrase, she told how he,
Ere their next meeting, o'er the wave would come,
Like a glad spirit, to partake their glee,
And cast delight and interest round his home:
Gaily she told, how sitting in that room
When the next harvest-moon lit up the pane,
He should himself his marvellous tales relate.
—Alas! encircled by the Indian main,
That night beneath a tamarind-tree he sat
Heart-sick with thoughts of home and ponderings on his fate.

The heavy sea broke thundering on the shore,
The dark, dark night had gather'd in the sky,
And from the desert mountains came the roar
Of ravening creatures, and a wild, shrill cry
From the scared night-birds slowly wheeling by.—
And there he lay, beneath the spreading tree,
Feverish and faint, and over heart and brain
Rush'd burning love, and sense of misery,
And wild, impatient grief, and longings vain
Within his blessed home to be at rest again.

Another year—and the relentless wave
Had wash'd away the white bones from the shore;—
And, mourning for his son, down to the grave
Had gone the old man with his locks all hoar;—
The household festival was held no more;—
And when the harvest-moon came forth again,
O'er the dark pines, in red autumnal state,
Her light fell streaming through the window pane
Of that old room, where his young sister sate
With her down-droop'd head, and heart all desolate.

MARY HOWITT.

ON EARLY RISING.

I hope that you are not an early riser. If you are, throw this into the fire—if not, read it. But I beg your pardon; it is impossible that you can be an early riser; and if I thought so, I must be the most impertinent man in the world; whereas, it is universally known that I am politeness and urbanity themselves. Well then, pray what is this virtue of early rising, that one hears so much about? Let us consider it, in the first place, according to the seasons of the year—secondly, according to peoples' profession—and thirdly, according to their character.

Let us begin with spring—say the month of

March. You rise early in the month of March, about five o'clock. It is somewhat darkish—at least gloomyish—dampish—rawish—coldish—icyish—snowyish. You rub your eyes and look about for your breeches. You find them, and after hopping about on one leg for about five minutes, you get them on. It would be absurd to use a light during that season of the year, at such an advanced hour as five minutes past five, so you attempt to shave by the spring dawn. If your nose escapes, you are a lucky man; but dim as it is, you can see the blood trickling down in a hundred streams from your gashed and mutilated chin. I will leave your imagination to conjecture what sort of neckcloth will adorn your gullet, tied under such circumstances. However, grant the possibility of your being dressed—and down you come, not to the parlour, or your study—for you would not be so barbarous—but to enjoy the beauty of the morning,—as Mr. Leigh Hunt would say, *"out of doors."* The moment you pop your phiz one inch beyond the front wall, a scythe seems to cut you right across the eyes, or a great blash of sleet clogs up your mouth, or a hail shower rattles away at you, till you take up a position behind the door. Why, in goodness' name, did I leave my bed? is the first cry of nature—a question to which no answer can be given, but a long chitter grueing through the frame. You get obstinate, and out you go. I give you every possible advantage. You are in the country, and walking with your eyes, I will not say open, but partly so, out of a country gentleman's house worth five thousand a year. It is now a quarter past five, and a fine sharp blustering morning, just like the season. In going down stairs, the ice not having been altogether melted by the night's rain, whack you come upon your posteriors, with your toes pointing up to heaven, your hands pressed against the globe, and your whole body bob, bob, bobbing, one step after another, till you come to a full stop or period, in a circle of gravel. On getting up and shaking yourself you involuntarily look up to the windows to see if any eye is upon you—and perhaps you dimly discern, through the blind mist of an intolerable headache, the old housekeeper in a flannel night-cap, and her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, turning up the whites of her eyes at this inexplicable sally of the strange gentleman. Well, my good sir, what is it that you propose to do? will you take a walk in the garden and eat a little fruit—that is to say, a cabbage leaf, or a Jerusalem artichoke? But the gardener is not quite so great a goose as yourself, and is in bed with his wife and six children. So I leave you knocking with your shoulder against the garden gate—in the intervals of reflection on the virtue of early rising in spring.

March, April, and May are gone, and it is summer—so if you are an early riser, up, you lazy dog, for it is between three and four o'clock. How beautiful is the sunrise! What a truly intellectual employment it is to stand for an hour with your mouth wide open, like a stuck pig, gazing on the great orb of day! Then the choristers of the grove have their mouths open likewise; cattle are also lowing—and if there be a dog-kennel at hand, I warrant the pack are enjoying the benefits of early rising as well as the best of you, and yelping away like furies before breakfast. The dew too is on the ground, excessively beautiful no doubt—and all the turkeys, how-towdies, ducks, and guinea-fowls, are moping, waddling, and strutting about, in a manner equally affecting and picturesque, while the cawing of an adjacent rookery invites you to take a stroll in the grove, from which you return with an epaulette on each shoulder. You look at your watch, and find it is at least five hours till breakfast—so you sit down and write a sonnet to June, or a scene of a tragedy;—you find that the sonnet has seventeen lines—and that the dramatis personæ, having once been brought upon the stage, will not budge. While reducing the sonnet to the bakers' dozen, or giving the last kick to your heroine, as she walks off with her arm extended heavenwards, you hear the good old family bell warning the other inmates to doff their night-caps—and huddling up your papers, you rush into the breakfast-parlour. The urn is diffusing its grateful steam in clouds far more beautiful than any that adorned the sky. The squire and his good lady make their entree with hearty faces, followed by a dozen hoydens and hobbletehoys—and after the first course of rolls, muffins, dry and butter toast, has gone to that bourne from which the fewer travellers that return the better—in come the new-married couple, the young baronet and his blushing bride, who, with that infatuation common to a thinking people, have not seen the sun rise for a month past, and look perfectly incorrigible on the subject of early rising.

It is now that incomprehensible season of the year, autumn. Nature is now brown, red, yellow, and everything but green. These, I understand, are the autumnal tints so much admired. Up then and enjoy them. Whichever way a man turns his face early in the morning, from the end of August till that of

October—the wind seems to be blowing direct from that quarter. Feeling the rain beating against your back, you wonder what the deuce it can have to do to beat also against your face. Then, what is the rain of autumn in this country—Scotland? Is it rain, or mist, or sleet, or hail, or snow, or what in the name of all that is most abhorrent to a lunged animal is it? You trust to a greatcoat—Scotch plaid—umbrella—clogs, &c. &c. &c.; but of what use would they be to you if you were plopped into the boiler of a steam-engine? Just so in a morning of autumn. You go out to look at the reapers. Why the whole corn for twenty miles round is laid flat—ten million runlets are intersecting the country much farther than fifty eyes can reach—the roads are rivers, the meadows lakes—the moors seas—nature is drenched, and on your return home, if indeed you ever return (for the chance is that you will be drowned at least a dozen times before that), you are traced up to your bed-room by a stream of mud and gravel, which takes the housemaid an hour to mop up, and when fold after fold of cold, clammy, sweaty fetid plaids, benjamins, coats, waistcoats, flannels, shirts, breeches, drawers, worsteds, gaiters, clogs, shoes, &c., have been peeled off your saturated body and limbs, and are laid in one misty steaming heap upon an unfortunate chair, there, sir, you are standing in the middle of the floor, in *puris naturalibus*, or, as Dr. Scott would say, in *statu quo*, a memorable and illustrious example of the glory and gain of early rising.

It is winter—six o'clock—you are up—you say so, and as I have never had any reason to doubt your veracity, I believe you. By what instinct, or by what power resembling instinct, acquired by long, painful, and almost despairing practice, you have come at last to be able to find the basin to wash your hands, must for ever remain a mystery. Then how the hand must circle round and round the inner region of the wash-hand stand, before, in a blessed moment, it comes in contact with a lump of brown soap. But there are other vessels of china, or porcelain, more difficult to find than the basin: for as the field is larger, so is the search more tedious. Inhuman man! many a bump do the bed-posts endure from thy merciless and unrelenting head. Loud is the crash of clothes-screen, dressing-table, mirror, chairs, stools, and articles of bed-room furniture, seemingly placed for no other purpose than to be overturned. If there is a cat in the room, that cat is the climax of comfort. Hissing and snuffing, it claws your naked legs, and while stooping down to feel if she has fetched blood, smack goes your head through the window, which you have been believing quite on the other side of the room; for geography is gone—the points of the compass are as hidden as at the North Pole—and on madly rushing at a venture out of a glimmer supposed to be the door, you go like a battering-ram against a great vulgar white-painted clothes-chest, and fall down exhausted on the uncarpetted and sliddery floor. Now, thou Matutine Rose of Christmas, tell me if there be any exaggeration here? But you find the door—so much the worse, for there is a passage leading to a stair, and head over heels you go, till you collect your senses and your limbs on the bear-skin in the lobby.

You are a philosopher, I presume, so you enter your study—and a brown study it is with a vengeance. But you are rather weak than wicked, so you have not ordered poor Grizzy to quit her chaff and kindle your fire. She is snoring undisturbed below. Where is the tinder-box? You think you recollect the precise spot where you placed it at ten o'clock the night before, for, being an early riser-up, you are also an early lier-down. You clap your blundering fist upon the ink-stand, and you hear it spurting over all your beautiful and invaluable manuscripts—and perhaps over the title-page of some superb book of prints, which Mr. Blackwood, or Mr. Miller, or Mr. Constable, has lent you to look at, and to return unscathed. The tinder-box is found, and the fire is kindled—that is to say, it deludes you with a faithless smile; and after puffing and blowing till the breath is nearly out of your body, you heave a pensive sigh for the bellows. You find them on a nail, but the leather is burst and the spout broken, and nothing is emitted but a short asthmatic pluff, beneath which the last faint spark lingeringly expires—and, like Moses when the candle went out, you find yourself once more in the dark. After an hour's execration, you have made good your point, and with hands all covered with tallow (for depend upon it, you have broken and smashed the candle, and had sore to do to prop it up with paper in a socket too full of ancient grease), sit down to peruse or to indite some immortal work, an oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, or an article for Ebony. Where are the snuffers? up-stairs in your bed-room. You snuff the long wick with your fingers, and a dreary streak of black immediately is drawn from top to bottom of the page of the beautiful Oxford edition of Cicero. You see the words, and stride along the cold dim room in the sulks. Your object has been to improve your mind—your moral and intellectual nature—and along with the rest, no doubt, your temper. You therefore bite your lip, and shake your foot, and knit your brows, and feel yourself to be a most amiable, rational, and intelligent young gentleman.

In the midst of these morning studies, from which the present and all future ages will derive so much benefit, the male and female servants begin to bestir themselves, and a vigorous knocking is heard in the kitchen of a poker brandished by a virago against the great, dull, keeping-coal in the grate. Doors begin to bang, and there is heard a clattering of pewter. Then comes the gritty sound of sand, as the stairs and lobby are getting made decent; and, not to be tedious, all the undefinable stir, bustle, uproar, and stramash of a general clearance. Your door is opened every half minute, and formidable faces thrust in, half in curiosity, and half in sheer impertinence, by valets, butlers, grooms, stable-boys, cooks, and scullions, each shutting the door with his or her own peculiar bang; while whisperings, and titterings, and horse laughter, and loud guffaws, are testifying the opinion formed by these amiable domestics of the conformation of the upper story of the early riser. On rushing into the breakfast parlour, the butt end of a mop or broom is thrust into your mouth, as, heedless of mortal man, the mutched mawsey is what she calls dusting the room; and, stagger where you will, you come upon something surly; for a man who leaves his bed at six of a winter morning is justly reckoned a suspicious character, and thought to be no better than he should be. But, as Mr. Hogg says, I will pursue the parallel no farther.

I have so dilated and descanted on the first head of my discourse, that I must be brief on the other two, namely, the connection between early rising and the various professions, and between the same judicious habit and the peculiar character of individuals.

Reader, are you a Scotch advocate? You say you are. Well, are you such a confounded ninny as to leave a good warm bed at four in the morning, to study a case on which you will make a much better speech if you never study it at all, and for which you have already received £2, 2s. Do you think Jeffrey hops out of bed at that hour? No, no, catch him doing that. Unless, therefore, you have more than a fourth part of his business (for, without knowing you, I predict that you have no more than a fourth part of his talents), lie in bed till half-past eight. If you are not in the Parliament House till ten, nobody will miss you. Reader, are you a clergyman?—A man who has only to preach an old sermon of his old father need not, surely, feel himself called upon by the stern voice of duty to put on his small-clothes before eight in the summer, and nine in winter. Reader, are you a half-pay officer?—Then sleep till eleven; for well-thumbed is your copy of the Army List, and you need not be always studying. Reader, are you an editor?—Then dose till dinner; for the devils will be let loose upon thee in the evening, and thou must then correct all thy slips.

But I am getting stupid—somewhat sleepy; for, notwithstanding this philippic against early rising, I was up this morning before ten o'clock; so I must conclude. One argument in favour of early rising, I must, however, notice. We are told that we ought to lie down with the sun, and rise with that luminary. Why? is it not an extremely hard case to be obliged to go to bed whenever the sun chooses to do so?—What have I to do with the sun—when he goes down, or when he rises up? When the sun sets at a reasonable hour, as he does during a short period in the middle of summer, I have no objection to set likewise, soon after; and, in like manner, when he takes a rational nap, as in the middle of winter, I don't care if now and then I rise along with him. But I will not admit the general principle; we move in different spheres. But if the sun never fairly sets at all for six months, which they say he does not very far north, are honest people on that account to sit up all that time for him? That will never do.

Finally, it is taken for granted by early risers that early rising is a virtuous habit, and that they are all a most meritorious and prosperous set of people. I object to both clauses of the bill, none but a knave or an idiot—I will not mince the matter—rises early, if he can help it. Early risers are generally milk-sop spoonies, ninnies with broad unmeaning faces and groset eyes, cheeks odiously ruddy, and with great calves to their legs. They slap you on the back, and blow their noses like a mail-coach horn. They seldom give dinners. "Sir, tea is ready." "Shall we join the ladies?" A rubber at whist, and by eleven o'clock the whole house is in a snore. Inquire into his motives for early rising, and it is perhaps to get an appetite for breakfast. Is the great healthy brute not satisfied with three penny-rolls and a pound of ham to breakfast, but he must walk down to the Pierhead at Leith to increase his voracity? Where is the virtue of gobbling up three turkey's eggs, and demolish-ing a quartern loaf before his majesty's lieges are awake? But I am now speaking of your red, rosy, greedy idiot. Mark next your pale, sallow early riser. He is your prudent, calculating, selfish, money-scrivener. It is not for nothing he rises. It is shocking to think of the hypocrite saying his prayers so early in the morning, before those are awake whom he intends to cheat and swindle before he goes to bed.

I hope that I have sufficiently exposed the folly or wickedness of early rising. Henceforth, then, let no knavish prig purse up his mouth and erect his head with a conscious air of superiority, when he meets an acquaintance who goes to bed and rises at a gentlemanly hour.

Professor Wilson.

HYMN TO PAN.

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness,
Who lov'st to see the Hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks, where meeting hazels darken,
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

Thou to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward rugged precipices flit,
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiad's cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their outpeeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O Satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings: such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked train; be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth;
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan
Upon the Mount Lycean!

John Keats.

THE GREAT BALAS RUBY.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE THIRD.

> For faythe of knyghte may ne'er be broken
> Come lyfe, come dethe, hys worde must be
> Faste kepte, by lawe of chevalrye.—*Sir Amadis.*

At the period when our tale commences, although the glories of Cressy and Poictiers as yet were not, these mingled influences of romance and chivalry pervaded every bosom. The spirit-stirring lay of the minstrel found an echo in every heart; the warlike tale of the *disour* had not been told in vain; and each knight, revelling in joyful anticipations of chivalrous enterprise, cast an eager glance toward the fair plains of Normandy and strong castles of Guienne, and awaited, impatiently as his falcon for her prey, as his war-steed for the battle-field, the summons that should bid him set lance in rest, and advance the red cross into the very heart of France. And now had the call been given, and a joyous response was returned by each valiant heart; for the high-minded Jane, Countess de Montfort, had sent Sir Amaury de Clisson to supplicate knightly aid of King Edward III. on behalf of herself and her small garrison at Hennebon, then besieged by Charles of Blois. What knight could resist the call to do battle in the cause of a fair and noble lady, whose husband was captive in a far distant dungeon? a lady, too, whose chivalrous and "right valiant" bearing had rendered her the theme of admiration in every castle hall throughout the land? King Edward gave instant assent; and under the auspices of that bravest and gentlest of knights, that "flower and grace of all chivalry," Sir Walter Manny, a goodly array of knights and men-at-arms, with six thousand chosen archers, made ready.

On the evening preceding their departure, the streets of London were filled with a busy crowd; and as the summer's sun sank brightly to rest, there might be seen armourers hurrying to and fro, with file and hammer, or brightly burnished armour; herald-painters with newly blazoned shield or pennon; esquires carefully bearing the long slender lance or richly-gilded helmet; and young pages lightly bounding along with ribbon, scarf, or kind message, the parting gift of some "fayre damosel;" and many a man-at-arms, strong of limb and huge of size, and many a tall archer with sheaf of snowy-fledged arrows, and coat of Lincoln green, pressed hastily on, carolling snatches of ancient ballads, and gazing with delighted wonder at the splendid show (even then) of the London shops, or stopping to admire the graceful beauty of the cross in West-cheap, at this period one of the "lions" of London.

Amid these picturesque groups, a knight clad in tight long hose, pointed shoe, short tunic, and flat cap, leading a lady of remarkable beauty, whose long and delicately pearl-braided hair and ample silken robe, which, but for the care of her attendant page, would have swept the ground, passed along, and at length entered a house where one of the foreign dealers in gems and in the superior kinds of armour had taken up his residence. They ascended the dark and narrow staircase, which seemed to lead but to some mean abode (for the foreign merchant, to whom the protection of the wealthy and powerful London guilds was denied, found his safety in the apparent meanness of his dwelling), and entered an apartment which, in its size, the richness of its furniture, and the splendour of the plate and armour scattered about, formed a strong contrast with the rudeness of the entrance. There, at a table covered with a rich carpet, and surrounded by carved chests of various sizes, sat their owner, a Jew of advanced age and venerable appearance, who arose as the knight and lady entered, and, with more of dignity than might have been expected in one of that proscribed race, bade them welcome. Struck by the unexpected splendour of the apartment, and still more by the appearance of the master—for the Jews, although fifty years had elapsed since their expulsion, were still the objects of undefined and traditionary horror—the lady half drew back, while the knight, who seemed to be well known to the owner of these precious stores, advanced with a pleasant smile to the table.

"Well, Eleazar of Bruges," said he, "I have come to put your boastful saying to the test, ere I cross the seas to-morrow; so unlock your caskets, bring forth your choicest jewels, and let me see if I can find a gem so beautiful that even I myself shall deem it a worthy gift to my lady."

Eleazar of Bruges returned the smile, and, taking a small casket, applied the key to the intricate lock. "Ay, most noble knight, jewels so costly and so richly set that Sir Tristrem might have offered them to 'la belle Iseult,' or 'Morgain la fay' been won by them to release her long-slumbering King Arthur," cried the Jew, to whom the language of romance in the course of his various dealings among the fair and noble had become as familiar as his own.

"Nay, more costly, more beautiful, must they be," cried the knight, with a look of proud exultation, leading the lady toward the table, "since it is for one more lovely than 'la belle Iseult,' and more witching than 'Morgain la fay.'"

"And fit lady-love for Sir Johan de Boteler, the Lord of Warrington, who made all Flanders ring with the praise of his valour," said the Jew.

"Nay, peace, I pray you," said the knight; "time presses, bring forth your jewels."

"What say you to this, or this?" said the Jew, successively taking from the casket rings and brooches, enriched with gems of the finest water, and chains of the most delicate workmanship, while the lady looked on in silent admiration.

"Nay, none of these," said the knight. "Have you still that carcanet of whose beauty you so boasted at Bruges—the heart-shaped ruby, inclosed within a border of that knightly flower, the *fleur de souvenance?*"

"We will see no more," said the lady, "for these are costly and beautiful enow, methinks, even for our sweet lady and queen."

"They are so, fair lady," replied the Jew; "but choose not until you have seen the ruby, which I purchased not long since of a stranger at Bruges. Father Abraham! 'tis without flaw or blemish, and gloweth like the carbuncle that lighteth the hall of the Soldan of Babylon." Thus saying, he arose, and from a trebly-locked iron chest drew forth another casket.

"Hasten, good Eleazar," said the knight, "name your price, and doubt not the depth of my purse."

"Shall Eleazar of Bruges take payment of the Lord of Warrington," cried the Jew, "when by his knightly prowess I was rescued with my treasures from the brutish populace at Lisle?"

"Speak not of that," returned the knight, hastily; "a knight is ever bound to defend the defenceless—but bring it forth, and fear not for the price."

"I fear not," said the Jew, "for I would you would but take it without payment."

"That may not be," said the knight, peremptorily; "the gift that a knight presents to his lady must either be won in fight or purchased with his purse—but hasten, I pray you."

The Jew took from the very bottom of the casket a small box, and, opening it, displayed to the admiring gaze of the lady a carcanet, whose delicately enamelled border of forget-me-nots inclosed a ruby of such size and of such rich and dazzling brilliancy that the eye almost ached at beholding it.

"This doth indeed remind me of tales of the eastern land," cried the lady, as she took the splendid gem from the box by its delicate gold chain, and, holding it up, gazed with an intensity of admiration which she in vain endeavoured to suppress.

"The price?" whispered the knight, beckoning to the page who advanced with his purse—not the slender silk net of modern times, but a substantial leather pouch, embroidered and embellished with gold or silver studs, sometimes even with gems, which was at this period always either carried in the hand or suspended from the girdle.

"Say nought of payment," replied the Jew.

"It is for my lady, and I may not receive it as a gift."

"Well then, thirty marks," replied the Jew.

Altogether unconscious of the value of gems, the knight, bidding the young page count out the specified sum, delightedly fastened the splendid jewel around his lady's neck, and they both departed.

Neither lady nor knight knew that the ruby had changed from the Jew's to the Christian's hands at less than one-fifth of its real value. The existence of gratitude in a Jew was too little credited for the knight to suspect that he had himself proved it, and that he was to prove it still further in matters of higher import. The Lady Edith was under the guardianship of the king's jewel-master, Sir Nicholas de Farendone, who wished her to wed the rich knight Sir Matthew Trelauny, although he knew that her heart had been given to the Lord of Warrington. The latter owned little more than the reputation of being a brave and noble gentleman, and he was now counting upon success in Brittany for store of ransoms of captive knights wherewith to repurchase his father's estates. Then he had little doubt of winning the favour of Sir Nicholas de Farendone to his suit for the hand of Lady Edith.

The following day the armament destined for the relief of Hennebon departed, followed by the eager good wishes and prayers of the whole population. The Countess de Montfort was sorely besieged by the French, who had nearly beaten down the strong walls of Hennebon. At length the promised succour came, but we need not delay the current of our story to tell here how bravely the flower of English chivalry repulsed the French beneath the walls of Hennebon, how well the battle of Quimperlé was fought when Don Louis of Spain, severely wounded, was forced to put to sea in a crazy boat, still followed by the victorious English.

But that brilliant victory was the beginning of misfortunes to the Lord of Warrington; for, after chasing Don Louis both by sea and land, on the third evening Sir Walter Manny and his gallant companions in arms, in the pride of victory, stood before the strongly fortified castle of Roche Perion. Then said Sir Walter Manny, "Good gentlemen, I would that we might attack this strong castle, all weary as I am, had I but any one to aid me." Then said the knights, "Go on boldly, sir, for we will follow you even until death!" And, raising their battle-cry, "St. George for merry England!" and advancing the standard on which the lilies of France glittered beside the lions of Plantagenet, they rushed to the assault. But Girard de Maulin was no mean enemy; he manned the walls with good cross-bowmen, who shot so unerringly that many knights were slain and some wounded, and among them was the Lord of Warrington, and Sir Matthew Trelauny, his rival, also.

Nor did his ill-fortune end here: René, the brother of De Maulin, hearing news of the attack, armed forty men, and, coming suddenly on the knight and esquires, who lay wounded in a field near at hand, took them all prisoners, and carried them to his tower of Favoet. Unable to reduce the castle, and grieving much for the loss of his slain and imprisoned companions, Sir Walter Manny returned to Mennebon, and prepared to give battle to Charles of Blois and Don Louis of Spain, who, having rallied their scattered forces, had now encamped within a short distance of the city.

One afternoon, while the archers were listlessly wandering up and down the town, eagerly awaiting the time that should again place them in battle-array against the host of France, and the knights were playing at chess, or pledging each other in Gascoigne wine to the success of the noble countess, a message from their leader summoned them to the council, where with surprise and horror they learned that the two valiant knights, Sir Johan de Boteler and Sir Matthew Trelauny, had that morning been brought from Favoet to the French camp for instant execution, at the demand of Don Louis of Spain. Astonished beyond measure at this most unchivalrous and most unheard-of intention, the English knights looked at each other, wholly unable to determine what course should be pursued. Then Sir Walter Manny, ever prompt with wise counsel in the camp as with bold daring in the field, rose up, and thus said he:

"Right gallant sirs, it would be great honour to us if we could deliver out of danger yonder two knights, and even if we should fail when we put it in adventure, yet will King Edward our master thank us, and so will all other noble men, for who would not put himself right gladly in peril to save the lives of two such valiant knights!"

The proposal was joyfully received, and the chivalrous leader, having sent the greater part of his men out at the gate that fronted the French camp, in order to provoke an attack, he himself, with a hundred men-at-arms and five hundred archers on horseback, sallied out at the postern, and, going round to the back of the camp, forced his way toward the tent, where, bound, and awaiting their almost immediate execution, the two knights lay. To loose them from their bonds, to place swords in their hands, and cause each to mount a steed which he had provided, was but the work of a moment; and, his generous plan thus accomplished, Sir Walter rode back swiftly as he came, to call off the main body of his forces from their feigned assault.

The first thought of the captives, so unexpectedly liberated, was to endeavour to enter Hennebon in the train of their valiant deliverer; but Sir Walter and his archer-band spurred so quickly, that they were soon left in the distance, and Sir Matthew Trelauny, who had been more severely wounded than his rival, with great difficulty urged his slower-paced steed onward.

"Good Sir Matthew," said the Lord of Warrington, suddenly returning, "your wounds are unhealed, and your horse less swift than mine—mount *my* steed, and make the best of your way to Hennebon, and St. George and St. Michael speed you!"

"I may not, my generous rival," replied the almost fainting knight; "St. George, patron of all good chivalry, forbid that I should accept an offer that might place your life in jeopardy!"

"Nay, deny me not," persisted the Lord of Warrington, dismounting; "rivals though we be, we are brethren in misfortune; lose no time—look yonder."

Sir Matthew Trelauny turned his head, and clouds of dust in the distance too plainly showed that a company of the enemy was approaching. He looked on the blood that was fast oozing from his unhealed wound, and on the sword which he was unable to wield—half an hour on a swift steed would place him safely within the walls of Hennebon—there was no time for either to lose in fruitless debate—the strong instinct of self-preservation prevailed, and he mounted the swifter steed.

"Farewell, my generous rival," said he; "no longer rival, but brother."

"That cannot be," said the Lord of Warrington mournfully; "you are pledged to run three courses against me in the August tournament, and may I lose all favour of my lady if I meet you not there!—But, away! ride, ride for your life!"

The Lord of Warrington leaped on his rival's horse, and endeavoured to spur toward Hennebon. Ill fortune a second time pursued him: some of the scouts from the French army came up, and, after a brave but ineffectual struggle, he was led captive to Roche Perion.

It was in vain for our hapless knight that Charles of Blois was finally driven back, that a truce was completed, and that the victorious army, accompanied by the countess, had sailed to England: closely confined, although no longer in danger of his life, in the topmost tower of Roche Perion, he sat disconsolately day by day, looking out upon the distant towers of Hennebon and the dark blue sea beyond. One day, while thus mournfully sitting, almost questioning the justice of Heaven, which for a deed of knightly generosity seemed thus to have requited him with stern imprisonment, he heard the distant sounds of the heralds' trumpets, as they passed along the road leading from Hennebon, to proclaim in every town that owned the rule of the Earl of Montfort notice of the coming tournament. And nearer and nearer came the gay procession, until the proud blazonry of the banners and the scarlet tabards glittering with gold broidery were distinctly visible; he heard the peremptory flourish of the trumpets, and—harsh sound to a prisoned knight—almost the very words of the spirit-stirring proclamation, that summoned all the chivalry of France and England to assemble at the tournament in Smithfield, "on the morrow of the Assumption of our Lady."

"Saints! must my companions in arms, nay, my rival himself, take part in this gallant festival," cried the Lord of Warrington, leaning his head against the bars of his window, overcome with the feeling of his forlorn condition, "and must I remain here without chance of going forth, nay, without money to pay my ransom, and unable to fulfil my vow?"

Surely some one pronounced his name!—He looked down, and Eleazar of Bruges was standing just below.

"Alas, brave knight!" said he, "I have come hither to seek thee—and now have I found thee thus! But be not cast down; I have money for thy ransom, and thou shalt go forth to the tournament."

"It may not be," replied the much wondering Lord of Warrington. "Girard de Maulin will take no ransom, even though I might offer it, until Charles of Blois returns. Would that he might but suffer me to cross the seas to fulfil my promise, and I would return right soon."

"It shall be so," said the Jew. "Girard de Maulin longs for a right Damascus dagger greatly as you do to ride forth to the tournament; I will seek him; leave all to me, and it shall be well."

The same evening the door of his dungeon opened, and the chatelain of Roche Perion stood before him. "Sir Johan de Boteler," said he, "I have heard of your great desire to be at the tournament, and, in return for your noble present, I will grant you absence from hence for fourteen days, only taking your knightly word that you will go straight thither, return straight hither, neither raising your visor nor declaring your name all the time of your sojourn in London."

"I accept your offer right gladly," cried the knight, "and pledge you my word that I will but proceed to the tournament, and then return hither, and again yield myself prisoner."

The day of the tournament arrived, with all its gay devices, gorgeous pageantry, and gallant show of mimic war. Along the gravelled and tapestry-decked streets, from the Tower to the lists in Smithfield, fourscore esquires in gay apparel slowly passed, each riding a noble steed, adorned with plumed chanfron, gilded martingale, and silken bases, rich with armorial bearings; while fourscore noble ladies, each mounted on a fair palfrey, led by a chain of silver her favourite knight. These were the English chivalry; but, on arriving at the lists, many French and many Flemish knights, and among them the Earl of Hainault, the queen's brother, stood ready.

But one there was, who, in plain armour, bearing a shield without device, and distinguished by a fetter-ring on his right ankle, attracted much inquiry. Nought, however, could be learned regarding him, save that he was a knight from Brittany, come hither to fulfil a vow. Such vows were common in the days of chivalry; and many a bright eye cast a look of more eager interest upon the nameless knight than on him who rode conspicuous in the richest armour, or him whose proud quarterings embossed his courser's bases to the very ground. Nor did the nameless knight gainsay by his deeds the interest thus excited: with lance and sword, in the lists as at the barriers, he was equally successful; and when the heralds presented the victorious knights to the queen and the ladies, he received from the fair hand of Philippa the second prize, an emerald ring of great value.

"Who is yonder Breton knight?" said the king; "bring him before me, and tell him *now* he may well declare his name."

It was in vain that knight, herald, even the gentle Philippa herself, pressed him to unlace his helmet or declare his name: to their urgent entreaties he replied that he was forbidden by his vow, and to the courteous and lofty feeling of chivalrous times that one word was sufficient.

The queen and the ladies, accompanied by the knights, retired to the neighbouring pavilion, while the nameless knight leaned against the barriers, absorbed in sorrowful reflection. He had crossed the seas to fulfil his vow, but his rival had not met him in the tournament. Lady Edith, on whose fair face he had hoped to gaze, was absent; he had been successful to the very height of his expectations; he had won praise from the queen and honour from the monarch; still, entangled by his luckless vow, he must return to captivity, nor could his lady-love know that the Breton stranger was indeed an Englishman and her own true knight.

Turning with a sick heart from the gay scene around him, and casting a sorrowful look toward the mansion of the king's jewel-master, into which he dared not trust himself to enter, he bent his steps toward the house of the Gray Friars, hoping that, since it was within "the soke and aldermanrie" of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, he might obtain some little information from some prosing friar or garrulous lay-brother. But in vain did he pace the cloisters; neither gray friar nor lay-brother appeared; and, at the sound of the even-song bell, he reverently entered the church; and, endeavouring to cast aside his burden of anxieties and conflicting cares, he knelt devoutly at the altar.

The psalms were sung; the prayers were said; the friars, two and two, quitted the church; and the scanty congregation had departed: still the stranger knight lingered. At length the rays of the declining sun, streaming through the rainbow-tinted panes, warned him it was time to depart, and seek some conveyance over seas. He arose—but whence was that low and sweetly-breathed voice? and who was that beauteous damsel who, in simple white robe and unbraided hair, knelt at the neighbouring altar? Who else, when all were gay and joyous, would seek the solitude of the church and the solace of prayer, save she who mourned the captivity of her affianced knight—the Lady Edith!

Overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, scarcely conscious of what he did, the unknown knight drew the ring, the reward of his chivalrous feats, from his bosom, and laid it before her. "Farewell, sweet Edith," said he; "my vow compels me to return ere to-morrow; farewell!"

The lady rose hastily. "What say you of returning?—and wherefore this disguise?—and wherefore this speed to depart, when Heaven has thus sent you back?" cried she, recognizing him.

"Alas! sweet Edith, I must—I have pledged my knightly word, and it must not be broken. Farewell! Heaven grant we may meet again!"

"O stay!" cried the lady; then, remembering the place in which they stood and the sacredness of a vow, she added sadly, "But saints forfend that I should urge my dearest friend to break his knightly vow! Nay, take this token;" and, with trembling hand, she unclasped the rich ruby carcanet, her only ornament, from her neck; "refuse it not, you know not its value, its great value. O take it! who knows but it may defray your ransom?"

"It never shall," replied the knight. "Sweet Edith, I take it, but as a token from you—farewell!" and, unable to repress his feelings, he rushed from the church.

Unwilling to hazard the risk of recognition in the narrow streets of London, the Lord of Warrington, mounting his steed, took the road outside the walls. With a heavy sigh his eye glanced over the fair scene before him. All was bright, all was joyous; the laugh, the shout, and sounds of distant music, floated pleasantly on the light breeze, while from every spire rung out the music of the evening bells.

"So 'hither to the greenwood tree,' Sir Unknown Knight!" cried the leader of a troop of merry masquers, laying hold of the knight's bridle, "for I am commanded by the queen of faërie to bring you to her presence."

The eve of the tournament was a gay carnival, in which it was the favourite pastime of the younger knights and ladies to enact as closely to the letter as possible the wild and brilliant incidents of chivalrous romance.

Remonstrance was as vain as resistance; the luckless knight suffered them to lead him whither they would: and ere long he found himself in a richly decked pavilion, where, representative of the faëry queen, the gentle Philippa herself, fit presiding genius of so gay and romantic a scene, sat, surrounded by a company of the fairest damsels of her court, clad in the appropriated dress of her assumed character, the robe of grass green, the favourite colour of faërie, the "gridelin mantle," the narrow circlet of jewels on her open brow, while two beautiful white grayhounds, with golden collars, lay at her feet. And with graceful courtesy Philippa greeted the nameless knight, and urged him playfully to declare his name; while many an attendant noble cast looks of ill-suppressed rage at the highly-favoured stranger.

"And whence comes that fair jewel you wear round your neck?" said the queen.

"Pardon me, sweet lady and sovereign," interposed Sir Walter Manny, who, in the fancied dress of one of King Arthur's knights, stood near; "this knight hath come hither under vow of concealment; now to demand an answer wherefore he became possessed of that fair jewel might lead to some disclosure of whence he cometh, or who he is."

"You are right," said Philippa, smiling. "Sir Knight, we will ask ye nought—only let me one moment look at it, for, saints! I never saw ruby so bright!"

Fearing, though he scarcely knew why, that the carcanet so lucklessly brought to light as he bent before the queen might cause him farther mischance, the unhappy knight hesitated, and again Sir Walter Manny, with his characteristic courtesy, interfered. "My sweet lady," said he, "how do we know but that the jewel may have some device or motto, whereby the giver or the owner may be discovered?—This nameless knight you may well believe is captive to no light and fanciful vow, but to a stern and solemn oath—let him depart in peace, I pray you, that he may have no cause to complain of unknightly usage during his sojourn here."

Thanks to this generous intercession, the knight was permitted to depart without further questioning, and one of the royal guard was directed to guide him safely through the city.

On the morrow King Edward entered his council-chamber at Westminster, no longer the gay and chivalrous monarch, the graceful president of the tournament, with a well-turned compliment for each victorious knight, and a word of gentle flattery for each fair lady, but moody and anxious, with stern brow and angry reply, even to his most cherished councillors.

"My lords," said he, "you all know how fiercely France hath opposed our claim to her crown, and you all know right well how in the council and on the battle-field we have no cause to fear her. But now, not content with a fair and open warfare, she hath sought other measures, and hath caused to be taken from our jewel-house a gem upon whose safe custody our success against her depends. Among our jewels is one, the great balas ruby, which Cœur de Lion won from Philip Augustus, and which a wise man then declared, so long as it was in the keeping of England the fortunes of France should quail before her—this jewel is lost!"

An involuntary expression of alarm burst from the whole council; for the belief in the powerful and mysterious qualities of precious stones was during the middle ages an unquestioned article of the popular faith.

The king's jewel-master had that morning returned from Florence, and he was instantly summoned to the royal presence.

Unconscious of the trouble that awaited him, Sir Nicholas de Farendone, worn and weary as one returned in eager haste, but with well-pleased look as one who bore glad tidings, entered the council-room, followed by several attendants bearing huge leather bags, carefully bound and sealed.

"Our sweet lady hath been right favourable, my liege," said he, kneeling; "and I have brought with me ten thousand gold crowns from the Bardi, in part of the loan which I have raised." [This loan historical accuracy obliges us to say was never, alas! repaid, but caused the bankruptcy of that celebrated Florentine house two or three years afterward.]

"It is well," said the king carelessly, for to his excited mind the sight of the well-filled money-bags, though his exchequer was almost empty, offered no solace; "but we would ask you respecting a jewel for which diligent search hath been made."

"Saints! what jewel?" cried the jewel-master; "every one was safe when I left England, and for those I took with me I found an excellent market—the great balas ruby alone sold for two hundred marks at Bruges."

"The great balas ruby! false traitor, daredst thou sell that jewel on which the success of my war depends?"

"There is some mistake, my liege," interposed the chancellor, "for we have good and sufficient evidence that *that* ruby was carried away but yesterday. We farther know that among the royal jewels are *two* great balas rubies, and that the second was placed there by your wise grandfather, to the end that, by their great likeness, the stealing of the fortunate one might be rendered more difficult."

"This is the list of jewels my liege commanded me to sell," said the jewel-master, producing a small piece of parchment—for our earlier monarchs often found that selling a portion of the crown-jewels was a more speedy, if not more pleasant way of raising supplies, than by extorting benevolences at the lance point, and gifts by threats of "donjon and gallows-tree."

"Yes, my lords," continued the chancellor, "and that precious jewel, thus strangely lost, was undoubtedly in the possession of the stranger knight who yesterday won the second prize at the tournament. He was seen near the house of the Gray Friars hanging somewhat cautiously about his neck: when brought to the queen's pavilion this was discovered to be a heart-shaped ruby; and it was observed how fearfully he drew back when the queen asked to look at it, and how earnestly, as though for his life, he prayed to depart. Moreover, Breton as he might pretend to be, he was an Englishman, and spoke, so saith the yeoman who conducted him to the Vintry, English as well as he; while what places his perfidy beyond all doubt is, that he asked for passage not to Hennebon but to Vannes, the very stronghold of Charles of Blois."

"'Tis plain as daylight," said Edward, laying down the parchment. "You, Sir Jewel-master, are not to blame: you sold the *larger* ruby. The precious and charmed one, that inclosed in the wreath of *fleur de souvenance*, is smaller."

"St. Mary!" cried the jewel-master, "it was *that* I sold!"

"Sold *that,* false traitor?"

"My liege gave no description, save the 'largest'—that was the largest; I knew not the high value you set on it, and I sold it to a Jew at Bruges full three months since."

"But a jewel just like it is said to have been seen not long since in your very house," said the chancellor, "where it was said to be kept secretly."

"I see it all," said the king fiercely; "you pretended to mistake the jewel, and took it to your own house, and then, after having made your bargain with the King of France, fearing danger if it were in your own possession, you sent a trusty messenger to convey it away. Arrest this traitor!"

"My liege," said Sir Walter Manny, "be not so hasty; I would stake my knightly honour on that young stranger: I pray you send not yonder worthy knight to prison on such light evidence."

"Sir Walter Manny, perchance, knows somewhat more about the stranger knight, seeing that he interposed to save him from discovery, and caused him to be sent safely away," replied the chancellor sternly.

"I did but what I would do again," replied Sir Walter proudly.

The council separated in much confusion, Sir Walter lamenting the harsh doom of the jewel-master, and musing over the events of the preceding day, bent his footsteps to the court-yard.

"Good Sir Walter Manny, what is this about a missing jewel and a stranger knight?" said a meanly dressed old man; "tell me, I pray you, for I may bring you aid."

"Alas! good man," replied the valiant knight, "it is beyond your skill."

"It must be difficult indeed then," returned the old man proudly; "refuse not my aid, Sir Walter, though you know me not—many a jewel, mean though I seem, hath passed through my hands, and perchance even this lost one."

There was somewhat in the manner of the aged man that commanded Sir Walter Manny's attention: he looked earnestly at him, and in the swarthy countenance and flashing eye recognized a Jew, whom, though he knew not his name, he had often met in Flanders. He hastily detailed the particulars, bade him use his utmost skill to discover the missing jewel, and promised him a fitting reward.

Again a smile, almost of scorn, passed over the old man's face. "Speak not of reward—*that* will be gained in restoring the jewel. I know where it is; I know who possesses it. Go to the king, Sir Walter; pray him to grant a respite of only ten days to the jewel-master, and all shall be well."

"But who hath taken it? and how may I tell that you will not deceive me?"

The Jew drew nearer, and whispered two or three words in his ear.

"I will trust you to the utmost," cried the well-pleased knight. "Farewell!" He turned to depart; when, looking up to the palace windows, he observed the eyes of the king fixed upon him, with a mingled expression of anger and grief.

That evening there was high feasting at the palace; but even a deeper shade clouded King Edward's brow. Was it possible that his most favourite knight, his most cherished companion, was in league with his enemies against him?—and yet, it was Sir Walter Manny who had yesterday interfered even thrice on behalf of that traitor knight; it was *he,* too, who had urged delay at the council; it was *he* who engaged in mysterious converse about the lost jewel with a stranger and a foreigner even under the palace windows; and, when charged with perfidy, had scarcely made a reply.

"A boon, King Edward!" cried Philippa, advancing with a gay smile to the recess where, involved in sad and conflicting thoughts, he moodily sat; "a boon for the queen of faërie!"

"It is granted, fairest," said the king, half unconsciously; "what would you?"

"That you take no farther steps in the business of this lost jewel, until ten days are past."

"Madam!" said the king fiercely, starting up, "would that I might deny you!—That perfidious knight, Sir Walter Manny, hath prayed you to ask this boon, that the leaders of the plot may escape. My word is pledged, and I cannot go back—but I here solemnly vow, that never shall he advance my banner, never again see my face, until all and *every one* in whose hands that jewel hath been stand together before me."

While the rash vow of the king and the probable fate of the jewel-master occupied every mind, the vessel that bore the Lord of Warrington bounded swiftly along, and ere the close of the fourth day entered the harbour of Vannes. He proceeded to Roche Perion, but there new marvels awaited him. He was received with strange courtesy, complimented on his knightly honour, shown an order from Charles of Blois directing his instant liberation, and told that his ransom had been paid by a Jew, who had returned to England. Bidding a joyful farewell to his prison towers, the Lord of Warrington hastened away, and in little more than a week again stood upon Vintry quay, no longer the unknown knight, forbidden by his vow to disclose his name, but as the brave Sir Johan de Boteler, one of the valiant leaders of the army in Brittany, and the knight for whom Sir Walter Manny had done so splendid a deed of chivalrous valour.

But short was his joy: from the busy groups that crowded the quay he soon learned the story of the lost jewel, the stranger knight, the disgrace of Sir Walter Manny, and the imminent peril of the luckless jewel-master, who, his ten days' respite having expired, was that very morning to be brought before the council.

"It is through me and this luckless purchase," cried he bitterly; while the strangely generous conduct of the Jew, and his singular anxiety that he should purchase that jewel, assumed to his excited mind the guise of a deeply laid and malignant plot, to work not merely his ruin, but that of him from whom he had first received his gilt spur, and beneath whose auspices he had first unfurled his pennon. To make his instant way to Westminster, to acknowledge himself the stranger knight, and to exhibit the ruby carcanet, was his first impulse; and he wildly hastened to fulfil it.

Onward he went; but, as he drew near the king's palace, the busy gathering of the guard and the eager pressure of the crowd, as the hapless jewel-master was conducted along, caused him to turn aside, when an unseen hand grasped his collar, and an earnest voice exclaimed—

"Blessed be His name that hath sent you!"

He looked round, and beheld Eleazar of Bruges.

"There is no time to lose," said he; "three messengers have I sent over seas for you—so hasten—give *me* the carcanet—all depends on it."

"And wherefore?" said the knight, with a look of distrust.

"Peace!" said the Jew, sternly; "you will thank me erelong"—and, before he was aware, the delicate gold chain was broken, and the Jew had vanished with his prize.

"You must come hither with me, my fair sir," said one of the guard coming up; "methinks I took you down to the Vintry a week ago; the next road that I shall lead you will be through Our Lady's grace to the gallows-tree."

King Edward and his assembled nobles sat in council; the hapless jewel-master was placed before them; but, ere the proceedings commenced, another prisoner was brought in and placed beside him.

"Who is this?" said the chancellor.

"My right valiant companion in arms, and one who, to save my life, put his own in jeopardy," cried a young knight rushing forward. "My brave Sir Johan de Boteler, wherefore art thou *here!*"

"Because I determined to fulfil my vow, Sir Matthew Trelauny," replied the Lord of Warrington; and alas! that, through it, such unmerited disgrace should have befallen Sir Walter Manny."

"St. George is my witness I had kept my vow," returned Sir Matthew Trelauny, "had not the king sent me into Flanders, from whence I have but just returned."

"Then it was you, Sir Knight, who came to the tournament as a stranger from Brittany," said the chancellor, sternly. "But what say you of the jewel?"

"I purchased a ruby, heart-shaped, inclosed in enamel, for thirty marks, of a Jew, named Eleazar of Bruges, and it was *that* which I wore, and which was mistaken for one more precious."

"Produce it," said the chancellor.

"Would that I could! but, even as I came hither, that accursed Jew—though I scarce should say so, since he hath ever seemed to be my friend—took it from me. Would that Eleazer of Bruges were here!"

"He *is* here," said a hooded stranger beside him, "though no longer Eleazer of Bruges," throwing back his hood, and drawing himself up proudly, "but Matthias Ben Judah of Toledo. King Edward, *thou* knowest me well?"

"I do, and most gladly do I welcome thee," said the king, instantly recognizing the learned alchemist, whose fame had gone forth over the whole of Europe, and whose aid had been sought by many a Christian monarch, and by Edward himself, to replenish their exhausted treasuries by his fancied skill.

"And thou knowest this jewel," said the Jew, laying the ruby carcanet on the table.

"I do, right well—precious, priceless jewel!" cried Edward; "but how camest thou possessed of it?"

"By purchase from a stranger, but whom I find to be he who stands there, and I sold it to this knight."

"And for thirty marks *only?*" said the chancellor.

"I did:—little do you, little does the Lord of Warrington suspect the priceless service he rendered me, when my dwelling was beset by the brutal populace at Lisle. It was not for my gold that I trembled, not for my jewels, scarcely even for my safety, but for that precious vial of liquid, bequeathed to me by that learned adept, my father, by which I trust erelong to obtain the mighty secret. The brave arm of the Lord of Warrington drove back the craven churls; and I then vowed that, in whatever trouble he might be, or whatever gift he might wish to obtain, I would always stand his friend. Good sire, I have released you from your rash vow; the jewel and the purchasers are *all* before you: suffer me therefore to pray a guerdon, since it was for this purpose, as you I know will scarcely refuse *me*, that I took from him this jewel—it is, that you will restore to the Lord of Warrington the estates which through poverty his father sold, and allow him to obtain the Lady Edith."

"Grant it, good king," cried Sir Matthew Trelauny, sinking on his knee.

"Do *you* say thus, my generous rival!" exclaimed the Lord of Warrington, overwhelmed with joy and surprise.

"Not so generous as you, my true friend," replied his rival, smiling. "The lady favours you, and I am your debtor for life."

"Bid Sir Walter Manny hither," cried King Edward, looking joyfully around. "Good Matthias of Toledo, ten thousand thanks to you—brave Sir Johan de Boteler, whatever you wish is granted—my worthy Sir Nicholas de Farendone, you must forgive my harshness, it was my own error; but from this time forth you shall have no reason to complain. And you, my tried and true friend," and his voice faltered, "what shall I say for my rash speech, Sir Walter? what shall I do for *you?*"

"Nought, my dear sovereign," replied the chivalrous Manny, "save never to think of it again."

"Follow me, brave knights," cried the king, rising, "and you, too, good Matthias; we will hold high festival and receive the gratulations of our faërie queen. And for this precious jewel, lest it should again be lost, I will place it in the keeping of my patron, St. George, for it shall be set in a chalice for his altar."

And so it was—erelong a splendid gold chalice, executed under the superintendence of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, with "the great balas ruby" conspicuously set, was placed upon the high altar of St George's chapel, where for generations it remained, challenging admiration from all, until that worthy monarch Henry the Eighth, with whom to see, to covet, and to take were synonymous, caused the beautiful chalice to be coined into gold pieces, and placed the gem among the crown-jewels. Nor few were the after-vicissitudes of "the great balas ruby." It decked the bosom of the vain and hapless Anne Boleyn, when, unconscious of her short-lived regality, she moved in state from the abbey to Westminster Hall; it blazed in the gorgeous stomacher of her more fortunate daughter, when, hailed as "goddess more than queen," she presided over the princely revels and pageants of Kenilworth; it shone proudly on the threadbare gray hat of her sapient successor when he edified the Star Chamber with lectures on theology, demonology, and that subject dearer than all, his divine right; and it glowed on the rich point collar of his unhappy son, when for the last time he quitted Whitehall, whither he was only to return a captive condemned to execution. At length, all its varied fortunes past, in the attempt to convey the crown-jewels to Holland, this splendid gem was lost: that deep depository of long accumulated treasure, that vast jewel-chamber of all past generations, the ocean, finally engulfed "THE GREAT BALAS RUBY."

MISS LAWRANCE.[1]

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.[2]

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
      Sceptre and crown
      Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
      Early or late,
      They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
      Your heads must come
      To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1659).

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[1] Author of *London in the Olden Time.*

[2] This is said to have been a favourite song of Charles II.

THE GREEN WILLOW.[1]

All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland.

Alas! by what means may I make ye to know
The unkindness for kindness that to me doth grow?
That one who most kind love on me should bestow,
Most unkind unkindness to me she doth show,
For all a green willow is my garland!

To have love and hold love, where love is so sped,
Oh! delicate food to the lover so fed!
From love won to love lost where lovers be led,
Oh! desperate dolor, the lover is dead!
For all a green willow is his garland!

She said she did love me, and would love me still,
She swore above all men I had her good-will;
She said and she swore she would my will fulfil;
The promise all good, the performance all ill;
For all a green willow is my garland!

Now, woe with the willow, and woe with the wight
That windeth willow, willow garland to dight!
That dole dealt in allmys[2] is all amiss quite!
Where lovers are beggars for allmys in sight,
No lover doth beg for this willow garland!

Of this willow garland the burden seems small,
But my break-neck burden I may it well call;
Like the sow of lead on my head it doth fall!
Break head, and break neck, back, bones, brain, heart,
and all!
All parts pressed in pieces!

Too ill for her think I best things may be had,
Too good for me thinketh she things being most bad,
All I do present her that may make her glad,
All she doth present me that may make me sad;
This equity have I with this willow garland!

Could I forget thee, as thou canst forget me,
That were my sound fault, which cannot nor shall be;
Though thou, like the soaring hawk, every way flee,
I will be the turtle still steadfast to thee,
And patiently wear this willow garland!

All ye that have had love, and have my like wrong,
My like truth and patience plant still ye among;
When feminine fancies for new love do long,
Old love cannot hold them, new love is so strong,
For all.

John Heywood (died 1576).

THE HALL OF SILENCE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains that divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, lived a wealthy and esteemed Lama, whose lands were tributary to the supreme Lama, or sacerdotal emperor, the governor of the whole country from China to the pathless desert of Cobi. But although his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the stars in heaven, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the East as the father of the beautiful Zerinda. All the anxiety that Lama Zarin had ever experienced arose from the conviction that he must soon leave his beloved daughter; and the question was always present to his mind, "Who will guard her innocence when I shall have quitted her for ever?" The Lama was at this time afflicted with a dreadful malady, peculiar to the inhabitants of the country in which he resided, which threatened, in spite of all that medicine could do, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after an unusually severe attack of his disorder, he sent for the fair Zerinda, and gently motioning her to approach his couch, thus addressed her:—

"Daughter of my hopes and fears, Heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever; yet whilst my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the last injunctions of thy dying father: The angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness before he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy sainted mother, who died in giving birth to thee. Yet let me not depart to the fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Zerinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which thy orphan state must shortly be exposed, surrounded as thou wilt be by suitors of various dispositions and pretensions; some wooing, with mercenary cunning, thy possessions through thy person: others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?"

He then reminded his daughter that he had lately presented her with the portraits of several princes who had solicited a union with his house, which they had sent to her according to the custom of Thibet, where the parties

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[1] This is the ballad of which a fragment is sung by Desdemona in *Othello*, act iv. scene 3.

[2] The allmys-dish, or alms-dish, was the dish in the old halls and country houses where bread was placed for the poor.

CLORINDA

can never behold each other till they are married; proceeded to give a brief outline of their various characters; and concluded by asking her which of all these mighty suitors she thought she should prefer? Zerinda sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired her to withdraw, compare their several portraits, and endeavour to decide on which of the Lamas she could bestow her love. At the word LOVE Zerinda blushed, though she knew not why;—her father, who saw the crimson on her cheek, but attributed it to timidity, again urged her to withdraw, and be speedy in her decision. Zerinda replied with a smile—

"My father knows that he is the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love; at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit the author of my being:" and turning round, she continued, playfully, "I love this favourite dog which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, until he stumbled, and endangered his master's life; but when the tiger had dragged my father to the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I LOVED Ackbar; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I LOVE Ackbar still."

"Zarin heard her artless confession with a smile, but reminded her that Ackbar was a slave."

"But which of those Lamas who now demand my love has created an interest in my heart by services rendered to thee like those of the slave Ackbar? And yet I have not seen either his person or his picture; nor know I whether he be old or young—but I know that he saved the life of Lama Zarin, and therefore do I LOVE Ackbar."

The old Lama gently reproved his child for her freedom of expression; he explained to her that love was impious, according to the laws of Thibet, between persons of different ranks in society. Zerinda left her father, and as she stroked her favourite dog a tear trembled in her eye, from the apprehension that she might possibly be guilty of impiety.

About this time the slave Ackbar, who for his services had been advanced from the chief of the shepherds to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; observing him to be unusually dejected, he declared that he himself had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill in a case in which every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt. The slave, nothing daunted by the apparent incredulity of his master, proceeded—

"May Lama Zarin live for ever!—I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alterative medicines; 'tis from them alone that I hope to gain at length a complete victory over your disease; and if in seven days' time the smallest change encourages me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer."

Lama Zarin assented, and from that day became the patient of Ackbar, whose new appointment of physician to the Lama gave him a right to remain always in his master's presence, save when the beautiful Zerinda paid her daily visit to her father, at which times he was invariably directed to withdraw.

The first week had scarcely elapsed when the Lama was convinced that his disease was giving way to the medicines of his favourite; his paroxysms indeed returned, but grew every day shorter in duration; and in proportion as Ackbar became less necessary in his capacity of physician, his company was so much the more courted by Zarin as an associate. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his naturally good understanding by travel in distant countries. Thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to his delighted master. They talked of the laws, religion, and customs of foreign nations, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend, and almost the equal, of the Lama. Amongst other topics of discourse the latter would frequently enumerate the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, whilst Ackbar listened with an interest and delight for which he was quite at a loss to account. On the other hand, the Lama, in the fulness of his gratitude, could not avoid speaking of the wonderful skill and knowledge displayed by the slave, nor forbear relating to Zerinda the substance of the various conversations which had passed between them.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account which the physician had given him of European manners, that Zerinda blushed and sighed: her father entreated to know the cause of her emotion, when she confessed that he had so often mentioned the extraordinary acquirements of this young slave, that she could think of nothing else; and that in her dreams she saw him, and fancied he was a Lama worthy of her love; then turning to her father, she asked,

"Oh, Lama, tell me, can my sleep be impious?"

Zarin beheld her with emotion, and told her that she must think of him no more.

"I will endeavour to obey," she replied; "but I shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore the thoughts which I will strive to banish during the day."

The Lama, dreading the effects of the passion which he had himself kindled in his daughter's breast, resolved never again to mention in her presence the name of Ackbar; but this resolution was formed too late: love of the purest kind had taken possession of the maiden's heart; and whilst she struggled to obey her father, her sunken eye and wasted form proclaimed the strife of feeling in her breast.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from his physician the sickness of Zerinda; and whilst he confessed alarm for his daughter's life, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite; he saw, too, that which it was impossible for Ackbar to conceal; that he had been the fatal cause of a mutual passion between two lovers who had never seen, and but for him would never have heard of, each other. Thus circumstanced (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visits of a male physician) prudence would have forbidden his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Zerinda, whose disease was occasionally attended by delirium, would call upon the name of Ackbar, and add, "He saved the life of my father, and he only can save that of the dying Zerinda."

Overcome by his daughter's agony, the afflicted father inwardly cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and assured her that she should see the physician Ackbar. Zerinda listened with ecstasy to the voice of Zarin; and knowing that that which a Lama promises must ever be performed, the assurance fell like balsam upon her heart; but the Lama had not fixed the period when his sacred promise should be fulfilled, nor could he be prevailed on to do so till he had retired and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his mind, the more the difficulties appeared to diminish, till at length he resolved to disregard the slavish prejudices and customs of his country.

Elated by the prospect of being enabled to secure the future happiness of two individuals so deservedly dear to him, he determined to ask the sanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Thibet are subject. He accordingly lost no time in despatching messengers to the grand Lama who resided at Tonker, and with whom his influence was so great that he had sanguine hopes of obtaining whatever he might request, even though the boon craved should be contrary to the existing laws of the country; and being unable to conceal the joy he felt at the consummation of happiness which awaited the lovers, he communicated to Ackbar the plan of future bliss which he had formed for him, and raised in the breast of the physician a transport of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever before dared to cherish. To Zerinda he promised that she should be withheld the sight of her lover but one week longer, or till the messenger should return from the great Lama at Tonker!

From this time the physician was no longer necessary; but the week appeared an age to the expecting hearts of Ackbar and the beautiful Zerinda.

Seven days having at length expired, the messenger arrived from Tonker with the following reply:—

"The most Sacred Sultan the Sovereign Lama, who enjoys the life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin greeting; report hath long made known at Tonker the beauty of the maid Zerinda; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of the slave Ackbar. In answer, therefore, to thy prayer that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which, not to obey, is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, that we ourselves may, in person, witness the emotion of their souls."

This answer, far from removing their suspense, created feelings a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin believed that it portended ruin to himself and family: he now reflected on the rash step which he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet. He again recalled to mind the grand Lama's bigotry and zeal, and knowing that he must obey the summons, trembled at his situation.

Ackbar was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and the only circumstance that occasioned him uneasiness was, lest the beauty of Zerinda should tempt the Supreme Lama to demand her for his own bride; but Zerinda, whose thoughts were all purity, revered the Lama for his decree, and believed that it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love.

With these sentiments she looked only with joy to the period of their departure, which was fixed for the ensuing day; when they set out with all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern retinue.

After three days' journey, during which the Lama Zarin sometimes travelled in the splendid palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Ackbar, dividing his attention between the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind, the cavalcade arrived at Tonker, and proceeded without delay to the tribunal, which was held in the great "Hall of Silence."

At the upper end of this superb apartment sat, on a throne of massive gold, the Supreme Lama; before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with a fragrant incense; and around him knelt a hundred Lamas, in silent adoration (for in Thibet divine honours are paid to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son). To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence between the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Ackbar and Zerinda, each covered by a thick veil, and accompanied by a mute, both of whom fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed, —all was silent as death,—whilst doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval the throbbings of Zerinda's heart became distinctly audible; her father heard them, and a half-smothered sigh stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome. At length the solemn, deep-toned voice of the Supreme Lama uttered these words:

"Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the lips of Heaven; arise! and hear! know that the promise of a Lama is sacred as the words of Allah, therefore are ye brought to behold each other, and in the august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of the love which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but on your lives utter not a word; for know that in the 'Hall of Silence' 'tis death for any tongue to speak save that which utters the decrees of Heaven!"

He ceased; and his words, resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again pervaded the Hall; at length on a given signal the mutes removed their veils at the same moment, and exhibited the beauteous figures of Ackbar and Zerinda. They gazed in speechless rapture on each other, till by another sign from the throne the father joined their hands; and Ackbar, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms. It was now that her lover, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—

"Help, my Zerinda dies!"

Instantly the voice from the throne ejaculated with dreadful emphasis, "Ackbar dies!" upon which two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and, seizing their victim, fixed an instrument of silence upon his lips, whilst others hurried away the fainting Zerinda, insensible to the danger of her lover; but the Lama Zarin, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—

"If to speak be death, let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws which doom the innocent to death for so trivial an offence."

He would have proceeded, but the tyrant's slaves surrounded him and prevented him from uttering another word. Silence being restored, the Supreme Lama again vociferated—

"Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death! Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of Lamas by marrying thy daughter to a slave; and thou, Ackbar, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which Lama Zarin made was literally fulfilled; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet have seen and been united to each other; and the embrace which was permitted was doomed to be the last. Now, therefore," added he, addressing the mute, "perform your office on Ackbar first."

They accordingly bound their victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were about to fix the silken string upon his neck, when they on a sudden desisted, and prostrating themselves before Ackbar, performed the obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker.

A general consternation seized all present, and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached the victim, on whose left shoulder (which had been uncovered by the executioner) he now perceived the mystic characters by which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. When he beheld the well-known mark, the voice of nature confirmed the testimony of his eyesight, and falling on the neck of Ackbar, he exclaimed—

"It is my son, my long lost son! let him speak: henceforth this place shall no longer be called the "Hall of Silence," but the "Hall of Joy," for in this room will we celebrate to-morrow the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda!"

The history then goes on to explain this singular event by relating that some Jesuit missionaries who had gained access to the capitol of Thibet, in their zeal for their religion, had found means to steal the young heir to the throne, then an infant; hoping to make use of him in the conversion of his father's people; but in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by banditti, who slaughtered them all, and sold the young Lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army,—he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through Europe; he finally accompanied him to India; there, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet; by this means he came into the service of the Lama Zarin, without knowing anything of his origin, or the meaning of the characters he bore on his left shoulder, and which had been the cause of effecting this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with an account of the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda. Their happiness was unexampled; for the lessons which the young Lama had learned in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries through which he had travelled, prepared him to abolish many of the cruel and impious customs which had till then disgraced the legislature of Thibet.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

(*In Belzoni's Exhibition.*)

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
  In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
  And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
  Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!
  Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
  To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame;
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
  Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
  By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
  In Memnon's statue which at sunrise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
  Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
  Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
  Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
  Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
  Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
  And the great Deluge still had left it green—
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?
  Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,
  Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
  We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
  New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
  When the great Persian conqueror Cambyses
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
  O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
  The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
  And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd:—
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
  Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
  And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
  If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
  In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.[1]

The solitudes of the Harz Forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country there is a favourite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.[2]

In elder times the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out, in the long-run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called *Morgenbrodt*, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases: but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful, that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burned for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

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[1] From *The Antiquary*. "The outline of this story," said Sir Walter Scott in a Note to the Novel, "is taken from the German."

[2] The shadow of the person who sees the phantom being reflected upon a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attended them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves —haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he who loves the Harz Forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals, who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under the protection of a much Greater than he while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me.

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safe-guard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being *coked* or *charred*, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose; for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to re-kindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhllerhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognize, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth;—"and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the spectre;—"and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon—But take the fire that thou camest to seek, and begone—no mortal may long look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all the exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another:—the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends the wretch who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers and a gallantly-equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed, to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advanced towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire MY coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom precisely on that day three years he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer
In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.

Then captured was Guarinos, King Charles' Admiral,
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
Seven times, when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize,
Above all the wealth of Araby he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner:—

"Now, for the sake of Allah, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.
Two daughters have I;—all the day shall one thy handmaid be—
The other (and the fairest far) by night shall cherish thee.

"The one shall be thy waiting-maid thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave:
The other—she the pretty one—shall deck her bridal bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

"If more thou wishest, more I'll give. Speak boldly what thy thought is."
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes:
But not a minute did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian captain was.

"Now, God forbid! Marlotes, and Mary his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ and bind me to another.
For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain,
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain."

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded he should be led away;
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vaults to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands; that sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doomed never more to fight;
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone in all the year it is the captive's doom
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

On these high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be—
The Feast of Pasque and the great day of the Nativity;
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first-fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are past and gone.
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it honour due,
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes in his joy and pride a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it with the spear;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance may fly so far, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale.
The heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,
"Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled down!"

The cry of proclamation and the trumpet's haughty sound
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
"Now help me, God!" the captive cries. "What means this cry so loud?
O, Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!

"Oh! is it that some Paynim gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned fair in triumph to his bed?
Or is it that the day is come—one of the hateful three—
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me?"

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said:
"These tabours, lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed;
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that hath the right
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

"This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win.

Then out and spoke Guarinos: "Oh! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
Oh, were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pie,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

"Give me my horse, my old gray horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned with plate on breast and head;
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not
My life shall be the forfeiture, I'll yield it on the spot."

The jailer wondered at his words. Thus to the knight said he:
"Seven weary years of change and gloom have little humbled thee.
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear,
An' if thou wilt I with thy vow will to the king repair."

The jailer put his mantle on and came unto the king,
He found him sitting on the throne within his listed ring;
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That were he mounted but once more on his own gallant gray,
And armed with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles day,
What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce it at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king: "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the grange go seek ye for his gray steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall; seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse hath bent him to be a common drudge.

"Now this will be a sight indeed to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die:
So, jailor, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh."

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they've clasped,
And they've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasped;
And they have caught the old gray horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate, caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the King,
For the horse he pranced and capered and furiously did fling:
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with calm and gentle grace.

Oh! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
Again the heathen laughed aloud. "All hail, Sir Knight!" quoth he,
"Now do thy best, thou champion proud; thy blood I look to see."

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos! nor lance nor rowel spare,
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life! The land of France lies *there!*[1]

CERVANTES.—*Translated by J. G. Lockhart.*

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring.

THOMAS NASH (1600).

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[1] Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are supposed to have heard this ballad sung by peasants on their way to work at daybreak. The number of characteristic songs contained in the great book of Cervantes are frequently overlooked in the delight with which we follow the adventures of the hero.

THE LOST COLONY.

Although now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers,—although its coasts are now lined with floods of ice, and chequered with icebergs of immense size, Greenland was once easily accessible; its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. It was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast, in the year 982, by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the results of European enterprise and civilization appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland, and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen, which go far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and proceeding to the south, fell in with the Island of Newfoundland; continuing their course, they beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus! It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventurers effected a settlement on the shores of what is now known as Narraganset Bay, in Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abounded in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country Vinland. But owing to the great number of hostile savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland.

The colony, however, continued to flourish, and the intercourse between it and the mother country was constant and regular. In the year 1400 it is said to have numbered one hundred and ninety villages, a bishopric, twelve parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing, at regular intervals, between the Danish provinces in Europe and Greenland. But in the year 1406 this intercourse was interrupted in a fatal manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along the coast, and the navigators who sought those shores could behold the mountains in the distance, but could not effect a landing. During the greater part of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Greenland was inaccessible to European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which at length chilled the waters of the coast, and changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassible barrier to the entrance in their ports of friend or foe. The sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages!

The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their friends in the mother country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world. And by this sudden and unanticipated change of climate they were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate, however, is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All which is known of this unfortunate people is, that they no longer exist. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast by adventurous men, who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that sterile country, and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast; and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants the blessings of civilization and Christianity. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate.

It would require no vivid fancy to imagine the appalling sense of destitution which blanched the features and chilled the hearts of those unhappy colonists when they began to realize their forlorn condition; when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbours became permanently blocked with enormous icebergs, and the genial rays of the sun were obscured by fogs; when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless, and dreary; when the summers were also cold, and the soil unproductive; when the mountains, no longer crowned with forests, were covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers; when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

It were easy to follow this people in fancy to their dwellings; to see them sad, spiritless, and despairing, while conscious of their imprisoned and cheerless condition, and impending fate; to watch them as their numbers gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering; to behold them struggling for existence, and striving, nobly striving, to adapt their constitutions, their habits, their feelings, and their wants, to their strangely changed circumstances, but all in vain; to behold them gazing from their icy cliffs, with straining eyes, to the eastward, towards that quarter of the globe, so far distant, where their friends and relations reside, in a more genial clime, surrounded with all the blessings of life, but compelled to rest their eyes on a vast, dreary, and monotonous sea of ice, a mass of frozen waves, surrounding myriads of icebergs, extending to the utmost limit of their vision.

Fancy might even go farther than this, and portray the last of these unhappy colonists, who had lingered on the stage of life until he had seen all of his companions, all, of each sex and every age, die a miserable death, the prey of want and despair. Poets have described, in lines of beauty and sublimity, the horrors which may be supposed to surround "the last man;" but there seems to be a remoteness, and indeed an air of improbability about the subject, which robs it of half its force and majesty. But here is an event which has actually occurred, and worthy of being commemorated by the ablest pen in the land. Here, indeed, we may imagine, without offending probability, the wild horrors, invading the very temple of reason, and accumulating, until madness takes possession of the mind. Here we may look for the reality of the fanciful picture, presented with so much terrible distinctness by the poets.

JOHN S. SLEEPER.

YOU'LL COME TO OUR BALL.[1]

You'll come to our ball? –Since we parted,
  I've thought of you more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
  For a week when they took you away.
Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers
  Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
  Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance since it's over,
  'Twere idle, or worse, to recall:—
I know you're a terrible rover;
  But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball?

It's only a year since, at college,
  You put on your cap and your gown;
But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
  And changed from the spur to the crown:
The voice that was best when it faltered
  Is fuller and firmer in tone;
And the smile that should never have alter'd,—
  Dear Clarence,—it is not your own:
Your cravat was badly selected,
  Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
  You *must* have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,
  To look for a covey with Pup;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
  To see how your boat is laid up:
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
  I've ridden the filly you broke;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
  In the shade of your favourite oak.
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
  I sat in your love of a shawl;
And I'll wear what you brought me from
    Florence,
  Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished:
  We've set up a National School;
And waltzing is utterly banished;
  And Ellen has married a fool.
The Major is going to travel;
  Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout:
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;
  Papa is laid up with the gout:
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
  And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick of the measles,
  And—I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties;—the Lily,
  And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
  At Dawlish, by taking your arm:
Miss Manners, who always abused you
  For talking so much about hock;
And her sister, who often amused you
  By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer
  An heiress, quite fresh from Bengal;
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
  You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers
  It shuts out the sunshine of truth;
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
  It makes an old age of our youth:
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
  Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
  Grows harder by sullen degrees.

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[1] This is the first of the "Letters from Teignmouth," which are amongst the best of Praed's *Vers-de-Société*.

Time treads o'er the grave of affection;
  Sweet honey is turned into gall:—
Perhaps you have no recollection
  That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads—
  To-day you have critical ears:
You once could be charmed with our salads;—
  Alas: you've been dining with Peers:
You trifled and flirted with many;
  You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was *one* you liked better than any;—
  Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.
But of those you remember most newly,
  Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
  As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
  Because of your wit and your song;
They tell me (and what does it matter?)
  You like to be praised by the throng:
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
  They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
They tell me you're sadly immoral,—
  Dear Clarence, *that* cannot be true.
But to me you are still what I found you
  Before you grew clever and tall,
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you,
  And you'll come—*won't* you come?—to our Ball!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delile characterized as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of Troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the salons of Paris, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless, and witty of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted many of the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a friendship for the Chevalier de Boufflers which did her honour: he was her companion in her walks, in the chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the peasantry, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul was, in her youth, intimate with Buffon, from whom she had imbibed a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country.

The Duchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting to her continually some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with a smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies; they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports and their love affairs, so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls: his scrutiny turned rather upon their features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour, but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer the fruits of their chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, soft voice realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Aline. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined that he felt a peculiar interest in this young girl, and with what pleasure he rewarded her, in the duchess's name, and how he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies to double the gift. Boufflers soon drew from her the secret of her heart; he learned how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortunes. Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the young Aline. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the chevalier's protege, made it known in the neighbourhood that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louis d'ors to the girl who brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Aline's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day when the duke and duchess, accompanied by the train of nobles who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Aline, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her, "Look, Monsieur le Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that everybody laughed. He took the butterflies from Aline's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially, which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Aline had won the promised prize; she soon afterwards received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Aline promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the maiden who had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Aline had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune to pay the debts contracted by her husband, who had outshone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the Duke de Penthievre, and went to live at Paris. Aline, thus deprived of her patroness, lost all hope of being united to her lover, whose father remained inflexible; and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Marechal des Logis. On his first leave of absence he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his fair one provided with a sufficient portion by the chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were speedily united.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and at length into all the horrors of the first Revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable 10th of August, 1792, to quit France and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the King of Prussia, after keeping him for some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable Duchess de Choiseul (who had survived her husband only a few years), and of the Temple of Butterflies.

The storm of the Revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Boufflers, who left Poland, travelling homewards through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the Lake of Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had passed a time which he never recurred to without delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers, a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was received with all the attentions due to genuine talent. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the Countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who at his death had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate, situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. At a fete given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne the beautiful Countess of Lauterbach was present, and more than justified all his expectations.

He was introduced to the countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Boufflers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflection the Countess accepted his offer; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed a caleche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed an outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which everything announced opulence and taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Bouffler's works in her hand. The chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to these reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation a la Française. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, where he entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning he saw, under the shade of some large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup, and he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape, and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself that stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear.

"Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a curtsy, and presenting to him a little gauze net: "What do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them."

"What are you—angel—sylph—enchantress?"

"What! do you not remember Aline, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?"

"Do I dream!" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes, and, taking the child's hand, he pressed it to his lips: "Aline, lovely Aline!—it cannot be you?"

"How! it cannot be me?—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the duchess a prize of twenty-five louis, and from yours this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?"

"I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me, then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?"

"She is my daughter," cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers.

"My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Aline, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine."

"How, madame! are you that simple village girl? Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that for once fortune was not blind?—have the kindness at once to satisfy my curiosity."

"Listen then," replied the countess with confiding delight, "and you shall hear all."

"Charles, in whom you took so generous an interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the Count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the general's care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union he died, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France, and to take refuge in Prussia; I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge then what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Aline who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments; have I succeeded?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious fraud; it is true that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

Lucy H. Hooper.

QUADRILLE À LA MODE.

Oh give me new figures!—I can't go on dancing
  The same that were taught me ten seasons ago;
The *Schoolmaster* over the land is advancing—
  Then why is the *Master of Dancing* so slow?
It is such a bore to be always caught tripping
  In dull uniformity year after year;
Invent something new, and you'll set me a-skipping:
  I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures!—*La Pantalon's* merit—
  (*If* merit is in it)—I never discerned;
'Tis old "*right and left*," but deducting the spirit;
  Terpsichore! what a mere dawdle you're turned!
Oh! think of the time when you tript down twelve couple,
  To tunes it was really exciting to hear;
I fear you're grown old, and your joints are less supple:
  I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Next *L'Eté* commences; and into the middle
  A lady and gentleman slowly advance,
And practise their steps, while the harp and the fiddle
  Play something much more like a song than a dance.
En avant is composed of a walk and a hobble;
  A shuffle half-sideways achieves *en arrière;*
They *chassez* as if they all thought it a trouble:
  I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures!—*La Poule* my aversion—
  Four ladies and gentlemen all of a row!
And so *very* odd to see Major Macpherson
  And little Miss Thistlewig dance *dos-à-dos!*
And oh! what a very strange figure *Trenise* is!
  In what a confusion the dancers appear!
Now this way, now that way! I marvel it pleases:
  I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

La Pastorale next—see young Smith how he lingers,
Unwilling to figure as *Cavalier seul;*
Adjusting his hair, and then twirling his fingers,
And simpering round him—oh! *so* like a fool!
And now he starts off with a hop and a wriggle,
His hands in a fidget betraying his fear;
And, see! all the girls are suppressing a giggle!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Finale has merit—for 'tis the *conclusion,*
And *that's* the sole merit I think it can claim;
And (save a commencement of greater confusion)
Finale and *L'Eté* are one and the same.
And then, in the pauses they talk of the weather,
So cold, or so hot, for the time of the year;
And they part as if weary of being together!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—the *Waltzers,* I note 'em,
And wonder they're all perpendicular still:
Were *I* to attempt to perform a *Tetotum,*
A fall would soon prove me deficient in skill.
I think *Lady* Waltzers are all *spinning Jennies;*
The *Gentlemen* must be as mad as King Lear!
With heads full of sense—as the head of a *pin* is!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—the figure of France is
A figure activity cannot but shun;
I want a new figure!—the old country dances
Were really and truly all *figures of fun.*
I want a new figure!—the minuet paces
Were slow, but a grace in each step did appear;
Quadrillers have nothing to do with the *Graces:*
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—ah, yes! I confess it!
I want one *in every sense of the phrase;*
My waist *will* increase, though I strive to compress it
By wearing the newest Parisian stays!
I want a new figure!—it fills me with terror
To think of my weight—(I am weighed once a year)
And, oh! I can't bear to look into a mirror!—
I *want* a new figure to dance with my Dear!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved! without thinking on asses."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Edinburgh, 1753.

THE JUBILEE.[1]

Some years have elapsed (I am sometimes tempted to forget how many) since I endeavoured to compensate the deficiencies of a neglected education on my own side the Tweed by voluntary studies at the university of Edinburgh. As a relaxation from severer pursuits, and an excuse for rambles in a country whose novelty alone was attraction enough to an untravelled Englishman, I occasionally accompanied a young artist of liberal education and pleasing manners, with whom I was acquainted, in his sketching expeditions in the romantic neighbourhood of his native city, the very contiguity of which to a great town rendered it more piquant and striking.

In one of these excursions, when, by the uncommon fineness of the weather and greater distance of the style of scenery requisite for his purpose, we were tempted to proceed beyond the brief limits of an autumnal day, instead of returning by the light of a rather waning moon to Edinburgh, G—— proposed that we should take up our quarters for the night at a neat little mountain inn, much frequented at various seasons by fishers and grouse-shooters, and affording, in consequence, accommodations of a description its unpretending aspect would scarcely have led one to expect. On nearing this rustic hostelry, kept by an *antique* of the true Meg Dods character, we were a good deal surprised to hear, issuing from its usually quiet haven, sounds of the most exuberant and unrestrained mirth, blending with, and nearly overpowering, the discordant strains of a brace of evidently belligerent fiddles.

"A penny-wedding, by all that's lucky!" exclaimed my companion. "At least you, sir, as a stranger, will no doubt think one night's rest well sacrificed for a peep at these fast-waning saturnalia."

"Pray explain," said I, delighted to witness, under any circumstances, so lively a scene of national festivity: "what do you mean by a 'penny-wedding?'"

"Why, sir, in pastoral and primitive districts—which, strange to say, though within a dozen miles of a capital, these hills seem likely long to remain—when a couple, of the lowest order, of course, are too poor to muster the sum requisite for marrying, their neighbours and acquaintance good-humouredly set on foot a subscription, out of which is first defrayed such a merry-making as you see going on yonder, while the surplus generally suffices to place the improvident pair beyond immediate want. It is not, you will say, a very eligible mode of settling in the world, nor is it so considered in these days, even among themselves. It is generally, indeed, more a frolic of the neighbouring young people at the expense of some pair of elderly paupers, determined to marry *for worse* instead of better, than, as it once was, a creditable scheme of establishment for a deserving young couple."

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[1] From *The Literary Souvenir,* 1832.

As he spoke we descended the green shoulder of one of the pastoral hills, whose recesses of unsuspected beauty we had been all day exploring, and came full upon the little inn, its front beaming with unwonted illumination, and steam—savoury as the cauldron of Meg Merrilees, amidst which my English organs readily detected the national perfume of "mountain-dew"—issuing from every open door and window.

The fiddles, whose dismal scraping accorded ill with the accompaniments, might almost have been dispensed with, so completely were they drowned by yells and shrieks of frantic merriment, and so well was the time of the tune marked by the snapping of fingers and thumping of heels on the sanded floor of the kitchen. I scarcely know which expressed most surprise, my face, as I caught, over the shoulder of a tall, white-headed old Bluegown (the fac-simile of Edie Ochiltree), a glimpse of the scene within, or that of Luckie Cairns, the usually staid and somewhat aristocratical hostess, when the nakedness of her, for once, disorderly house was discovered to a couple of stranger gentlemen. She soon, however, recognized the old acquaintance, G——, and addressed to him—though with the tail of her eye all the time on the "Englisher"—her characteristic apology.

It began, *more Scotico,* with a question, and with what G—— called "the first word o' flytin."

"Lord guide's! Mr. G——, what's brought you here the day, wi' your pents and your nick-nacks, and a stranger comrade wi' ye, that's used to things wiselike, nae doubt, and the house a' disjeskit this gait wi' the first and last ploy the callants e'er got me to countenance within my door? And they hadna hae gotten it now, but the silly body, Sanders, took it aye up and down wi' the gentle's fish to the carrier's, and their letters frae the post, and they persuaded me he was a kind o' serving body o' my ain; and traiking Tibbie had sell't my butter and eggs may-be thretty years and mair; so what could I do but let my house be made a public ae night in the thretty? and gentles to light on't for a clean bed and hot supper! It's a judgment on me for being sae simple!"

"Keep yourself easy, Luckie!" answered G——, in her own style. "My friend here can get clean beds and hot suppers in England, but penny-weddings are scarce enough, even in Scotland."

"The scarcer the better," said the hostess, drawing herself up with the demure look of one scandalized with unwonted revelry. "And now, sirs, what can I do for ye? There's no a bed in the house up but my ain; and tho' I wad gie ye't, I couldna promise ye peace to lie in't, for the fiddles 'll be scraiching, and the folk skirling, and the reels daddin, till far i' the night; and the smell o' the punch 'll be just poison to the gentleman frae England. Ye'll no be that ill for supper, for I've a curn mutton pies by ordinar' that I seasoned mysel, and there's a creel fu' o' trout walloping down bye at the burn that wad pleasure a provost. Come slipping ben to my ain wee room, and ye's get a' the comfort I can gie ye, afore the folk's supper comes on; and for beds, I'll send the lass to the minister's, and get ye gude quarters for a word."

"I know the clergyman," said G——, seeing me hesitate. "His sons and I were at school together, and my first sunshiny holidays were spent among the hills we traversed to-day. I *should* like to see the manse once more, and a welcome will not be wanting, unless Mr. Maxwell should be strangely altered."

"He *is* altered, honest man!" said the landlady, heeding only my comrade's last words. "Grief's a great alterer, o' auld folk especially! and it's fifty year come Monday since the minister was placed in the parish, and thirty come the time since he married me and puir John Cairns doucely and Christian-like in that very spence whar thae daft deevils are making a mock o' marriage atween twa auld randy ne'er-do-weels! But it's dinn now, and what's the use o' reflections? Come your ways, gentlemen, to your supper."

It was with reluctance that I postponed, even to so important an affair to a hungry prospect-hunter, the gratification of my curiosity. But reconciled to the landlady's fiat by the trout and mutton-pies, and the comfort and cleanliness which reigned in her sanctum sanctorum, G—— and I did ample justice to the savoury repast, and its crowning tumbler, whose whisky even I, a novice, could discern to be mountain-born, and guiltless of the exchequer.

"I see ye're nae great hand at the whisky, sir," said the hostess, in answer to an equivocal shake of the head with which an Englishman generally salutes the indigenous flavour of genuine peat-reek; "but tak my word for't, ae devil dings out anither, and if ye're to be dancin and daffin yonder, and the room reeking o' punch like a killogie, ye'll ken a' the less for being a thought primed yoursel; and ye'll dance a' the better for't, I'se warrant"—turning with a smile to G——, "a spur in the head's worth twa in the heel."

So saying, the good lady, desirous to profit in her domestic affairs by the interval between the claims of her very opposite customers, snatched up the candle, and marshalled us to the scene of a festivity to which, at the distance of a mile at least, our ears might have proved sufficient guides.

The hoarse squeak of the wary and muggy fiddlers was now well-nigh drowned by the far more efficient "lilt" of some stentorian voices, on whose organs the "barley bree" had produced an exactly opposite effect; and the figure of one round rosy shepherd, who, with bonnet "ajee" and picturesquely disposed plaid, sung, danced, and snapped his fingers, surrounded by a ring of admiring rivals, would have been worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Wilkie.

His partner in the reel was no less a personage than the blushing bride—a weather-beaten crone of some sixty winters' bronzing; and as, exhilarated by the unwonted stimulant of applause, she strove to keep pace with the agile movements and giddy whirlings of her *vis-a-vis*, peals of unbridled laughter shook the quiet hostelry to its very base.

The bridegroom again, an old Chelsea pensioner, whose once steady, soldier-like frame retained some shadow of military bearing, spite of the joint inroads of palsy and potations, was doing his best to keep his equilibrium, as, like "Panting Time," he toiled after the winged heels of a mountain fairy of sixteen, whose shy but earnest gaze at the strangers, and bounding rapidity of motion, reminded me at once of the roe on her native hills.

Moved by compassion for this ill-matched couple, and well aware of the popular course on such occasions, G—— dashed at once into the old man's place in the dance, and began threading its mazes with the blushing, but evidently flattered damsel, making me a sign to follow his example—a hint which neither my proficiency in the national dance, nor the charms of the bride, were sufficient to warrant my taking. I slid down unobserved beside some of the few elders present, whose shrewd remarks and good-natured participations in the "daffin" of the youngsters were not the least pleasing part of the motley scene. I had never before seen a body of Lowland peasantry collected in holiday attire, and certainly their general good looks, neat shoes and stockings, and above all, the prevalence of decidedly dark hair and complexion (among the men especially), gave the lie to many a Southern quip, at the expense of the bare-footed daughters and carroty-headed sons of Scotia.

The dance by this time—thanks to the punch, which had been freely circulating—was getting, as Burns says, "fast and furious." Gleams of broad national humour flashed through the habitual gravity of the demurest blue-bonneted peasant of the group; and for a while there was abundance to excite both the Scottish feelings and constitutional gaiety of the young painter, and the natural curiosity of an English stranger. But giddy at length with the endless reels, deafened with the mirthful accompanying shrieks, half-stifled with heat and the fumes of the national beverage, we both felt it high time to breathe a purer air, and were in the act of quietly withdrawing (after laying on the pewter plate appropriated for the offering our mite towards the hopeful infant *menage*), when we ran against our hostess, arriving for the special purpose—a very unwonted one in her vocation—of turning us out of doors.

"I was just coming, sirs, to gie ye a bit word o' counsel. I'm sure ye'll no take it ill at my hand; but it's time the like o' you were flitting, for the maut's getting abune the meal yonder, and they tine respect whiles, and it's no wiselike to be late in a minister's house on Saturday night at e'en. Mr. G—— kens that."

"No, indeed—you're quite right," answered the painter, "and indeed we were going away fully satisfied when we met you." "Aweel, gang your ways like gude gentlemen, and I'll gie yon daft chiels their supper, and hae them a' out o' my house by the clap o' eleven. There sall naebody say they saw a Sabbath morning within't, tho' I wadna wonder if some o' the ill-doers were aff to the hill or some gait out o' hearing to make a night o't. There's some folk canna hae their sairing either o' daffin or drink, the mair's the pity! Hech! but ye'll be weel aff that's quiet down by!"

"I'll call and settle the reckoning another time, Mrs. Cairns," said my friend.

"Ay, ay," answered she, more chary of her time than her money, "ony day when ye're daunering out amang the hills. Ye're awin me a day in hairst, ye ken, for this!"

Never was the pure healthful mountain breeze more welcome than when it swept across our flushed and feverish brows on emerging from the steaming cauldron within, or the silence of night more grateful than after the din of plebeian revelry in its most discordant form. But there reigned within the little parsonage an atmosphere holier and more healthful still. A more powerful contrast, a stranger juxtaposition of the lights and shadows of Scottish life could scarcely be conceived than presented itself between the orgies, and sounds and scents, and coarsely heaped banquet we had left behind, and the hallowed stillness, untainted (nay, from the open lattice, perfumed) air of the minister's modest apartment, and the inviting aspect of the little supper table, on whose snow-white linen yet reposed the bibles and psalters recently used in the household's evening devotions. In these we had been (perhaps from G——'s sense of incongruity in thus intruding) too late to partake, but the spirit which had animated and hallowed them still lingered on the venerable minister's brow, the flush of devotion on whose aged cheek rebuked more strongly than a thousand homilies the feverish glow of revelry on ours, compared or rather contrasted with the "rable rout" of reeling, romping nymphs we had left (the *elite*, it must be remembered, even of peasant maidens, were absent, of course, from such a scene). The slender, retiring figure of the good pastor's blooming grand-daughter seemed robed in almost angel purity; and all, in short, derived romance, as well as interest, from the utmost power of contrast.

But there was that about our host which needed no such heightening. Even amid the sacred class of Scottish pastors he rose pre-eminent—pre-eminent in trials, and in the submission which disarms them. Of a large and flourishing family, one daughter alone, the mother of the girl before us, survived; and she, separated from her gray-headed father by the waters of the great Atlantic, could only cherish him by proxy in the person of this interesting child.

It was not till after his hospitality had been requested for us that G—— heard from the landlady the extent of the pastor's bereavements, and he would gladly have wished to spare the father's feelings by suppressing all acknowledgment of former acquaintance. But in a parent's memory the playmates of buried children have an almost filial hold; and the first words of Mr. Maxwell on receiving us were—"You are welcome once more to Boneil, Willie; you've been twenty years a stranger."

"Not a willing one, sir, I am sure; but my studies in England and Italy, and professional duty, not only occupied me, but kept me ignorant, till now, of the sad blanks it has pleased Providence to make on your hospitable board. Had I been aware of them I would not have intruded now to renew, by my presence, those griefs which I could not alleviate."

"And wherefore no, Willie?" said the old man, in a tone that went at once even to a stranger's heart; "my brave boys are gone before me, it is true, leaving their old father to buffet a while with the billows. But praised be He who lent them! they were such as a father can speak of with pride; and to do so with one who knew and loved them is a privilege rarely enjoyed. This gentleman, perhaps," turning courteously toward me, "will excuse the overflowings of a parent's heart at sight of one whose fair delicate brow he has often blessed along with the dark curling heads he has lived to see laid in the dust. Tall and pale, and unlikely to live, ye were then, Willie; but ye have proved the reed that the tempest spares when oaks are rended. . . . But we'll talk of our Lilly now," said the old man, cheerfully, shaking the fair hand of his grandchild as she stooped to collect the sacred volumes. "I think her mother must have been about her age when you knew the manse; saw ye ever two creatures liker?"

The entrance of a worthy old sister of our host's, who, on hospitable thoughts intent, had disappeared on our entrance, turned the conversation to more general topics—among other to the penny-wedding.

"I am glad," said Mr. Maxwell, "I was spared the degradation of my office by the residence of one at least of the hopeful pair in a neighbouring parish; and I wish the idle frolic which united them had been carried on further from my door. I am no enemy to occasional rejoicings, and love to see innocent mirth; but the sport these poor wretches have been called to make will end, I fear, like that of Samson, and bring an old house upon their heads.

"However, sir," turning to me, "that you may not suppose all our junketings are of so boisterous and equivocal a character, I hope you will stay over Monday, and help me to thank my kind people for insisting on keeping my fiftieth anniversary among them. I am sure, Willie, I may count upon you, for auld-langsyne."

"Ay, that you may, sir, come what will of palette and pupils," exclaimed the young artist: and my acceptance, if less enthusiastic, was not the less cordial. To see, in the midst of a grateful and affectionate flock, the faithful pastor of half a century, is a sight not often to be enjoyed, or lightly to be forfeited; and I too would have perilled fame or business, had they been mine, on the issue.

A Scottish Sabbath has been often described, but never, methinks, so as fully to convey to a stranger its exquisite stillness, and the palpable elevation of all in nature above the diurnal level of our "working-day world." It is not alone the absence of all sounds of labour or revelry, the softened tread of the rude hind, the subdued laughter of unconscious infancy, but the very whisper of the brooks and waving of the woods seem attuned to soberer and holier harmonies. The busy highway and toilsome furrow are alike deserted, while a thousand quiet hedge-row paths teem and glitter with long files of holiday-suited elders, and white-robed youth and childhood. If airs of paradise do indeed ever penetrate our world's dense atmosphere, and breathe sweet influences from on high on privileged mortals, it is surely on a summer Sabbath amid the green hills and pastoral vales of Scotland.

The little church of Boneil, primitive as though, instead of being near a metropolis, it had been perched on some lone isle of the Hebrides, was filled to excess on the present interesting occasion with a congregation as perfectly in keeping with the scene and situation as it was novel and striking to me.

There was not a face in the assembly—a sprinkling of rustic *noblesse* in the gallery hardly excepted—which could have been assigned by a physiognomist to any vocation save a rural one. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread" was legible on the toil-furrowed cheek of all who had reached maturity. But it was a graciously mitigated sentence, long merged in the cheerfulness of man's congenial occupation. "Keepers of sheep, descendants in more than their calling from righteous Abel," formed the larger part of the aged pastor's flock; and their blue bonnets, chequered plaids, and above all, inseparable comrades, even in church, the collies or sheep-dogs, looking almost as sensible as their masters, and banishing by their exemplary demeanour all idea of intrusion on the sanctity of the place, afforded a picture not often exhibited to Southern or even Lowland eyes; and which, with scarlet plaids, still thinly sprinkled here and here, over locks of silvery whiteness, and on one or two fair unbonneted female heads in innocent girlhood, their golden tresses confined and set off by a simple black velvet ribbon, the modern substitute for the poetical "snood," wanted only the figure of the venerable minister himself, rising like some fitly adapted pillar of a time-worn edifice to crown and complete its harmony.

When he did rise, at length, manfully struggling for utterance, breaths were held in, and the very dogs recalled their dreaming fancies from the dun hill-side, lest a start or suppressed bark should disturb the solemn silence. The beautiful twenty-third Psalm, always so great a favourite in a pastoral assembly, came more home to their feelings than ever when its "green pastures and still waters" were applied, as they evidently were by the venerable reader, to his own tranquil sojourn of a lifetime in the glen of Boneil. The allusion to a darker valley, the inevitable and not very distant termination of a lengthened pilgrimage, woke a yet tenderer chord; and when these words were sung, as the psalmody of Scotland so impressively is, by young and old, it was not the voice of the gray-haired contemporary parish-clerk alone that betrayed signs of emotion.

The text was the simple words of the psalmist—"I have been young, and now am old;" and perhaps its most affecting commentary might have been found in the time-worn figure in the pulpit, whose manly proportions age and grief had sapped without being able to obliterate. But when the good man sketched with faltering voice an unpremeditated picture of that gradual pilgrimage from youth to age, every step of which many of his hearers had taken side by side with this tried veteran in the path of duty and affliction; when the young heard him allude with a parent's tenderness to follies they felt years could alone teach them entirely to abjure; and the old saw his venerable face lighted up with joys he had taught many, like himself, to draw from above; tears, fast and frequent, as from dropping eaves, attested the sympathy that reigned between the good shepherd and his flock.

"My brethren," said he, in a conclusion accelerated evidently by overpowering emotion on both sides, "forty years long did the Israelites in the wilderness tempt and provoke Moses, rebelling against his authority, calling in question his kindness, and disobeying, nay, blaspheming his God, yet in his heart he loved and prayed for them still, beseeching that, if need were, his own name might for their sakes be blotted out of the Book of Life. Fifty years long have you, amid much human imperfection and human infirmity, cherished and borne with me—cleaving to my doctrine, following, as God gave ye grace, my counsel, and sympathizing, to the utmost of your ability, in my welfare and my sorrows—judge then if my love to a people like this surpass not the love of woman—yea, all save that love which shall embrace us both in its everlasting arms. May we all meet at the judgment-seat above: I, to render an account of my ministry—you, to re-echo, if it shall please the merciful Judge to pronounce it, the lenient sentence—'Thou hast been faithful over a very little, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The effect of this appeal may be better imagined than expressed. G—— and I did not breathe freely till, by climbing the highest hill within reach, we had attuned our minds to an elevation somewhat akin to that of the half emancipated pilgrim. The evening calm, which succeeded the converse of the pastor about his absent (rather than deceased) children, the family thanksgiving for blessings granted and withheld, for comforts to cheer, and trials to wean the immortal sojourner from his exile below, will never, while memory holds her seat, pass from her inmost record.

I awoke on the morrow, fancying all nature decked in tenfold beauty for the joyful anniversary, my own spirits elated with a healthful gladness which courtly fetes may take away, but could never yet bestow. The privileged guests for the day (G—— and myself included) were the elders, most of whose fathers had presided at the minister's ordination—the schoolmaster, who, in the absence of nearer and dearer, had long been to him as a son; and the doctor, who, under a dress and exterior rugged as those of his shepherd neighbours, veiled a skill beyond their simple wants and few-and-far-between ailments.

But a self-invited member was soon added to the group in the person of a young neighbour laird, who made sport an excuse (with those who required any) for farming his own moderate patrimony, and enjoying, unfettered by the *etiquettes* of society, so called, the style of life most congenial to his age and disposition. At the breakfast-table young Boneil—for so from his property he was styled—walked in, with his heartfelt congratulations, and a bag full of grouse, shot before town dandies had well composed themselves to their first sleep.

"Any other day of the year, Mr. Maxwell," said the frank young sportsman, "I would have dropped in at dinner, and taken my chance of a welcome. But this is a sacred one, and I would like to have my intrusion sanctioned beforehand. If you think me worthy (and if you don't, you'll say so, in spite of all your hospitality) to rejoice with you on your fifty years' retrospect of duties fulfilled and good deeds done, remember, you'll find it a hard matter ever to shut the door on me or my pretensions again."

"God forbid I should, Norman," said the old man, shaking his manly visitor by the hand; "a kind heart and a leal one are aye welcome. Fifty years back your father bore both, and his son is no changeling. Stay with us now, or return, as it best suits you.

"Oh! I dare not stay!" cried the young man, with a significant smile at Lilly and her aunt; "I should be sadly in the way. Besides, I spied a roe in the glen this morning, and must have another hit at the venison. What say you to a pasty, Miss Anne, between this and noon yet?"

"I'll say for her, Norman, that it will be like the savoury meat of Esau that old Isaac valued for the hunter's sake, if ye get it; and if not, we've the will for the deed, and that's just the same. And now off with ye, else your pies in the bush will stand in the way of Aunt Anne's puddings in hand."

"There goes as fine a lad as ever lived," said the pastor, as he went out. "If he were my own son, I could scarce love him better."

I looked up, and chanced to meet the delighted glance of the retreating Lilly; and it told me, as plain as a thousand words, that the old man might, ere long, take to his heart a grandson!"

Another testimony of grateful affection followed hard on the sportsman's morning tribute. A parcel and letter were put into the hands of the minister from the worthy nobleman whose exemplary tutor he had been at an age when few are able to guide themselves. The letter overflowed with expressions of still youthful kindliness and gratitude. The parcel contained a snuff-mull of beautiful workmanship, inlaid with all the valuable Scottish stones produced on the noble donor's estates.

"If I have any good in me," said the writer, in honest sincerity of acknowledgment, "you dug it out from its native bed like these long-overlooked gems, which but for the hand which set them where they are might have been still trodden under foot or slumbering in their dark hill-sides for ever. When you look on this box, think on your own workmanship, and add one more to the thousand pleasing reflections which make this day a day of pride to all, save your own modest self."

It was not in man to be unmoved by a tribute like this, and from the Duke of ——, the very model and pattern of a pious and patriotic noble.

"Too much, too much!" sighed the meek

man, as he read, "God made him what he is; education can do little for hearts and heads like his."

The Lilly was called, and her eyes sparkled through tears as they glanced on the splendid present and ducal epistle; but they did not glisten, nor her soft cheek glow, as while conning every feather on the dark glossy wing of young Norman's sylvan tribute.

Lilly, too, had her present on the way—one to whose safety, in her eyes, that of empires was as nothing: and never was the delay occasioned by traiking Tibbie's late tumultuous nuptials more acutely felt than when noon arrived, bringing duly Norman's precarious prize, the roe, but no tidings of the fair fabric of Lilly's after-dinner glory—*videlicet*, a huge cake from the city, which was first to grace with appropriate devices her grandfather's honoured board, and then to gladden, with undreamed-of sweets, the eyes and palates of the whole Sabbath-school. The sight of the groups who in holiday attire were already parading in joyful anticipation, deepened her anxieties; and the joy of eighteen, like the joy of eighty, had thus its inevitable drop of alloy.

The manse, meantime, teemed all the morning with unbidden yet privileged guests. Neighbouring pastors came to congratulate the willing fellow-labourer, under whose fatherly shadow themselves had grown insensibly gray—with whom they had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God as friends"—and with whom they hoped, though in all humility, to stand side by side at the great account. Couples married by him in the earlier periods of his incumbency still lived to thank him for half centuries of happiness; while children and grandchildren, christened by his hand, and made Christian by his precept and example, came with them to add their grateful acknowledgments. Widows, whose hearts had been bound up by one acquainted with grief, brought all they had—a prayer and a blessing, to swell the general tribute; while the Sabbath-school children tottered under the load of a pulpit Bible, purchased out of the hoarded halfpence of the good man's own overflowing liberality.

With this juvenile offering he was fairly upset; and always easily overcome by aught associated with his own childless hearth and early-removed olive-plants, he thanked them with tears alone, and deputed the glad Lilly to invite them all to tea on the green. This she could do with an easy mind, for Tibbie had at length arrived; the enormous weight of the cake balanced, though imperfectly, in her panniers, by two of the hugest ewe-milk cheeses that ever owed their existence to mountain gratitude.

Our party, swelled by a few guests of the better order, at length sat down to dinner; and never did feast (for a feast it was, fit for the court of aldermen) yield more unmingled satisfaction. The old man, exhilarated by the spontaneous burst of affection with which his anniversary had been hailed, felt a buoyancy of spirit to which he had for years been a stranger. G—— and I were excited to the utmost by so unwonted a celebration. The dominie himself, through the week the "observed of all observers," looked up in delighted admiration to his *own* exemplary teacher; while the rough diamond of a doctor eyed him with the exact counterpart of the expression with which his dog, of the true shepherd breed, fixed his eyes in mute devotion on his master's well-known countenance. All felt, that like the good centurion in Scripture, he had but to say to any of them, "Do this, and he doeth it; come, and he cometh." Their hearts, under Providence, were in his hand, and they felt it was well it should be so.

But there was in young Norman's reverential gaze something deeper and more filial than any, and strange to say, on this day alone, when all seemed elated and emboldened, it was tempered for the first time with fear. For Norman had a suit to prefer before that evening should close, on which hung his own and another's happiness; and not all the softened feelings of the day of jubilee would, he feared, reconcile the old pastor to the thought of parting with his Lilly. How this was to be brought about, or even hinted at, was more than even a lover could devise; so to Providence he left it, as he had been taught by his pastor to leave all besides.

And strangely was the knot cut, and the difficulty removed ere the thought had well passed from the young man's troubled mind. Among the healths of that eventful evening—"absent friends"—the one ever dearest to the hearts of Scotsmen, was not forgotten; and then for the first time did the pious father allow himself to whisper a regret that his daughter, the only stay of his old age, should dwell divided from him by duty in the new world. True, she was solacing by her kindness, and cheering by her society, the labours in Christian usefulness of a worthy countryman whom the spiritual necessities of his exiled Scottish brethren had induced to forego home and kindred for their sakes. But they had been long, long absent on this labour of love, and a father's heart *would* yearn, on the proudest day of his life, for a glimpse of his long-banished only child.

The vain wish had crossed like a passing cloud the rarely-dimmed serenity of his mind, and left but a halo behind, when, as Lilly, loaded with the huge remnants of her cake, and assisted by Norman, who was leaving the house to prepare for her juvenile fete, two plainly dressed, but respectable-looking people, opened with something of strange familiarity the garden gate, and asked if Mr. Maxwell was at home.

"He is," replied Norman, answering for the bashful and surprised girl, "but very particularly engaged with friends, who would be loath to part with him to-night, even on business"—

"Lilly, my own Lilly!" sobbed out the female traveller, clasping her daughter to her heart, and then finding breath to say, "How is my dear father?"

"Oh, well! well!" cried the delighted girl, hanging round her father's neck in frantic joy, "come and see him directly!"

"Not just directly, my own Lilly," said he, composedly; "seventy-four is no age for surprises, even joyful ones. Sir" (turning to Norman, who stood *studying*, all lovers will guess how earnestly, the parents on whose fiat hung his life), "my wife had set her heart on reaching home on her father's day of jubilee. We had a quick passage and a safe one, God be praised! to Liverpool, and travelling day and night, were set down by coach this morning at B——. How to get on in time was the difficulty, but the backwoods have made us good walkers, and here we are, not too late for a grace-cup of thanksgiving to Him who has brought us safe to our father's door, and to friends who will make us welcome for his sake. Please, sir, to pave the way for our meeting."

Norman hailed the omen, and came as deliberately as joy would let him into the room. "There are strangers without, sir, who wish to speak with you; and as they have tidings from New Brunswick, perhaps your friends will consent to spare you, though unwillingly."

"From New Brunswick!" exclaimed the old man, hastily rising, then sinking down again from the painful agitation; "*you* have seen and spoken to them, is all well? Norman, my son, tell me truly."

"All well even as your heart could wish; but there are those without who could tell you better, far better than any words about those you love."

"Are they still without? Oh bring them in, pray!—our friends will excuse."

"But will you promise?"—

The old man cast a bewildered gaze around—caught a glimpse of Lilly's beaming face as it peeped eagerly in at the half-open door, and exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn!" sank back insensible on his chair!

We bore him gently out to the open air, whose reviving freshness, and still more, the voice and aspect of his darling daughter, soon restored him to himself. Who could describe their meeting half as well as one throb of long-severed hearts will bring it home to every bosom? Suffice it to say, it was a meet consummation for such an anniversary.

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night—our anchor'd vessel slept
  Out on the glassy sea;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
  And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
  Beneath the eternal wave;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
  Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
  To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
  On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
  With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
  To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
  Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
  To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When, flouting in the light that played
  All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
  To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
  Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
  And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
  Our fixed half-fearful gaze;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
  And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
  Together in floating flame;
And as we look'd, we named it, then,
  The fount whence all colours came:
There were rainbows furl'd with a careless grace,
  And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
  And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sunlit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed full clear—and that form moved on
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just linger'd in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one pass'd
With a deep, disturbing motion;
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crush'd on a hidden rock, and turn'd
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The up-torn waves roll'd hoar,—and, huge,
The far-thrown undulations
Swell'd out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

J. O. Rockwell.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —— than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred), to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart, I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces, the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, a hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clock-wright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. —There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through! it entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way and let the bell plunge on me. At another time the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upwards into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned in their Tartarus to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but at the end of that short time the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapped in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have delayed already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leaned against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

Blackwood's Mag.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame,
To that one figure could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law!
A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed book without a blot!
All beauty, and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

BALLAD OF THE SAILOR'S CHILDREN.

Father! why linger on the waves? Our kitchen fire burns bright,
And shines upon your empty chair, a-welcoming the night;
The sun has seen us all day long, listening your step to hear—
Why come you not across the sea—our father, ever dear!

Long time since first you went away! We counted as it passed;
And this was to have been the day you would return at last:
Oh! how our hearts beat as it came, with thinking upon you,
And how we wearied for the dawn—our father, ever true!

We watch'd, and saw the morning sun far in the east appear:
"He must be on his way (we said)—he must be very near."
We watch'd, and saw the evening sun decline far in the west:
"He'll come before it's night (we said)—our father, ever best!"

Night has brought only clouds and storms. We heard the wild sea-mew,
And in its shrieks we thought it bade us go a-seeking you.
All day we waited at the door, your smile and kiss to find,
But now we stand upon the shore—our father, ever kind!

And wherefore come you not? The waves begin to swell and dash,
And through the black clouds, far away, we see the lightning flash;
The wind is bursting from the sky, and lashing up the flood—
O Heaven protect the ship that holds our father, ever good!

No mother now have we to pray for you at night and morn,
Or dress us in our best array the day you should return;
She is not here to kiss your brow, wet with the salt sea-wave,
If cold and weary-worn wert thou—our father, ever brave!

But come—oh, come! And you will see how bright the fire will blaze;
And we will, as she bade us, be your children good always;
And though that she is dead and gone, we would not have you pine,
Or stay away—for are not we—our father—ever thine!

And when you weary, we will bring, as we did long ago,
Our chairs about your knees, and sing "The Stormy Winds do Blow;"
And we can tell you all again the stories that she told,
How you fought the French upon the main—our father, ever bold!

Oh! ever as the lightning gleams, we think we see you nigh;
And ever as the wild wind screams, we think we hear you cry;
And ever as the towering tide sends up its hissing spray,
We think upon our mother dead, and father, far away!

But she said we would not be alone, and therefore should not weep,
For He that cares for the shorn-lamb would watch you on the deep,
And in His own time send to us, across the weary wave,
Our father, ever dear, and true, and kind, and good, and brave.

Alex. Whitelaw.

THE BRIGHTON COACH.

I was once placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed, which has lasted ever since.

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty fishing-town on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage-coaches: that the rapid improvements in that sort of travelling have during late years interfered with and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing Cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it in Castle Square.

The gallant gay Stevenson, with his prancing grays under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still flourishes; in that is the principal scene of my embarrassment laid; and to that admirable, neat, and expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it I found already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling cap on his head girt with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself. That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab greatcoat, which matched his round fat face in colour; his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig: and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach-window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her *soubrette,* who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her disposition by the look she gives to her companions; and her character—but perhaps that may require a minute or two more. The lady in question cast a hasty glance round her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the inquiring gaze round the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage." She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which I shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely be unhappy?

As the clock struck we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North Street and Church Street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again. All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who sucked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to anybody, or anything, except himself; and in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the beau in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep. The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked anxiously towards his vacant features, in hopes to see the two gray unmeaning things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake, and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley. There my heart was much relieved. At Handscross we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex buggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one end of the room, while I with one or two more sensualists from the outside was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether she would allow me to offer her some wine and water. Hang it! thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage-coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably. She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it: it seemed on her placid countenance like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught. "I rather think," said I, "we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us." She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible alarm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey—the dear interesting creature and myself *tête-à-tête*. "Have you been long at Brighton?" said I. "Some time," replied the lady—"some months, indeed." Here came a pause. "You reside in London, I presume!" said I. "In the neighbourhood," replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which by the way was as white as snow), to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but, as I thought, to exhibit to my sight the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger. "And," said I, "have you been living alone at Brighton so long?" "Oh, no!" said the stranger; "my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast." "Happy man!" said I, "to expect such a wife."

Now there did not seem much in this commonplace bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than jest, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes. "Good God!" said I, "have I said anything to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—" "Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not *your* fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me, I am not angry with you—I am to blame." "But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand,—because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which——" "Pray, pray, ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; "I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and I *do* think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed." "You may rely upon me," said I, "that, so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of circumstances which (whatever they are) so deeply affect you, arises from an interest which you had excited even before you spoke." "What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular "shape and make" to be fallen in love with at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising I could not pretend to divine, that I had some how prepossessed my companion in my favour; and certainly, if anything in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this interesting creature again and again, it was her expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it! "Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself—that is all I ask." "Alas!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!" "Gentle spirits should be gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?" "Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess I did not so much regret as my companion *said* she did. "If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?" This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little uncivil to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger. "If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secrecy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them." "My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I *will* trust you." Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us. "I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I wrong in refusing to marry him?" "Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love. "That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indifference or dislike towards him, but because I secretly preferred another. She was right——" "And you——" "Stay," interrupted she—"hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle: talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting, which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married." "And thus you secured your happiness," said I. "Happiness!" said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness, sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. "Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. 'No,' said my angry parent; 'she has chosen her course and must follow it; and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.'" "But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?" said I. "Ah!" said my companion, "there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?" "Being to a stranger," said I, "and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may." "Then hear me," said the lady: "we had scarcely been married three years, when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me." "Shocking!" said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband's apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me. "Treatment the most barbarous followed this," said my companion; "a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipations. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?"

Upon this last part of my fair friend's inquiry as to the *lex talionis,* I could but have one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention. "But," said I, "you are now returning home?" "I am," replied the lady; "because the rival I am doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she has gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices; and why should I undeceive him?" "This rival," said I, "must be a very potent personage, if *you* are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You *must* have the power, if you have the will to do so." "No," said she; "my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! you little know the treatment I have received from him!—from him whose whole soul was mine, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I do suffer!"

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that, notwithstanding the object of her journey from her mother-in-law's house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante,* and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as a champion, and, like another knight-errant, have the outraged Damosel placed under my especial care.

I confess I was now rather anxious to ascertain who my fair friend was, and what her surname—her Christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly stopped, and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a bandbox, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr. Goodman's right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale-faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basketful of sweetheart cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption, I must candidly admit; but if the new-comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and resolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it may be, renders strangers intimate; and when that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of many years' standing; and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow-traveller put her bonnet straight, and pulled her tippet round her, and put her bag in order, just as if she were before company! The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers, forgetting, I conclude, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed. "Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Olephant and Castle?" "At a little past eight," said I. "We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady. "We do." "If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that 'ere window up, I should be uncommon oblegated, because my little Emily Lawinia is jist out of the scarlet-fever, and I am afeard of her taking could."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says in one of his Melodies,

> "The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
> Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients in the scarlet-fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud, conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dissipating the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that, while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing Cross, or left the coach at the Elephant and Castle. I told her that I stuck by the ship to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle and the clatter of the macadamized road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies, under similar circumstances, will considerately let slip—and thus, one gets in a moment *accidentally* what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose—but no—it was too dark to read writing; yet, I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavoured gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But I found I was wrong; she seemed determined, either that I should know nothing more of her, or, if I did, that I should at least have the trouble, or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row, and corner, from Grove Road, Paddington, to Dog Row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love —but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him where that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smithers Bottom, and we were in the dark compared with objects without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage, brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunderstruck. "Gracious!" said she, "here's Charles!" "Who the deuce is Charles?" said I. "Hush! —my husband," replied the lady; "he's coming;—I'm so glad these people are in the coach." The door opened, and a hand was introduced. "Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment. "Here I am, love," said my companion. "Alone!— what—quite full!" said the husband. "Yes, dear," said the wife, "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life."

In a moment I thought I recognized the voice of the husband. I coiled myself into the corner. She would have got out without my being betrayed, if she had not dropped her glove.—Why the deuce had she taken it off?—A light was sent for, and the moment it came I beheld in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin. "Why," exclaimed he, the moment he recognized me, "is that *you!*—fellow-traveller with my wife, and not known to each other?—this *is* curious!" "Franklin!" said I, in a sort of tremor. "Do *you* know my husband, *sir?*" said the lady—"how very strange!" Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible. "I have not seen you these ten years," said Franklin. "Come home with us—you must and shall—I——" "Indeed," said I—"I——" "Oh, come, come," said Franklin; "you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation,"—and then Mr. Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow-travellers at the other side of the coach, who concluded by what they had seen, as indeed they had shown by what they had said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those which accompanied and preceded Franklin's; but altogether I sincerely declare that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Niobe in her own domicile. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative, I should have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tête-à-tête* with her tyrant—though he *was* my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the bandboxes, to my friend's house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijoux* I ever saw; good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings which were pendent on the walls, that my fair companion was an artist, while the pianoforte and harp bespoke her (as she had herself, indeed, informed me she was) accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be nicer or neater. "Fanny, dearest," said Franklin, "let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it." "No, Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you," said Fanny. "Come, love, a glass of wine with me," said Charles; "'t is an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it." "To be sure he will," said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action. "How strange it is," said Franklin, "that after so long a separation we should meet in this extraordinary manner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her!" "Why, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Franklin, "strangers do not talk to each other in stage-coaches." "Very true, my angel," said Mr. Franklin; "but some accident might have brought your name to *his* ears, or *his* to yours."

While all this was going on I sat in a state of perfect amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey. "Do you feel tired, my Fanny?" said Franklin. "No, dear," replied the lady, "not very, now; but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped."

Here I felt a sort of tingling sensation behind my ears, anticipatory of what appeared to me to be a very natural question on the part of Franklin, as to whether we had been full during the whole journey; Mrs. Franklin, however, saw in a moment the false move she had made, and therefore directed the thoughts of her barbarous husband from the subject by telling him she had a letter for him from dear mamma—meaning *his* mother, under whose surveillance she had been forcibly immured at Brighton.

About this period Fanny retired, and proceeded to the drawing-room, cautioning us, as she departed, "not to be long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss as they parted.

"How strange it is," said he, resuming his seat and pushing the wine towards me, "that you should have thus accidentally fallen in with Fanny!—she is very pretty; don't you think so?" "More than pretty, surely," said I; "there is an intelligence, an expression, a manner about her, to me quite captivating." "If you were present when she is animated," said her husband, "you would see that playfulness of countenance, or rather the variety of expression to advantage; her mind lights up her features wonderfully; there is no want of spirit about her, I can assure you." "I was quite surprised when I heard of your elopement," said I. "Her mother," said Charles, "an old woman as proud as Lucifer, was mad after a title for her, and some old broken-down lord had been wheedled, or coaxed, or cajoled, or flattered into making her an offer, which she would not accept; and then the old lady led her such a life, that she made up her mind to the step which made her mine." "And insured you happiness," said I. "Why, yes," said Franklin, "upon my word, taking all things into the scale, I see no cause to repent the step. Between ourselves—of course I speak as an old friend—Fanny has not the very best temper in the world, and of late has taken it into her head to be jealous. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I knew long before I was married, has been over here from France, and I have been a good deal about with her during her stay; and as I did not think her quite a person to introduce to Fanny, she took huff at my frequent absence from home, and began to play off a sort of retaliation, as she fancied it, with a young lieutenant of lancers of our acquaintance. I cut that matter very short; I proposed an excursion to Brighton to visit my mother, to which she acceded, and when I had settled her out of reach of her young hero, and under the eye of *my* mamma, I returned to fulfil my engagements in London. And now that this fair obstacle to her happiness has returned to the Continent, I have recalled my better half." "You seem, however, to understand each other pretty well," said I. "To be sure," replied Charles, "the only point is to keep her in a good humour, for, *entre nous*, her temper is the very devil—once know how to manage *that*, and all goes well, and I flatter myself I have ascertained the mode of doing that to a nicety."

Whether it was that Fanny was apprehensive that, under the genial influence of her husband's wine, or upon the score of old friendship, I might let slip some part of the day's adventure, I know not, but we were very early summoned to coffee, and I confess I was by no means displeased at the termination of a conversation which every moment I expected would take some turn that would inevitably produce a recurrence to the journey, and perhaps eventually tend to betray the confidence which the oppressed wife had reposed in me.

We repaired to the drawing-room.—Fanny was reclining on the sofa, looking as fascinating as ever I saw a lady look. "Charles, dearest," said she, "I thought you would never come up; you and your friend must have had something very interesting to talk about to detain you so long." "We didn't think it long, Fan," said Charles, "because we really were talking on a very interesting subject—we were discussing *you.*" "Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the lady, "you flatter me; and what did he say of me?" said she, addressing me. "That," said I, "I cannot tell you: I never betray anything that is told me in confidence."

Her looks explained that she was particularly glad to hear me say so, and the smile which followed was gracious in the extreme.

"Now," said Charles, "that you have thus strangely found your way here, I hope we shall see you often." "And I hope so, too," said Mrs. Franklin: "I really believe sometimes that things which we blind mortals call chance are pre-ordained. I was not coming by the coach in which I met you, nor should I have been in it, if the other coach had not been full, and then——" "I should have lost the pleasure," said I, "of seeing an old friend enjoying the delights of domestic happiness."

Here Fanny gave me a look expressive of the perfect misery of her condition; and Charles, whose back was turned towards us at the instant, in coming up the room again, while *her* back was turned to *him*, made a sort of face, something between the sorrowful and the grotesque, which I shall never forget, but which indicated most unequivocally what his feelings on the subject were.

Shortly after this the happy pair began to be so excessively kind and tender to each other, that I thought it was quite time to beat a retreat, and accordingly took my leave, earnestly pressed by both parties to repeat my visit as often as I could, and to let them see as much of me as possible. I returned them my warmest thanks for their kindness, but named no day for my return, and wished them good-night.

I have not been there since. I called, indeed, once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt neutrality would be quite out of the question: thus, although the recurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travelled to London in the BRIGHTON COACH.

THEODORE HOOK.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter.
"The well is deep; far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say, when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere,
That changeful mind unchangeful gems are not befitting well,
Thus will he think:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed.
He'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved, when he was here, to whisper of his flame;
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! Oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell!

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve!
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well!"

J. G. LOCKHART.

EXTRACT FROM "THE BIBLE OF HUMANITY."

[JULES MICHELET, the distinguished French Historian, was born 1798, died 1874: when forty years of age he was appointed professor of History in the College of France, from which he was displaced by Napoleon III., because he refused to take the oath to uphold his government. Michelet's chief works are: "*The Republic,*" "*History of France,*" "*The Women of the Revolution,*" "*Love,*" "*The Sea,*" "*The Insect,*" and "*The Bible of Humanity.*" [J. W. Bouton, New York.] From his last "epic in prose," we make extract.]

Volney and Sacy opened up Syria and Arabia. Champollion, standing by the Sphynx, the mysterious Egypt, construed her inscriptions, and showed that she was a civilized empire sixty centuries before Jesus Christ. Eugene Burnouf established the consanguinity of the two ancestors of Asia—the two branches of the Aryas, the Indo-Persians of Bactriana; and the Parsee scholars who had been educated in the College of France quoted in the most remote regions of Hindostan this Western Magician against their Angelican disputant.

The *Mahabharata*, the poetical encyclopedia of the Brahmins, the expurgated translations of the books of Zoroaster, and the splendid heroic history of Persia—the Shah-Nameh—came next. It was known that behind Persia, behind the Brahmanic India, there was extant a book of the remotest antiquity, of the first pastoral age—an age which preceded the agricultural. This book, the Rig-Veda, a collection of hymns and prayers, enables us to follow the shepherds of that early period in their religious aspirations—the first soarings of the human mind toward heaven and light. In 1833, Rosen published a specimen of it. It can now be read in the Sanscrit, German, English, and French. In this very year, 1863, a profound and able critic, who is also a Burnouf, has expounded its true meaning, and shown its scope.

In consequence of all this research we can now see the perfect agreement between Asia and Europe—the most remote age and the present era. It has taught us that man, in all ages, thought, felt, and loved in the same way; and therefore there is but one humanity, a single heart only! A great harmony has been established through all space and time. Let the silly irony of skeptics, teachers of doubt, who hold that truth varies according to latitude, be forever silenced. The feeble voice of sophists expires in the immense concert of human brotherhood.

INDIAN ART.

Whatever the English may do to make it appear that the Indian *Bible* is more modern than the Jewish, it must be admitted that primeval India was the original cradle, the matrix of the world, the principal and dominant source of races, of ideas, and of languages for Greece, Rome, and modern Europe, and that the Semitic movement—the Jewish-Arabian influence—though very considerable, is nevertheless secondary.

But if the English were constrained to admit her renowned antiquity, yet they affirmed that India was dead and buried forever in her elephantine grottoes, her *Vedas* and her *Râmayana*, like Egypt in her pyramids. They regarded the country, as large as all Europe, and her population of one hundred and eighty millions of souls, as insignificant, and even contemptuously declared that this numerous people were made up from the refuse of a worn-out nation.

Haughty England, who considered India as a land fit to be cultivated only for the purpose of enriching her rapacious rulers, together with the indignities heaped upon her people by both protestants and catholics, and the indifference of all Europe, made it appear that the Indian soul was really dead. Was not the very race dried up? What is the feeble Hindoo, with his delicate, feminine hand, compared with the blonde European, nourished, surfeited with strong meat and drink, and doubling his force of race, with that half drunken rage which the devourers of meat and blood always exhibit?

The English do not hesitate to boast that they have killed India. The wise and humane W. H. Russell thought so, said so. They have oppressed her with taxes and prohibitory tariffs, and discouraged her arts as far as it was possible. In the more humane markets of Java and Bassora the products of Indian art find a ready sale, and it is solely because of this high estimate of the eastern merchants that her arts exist.

The specimens of Indian art exhibited in England in 1841, surprised and confounded the English people; and when Mr. Royle, a conscientious Englishman, explained these marvels of enchantment, the jury could not award them a prize, because the prizes were only to be given on "the progress of fifteen years," while these productions of India were the work of an eternal art, alien to every fashion, and more ancient than our arts, which are old at the beginning.

In order to secure a fair specimen of Indian art for the Exhibition, a prize of twelve and a half dollars was offered, and was carried off by Hubioula, a common weaver of Golconda, who produced a piece of muslin, which threw into the shade all English textile fabrics, and which was so fine that it could be put through a small ring, and so light that three hundred yards of it weighed less than two pounds. It was a genuine gauze, like that with which Bernardin de Saint Pierre clothed his Virginia, like those in which Aureng Zeb wrapped the corpse of his beloved daughter when he laid her in the white marble mausoleum of Aurungabad. But neither the endeavors of Mr. Royle, nor the acknowledgment of the French that they were treated better than the Orientals, could induce England to give her Indian subjects any other reward than these barren words: "For the charm and beauty of the invention, and the distinctness, variety, commingling and happy blending of colors, there is nothing to be compared to it. What a lesson for European manufactures!"

Oriental art is by far the most brilliant and the least costly. The cheapness of labor is excessive; I had almost said deplorable. The workman lives on a trifle. A handful of rice satisfies him for a day. And then the mildness of the climate, the admirable air and light, the ethereal food which is taken through the eyes, and the singular beauty and harmony of all nature, develop and refine the perceptions and make the senses acute. This is noticeable even in all the animals, and especially in the elephant, who, though huge and shapeless in bulk, and rough in exterior, is a voluptuous connoisseur of perfumes, selecting the most fragrant herbs, and showing his preference for the orange-tree, which he first smells, and then eats its flowers, its leaves, and its wood. Here man acquires an exquisite fineness of perception and feeling. Nature makes him a colorist, and endows him with special privileges as her own child. He lives with her, and all that he does is charming. He combines the most diverse strains, and commingles the dullest hues in such a manner as to produce the sweetest and most exquisite effect.

The sky does everything for the Oriental. A quarter of an hour before sunrise, and a quarter of an hour after sunset, he enjoys that supreme privilege, the perfect vision or light, which is then divine with its peculiar transfigurations and inward revealings, with its tenderness and glory in which his soul is swallowed up—lost in the boundless ocean of a mysterious Friendship.

In the midst of this ineffable mildness the humble, feeble, half-nourished, and wretched looking being conceives the idea of the wonderful Indian shawl. As the profound poet Valmiki beheld his great poem, the *Râmayana*, gathered, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, so this poetic weaver perceives his great artistic work which sometimes is continued through a century. His son or his nephew, with the same soul, hereditary and identical, and with the like delicate hand, will follow the same line of thought and carry it on until completed.

In the execution of strange and exquisite jewelry, and in the fanciful ornamentation of furniture and arms, the hand of the workman is unique. Some of the latest Princes of India sent to the Exhibition referred to, arms which had been worn by their ancestors, and therefore so peculiarly dear to them, as well as of such great value, that we can scarcely understand how they consented to entrust them to others. Another of those Rajahs sent a bedstead of ivory, possibly of his own workmanship, as he superscribed his name on it, which was sculptured and carved with infinite ingenuity and delicacy—an exquisite, chaste, or virgin-like piece of furniture, full of love, it seems, and of dreams. Are these objects things? They seem to be almost human, and to be possessed with the ancient soul of India, as well as with that of the artist who made them, and the Prince who used them.

But these sumptuous productions of rare artists do not indicate the genius of the race so fully as do the inferior arts, and the more simple handiwork. Without expense or noise the Hindoos, with apparent ease, produce works that appear to us very difficult. With a little clay for a crucible, and for bellows a couple of the strong, elastic leaves peculiar to the country, a single man in the forest will, in a few hours, turn the crude ore into iron, and again, with the addition of swallow wort, turn the iron into steel, which, when carried by caravans as far as the Euphrates, is called Damascus steel.

It has been observed by many that the peculiar chemical insight of this people has enabled them not only to extract the most vivid colors, but also the corresponding grade of mordant, which fixes and makes these colors eternal. The Indian spinster, with her native instinct and no other machine than her spindle and her delicate hands, will obtain a thread of incredible fineness, with which the most intricate and beautiful designs are executed.

Some one has said: "Instead of sending to Cashmere some hideous designs of shawls, which would corrupt the Indian taste, let us send our pattern-drawers to India to contemplate its brilliant nature and to imbibe its pure light." But it would be necessary that these designers should also catch the soul and the profound harmony of India, for between the great calmness of the patient soul of the Hindoo and the subduing mildness of the nature that surrounds him, there is such a complete agreement that the man and the native can scarcely realize that each is distinct from the other. Nor is this the effect of quietude simply, as some believe, but of that singular faculty, peculiar to the race, of seeing life at the bottom of every thing, and the soul in every living body. The herb is not simply an herb, nor the tree only a tree, but both herb and tree are the vehicles for the circulation of the divine spirit; and the animal is not all animal, but a soul that has been or will be a man. Without this faith they could never have accomplished the first and most necessary of all arts in the earliest times, the art of taming and humanizing the most important and useful servants, without which man could not have long existed. Without the dog and the elephant, man would have been at the mercy of the lion and the tiger. The books of Persia and India relate in a gratified manner how the dog was the first preserver of man, and how the men of those days formed friendships and entered into alliances with the very strong and large dogs who could strangle the lion. And in the *Mahabharata* it is narrated that the hero of that poem declined the reward of heaven unless he could enter Paradise with his dog.

In lower India and in hot climates where the dog was lacking in strength, or was easily alarmed, and fled from the tiger, men invoked the protection of the elephant; but this was a more difficult alliance, for though the elephant becomes gentle in maturity, it is brutal, irascible, and capricious in youth, and terrible in its gluttony, and in its amusements, and therefore was scarcely less formidable than the tiger. And when we consider that to train a horse, which is so small compared to the elephant, a bit and spurs of steel, and reins and bridles are needed, it must have seemed an almost hopeless undertaking to curb and restrain by force this living mountain, this mighty Colossus.

They succeeded, however, and nothing could have been greater or more beautiful. It was a moral victory. They treated the elephant as if he were a man, a wise man, a Brahmin, and he was influenced by it, and behaved accordingly. To-day the treatment is similar; the elephant has two servants to look after him, to remind him of his duties, and to warn him if he deviates from Brahmanical decorum. The *cornac* sits on his neck, scratches his ears, guides him and rules him by the voice, teaching him how to behave himself: while the other servant walks beside him and teaches him the same lesson with a firm tone and equal tenderness of manner.

At present some writers speak very lightly about all that. The elephant has not only been disparaged, but has greatly degenerated. He has known servitude, and has felt the power of man. But in earlier times he was fierce and indomitable, and to have made him teachable and tractable must have required great boldness, calmness, affection, and sincere faith. Then they religiously believed what they said to him. They respected the soul of the dead in the body of the living; for according to the doctrines of their holy sages, the spirit of some departed one lived in the commanding and speechless form.

When they saw him in the morning, at the hour in which the tiger leaves his ambush of night, coming deliberately out of the dense jungle and going majestically to drink of the waters of the Ganges, empurpled by the dawn, they confidently believed that he, too, hailing the open day, became impregnated by Vishnu, the *All Pervading*, the good Sun, and while immersing in this great soul, incarnated in himself a divine ray.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state

The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain,
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
'Revenge! revenge!' Timotheus cries:
'See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.'
The princes applaud with a furious joy;

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

John Dryden

THE CRY OF THE CLERK.

Why do they talk of the Border-Land, the rippling streams and miles of heather,
To one who, scribbling, pen in hand, can scarce keep body and soul together?
My border-land 's 'twixt life and death, and I long for the hum of the Underground
To take me away from the roar of the street, the City's crash, and eternal sound
That rings in my ears from morn to night, from the dawn to the dews, from the light to the dark
Why do they open their ears to sorrow, and close them fast to the Cry of the Clerk?

Envious? No! Let them visit the sea, neither pain nor pleasure are far to seek,
But seas and summers are not for me with a salary under a pound a week.
My only change is from desk to home, my only trip on the tramway cars;
My baby's face is my only moon; and the eyes of my wife are my only stars.
The rocks I climb are the paving-stones, and the Milkman's voice is the morning lark
That wakes me out of my land of dreams,—where I journey at times, though a penniless Clerk!

Twenty odd years I have sat at the desk, in the same little den in the same old court,
Profit and loss I have balanced them up, the firm seemed richer when bread was short.
Drones and bees in the same glass-hive; but they looked on as I made the honey,
But it did seem hard they should waste so much, when I could have cringed for a loan of money
To save my sick, to bury my dead, to bring to haven the buffeted bark
That threatened to split on the sands of Time with the life and love of the threadbare Clerk!

I don't growl at the working-man, be his virtue strict or morality lax;
He 'd strike if they gave him my weekly wage, and they never ask him for the Income-tax!
They take his little ones out to tea in a curtained van when the fields are green,
But never a flower, or field or fern in their leafy homes have my children seen.
The case is different, so they say, for I 'm respectable,—save the mark!
He works with the sweat of his manly brow, and I with my body and brain—poor Clerk!

Respectability! That 's the word that makes such fellows as I grow lean,
That sends my neighbours to Margate Pier, and sets me longing for Kensal Green!
What in the world is a slave to do, whose ink-stained pen is his only crutch,
Who counts the gain that staggers his brain, and fingers the till that he dare not touch!
Where 's the ambition, the hope, the pride of a man like me who has wrecked the Ark
That holds his holiest gifts, and why? Because he is honest and called a Clerk!

Why did I marry? In mercy's name, in the form of my brother was I not born?
Are wife and child to be given to him, and love to be taken from me with scorn?
It is not for them that I plead, for theirs are the only voices that break my sorrow,
That lighten my pathway, make me pause 'twixt the sad to-day and the grim to-morrow.
The Sun and the Sea are not given to me, nor joys like yours as you flit together
Away to the woods and the downs, and over the endless acres of purple heather.
But I 've love, thank Heaven! and mercy, too; 'tis for justice only I bid you hark
To the tale of a penniless man like me—to the wounded cry of a London Clerk!

From "Punch."

GINX'S BABY.

[**Edward Jenkins**, M. P., born 1838, at Bangalore, India, is a son of Rev. Dr. Jenkins of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, Canada. He wrote "*Lord Bantam*," "*The Coolie*," and "*Ginx's Baby*," (from which we make extracts.) Mr Jenkins was elected member of the British Parliament for Dundee in 1874, and continues to represent that constituency, 1881.]

The man meanwhile had reached the street.

"Here he comes! There's the baby! He's going to do it, sure enough!" shrieked the women. The children stood agape. He stopped to consider. It is very well to talk about drowning your baby, but to do it you need two things, water and opportunity. Vauxhall Bridge was the nearest way to the former, and towards it Ginx turned.

"Stop him!"

"Murder!"

"Take the child from him!"

The crowd grew larger, and impeded the man's progress. Some of his fellow-workmen stood by regarding the fun.

"Leave us aloan, naabors," shouted Ginx; "this is my own baby, and I'll do wot I likes with it. I kent keep it; an' if I've got anythin' I kent keep, it's best to get rid of it, ain't it? This child's goin' over Wauxhall Bridge."

But the women clung to his arms and coat-tails.

"Hallo!" What's all this about?" said a sharp, strong man, well-dressed, and in good condition, coming up to the crowd; "another foundling! Confound the place, the very stones produce babies. Where was it found?"

Chorus (*recognizing a deputy-relieving officer*). It warn't found at all; it's Ginx's baby.

Officer. Ginx's baby? Who's Ginx?

Ginx. I am.

Officer. Well?

Ginx. Well!

Chorus. He's goin' to drown it.

Officer. Going to drown it? Nonsense.

Ginx. I am.

Officer. But, bless my heart, that's murder!

Ginx. No 'taint. I've twelve already at home. Starvashon's sure to kill this 'un. Best save it the trouble.

Chorus. Take it away, Mr. Smug, he'll kill it if you don't.

Officer. Stuff and nonsense! Quite contrary to law! Why man, you're bound to support your child. You can't throw it off in that way;—nor on the parish neither. Give me your name. I must get a magistrate's order. The act of parliament is as clear as daylight. I had a man up under it last week. "Whosoever shall unlawfully abandon or expose any child, being under the age of two years whereby the life of such child shall be endangered or the health of such child shall have been been or shall be likely to be permanently injured (drowning comes under that I think) shall be *guilty* of a MISDEMEANOR and being convicted thereof shall be liable at the discretion of the court to be *kept in* PENAL SERVITUDE for the term of three years or to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years with or without hard labor."

Mr. Smug, the officer, rolled out this section in a sonorous monotone, without stops, like a clerk of the court. It was his pride to know by heart all the acts relating to his department, and to bring them down upon any obstinate head that he wished to crush. Ginx's head, however, was impervious to an act of parliament. In his then temper, the Commination Service or St. Ernulphus's curse would have been feathers to him. The only feeling aroused in his mind by the words of the legislature was one of resentment. To him they seemed unjust, because they were hard and fast, and made no allowance for circumstances. So he said:

Ginx. D—— the act of parliament! What's the use of saying I shan't abandon the child, when I can't keep it alive?

Officer. But you're bound by law to keep it alive.

Ginx. Bound to keep it alive? How am I to do it? There's the rest on 'em there (nodding towards his house) little better nor alive now. If that's an act of Parleyment, why don't the act of Parleyment provide for 'em? You know what wages is, and I can't get more than is going.

Chorus. Yes. Why don't Parleyment provide for 'em? You take the child, Mr. Smug.

Officer (*regardless of grammar*). Me take the child! The parish has enough to do to take care of foundlings and children whose parents can't or don't work. You don't suppose we will look after the children of those who can?

Ginx. Just so. You'll bring up bastards and beggars' pups, but you won't help an honest man to keep his head above wa ter. This child's head is going under water anyhow!"—and he prepared to bolt, amid fresh screams from the Chorus.

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Ginx hurried off again, but as the crowd opened before him, he was met, and his mad career stayed, by a slight figure, feminine, draped in black to the feet, wearing a curiously framed white-winged hood above her pale face, and a large cross suspended from her girdle. He could not run her down.

NUN. Stop, MAN! Are you mad? Give me the child.

He placed the little bundle in her arms. She uncovered the queer, ruby face, and kissed it. Ginx had not looked at the face before, but after seeing it, and the act of this woman, he could not have touched a hair of his child's head. His purpose died at that moment, though his perplexity was still alive.

NUN. Let me have it. I will take it to the Sisters' Home, and it shall live there. Your wife may come and nurse it. We will take charge of it.

GINX. And you won't send it back again? You'll take it for good and all?

NUN. O, yes.

GINX. Good. Give us your hand.

A little white hand came out from under her burthen, and was at once half-crushed in Ginx's elephantine grasp.

GINX. Done. Thank'ee, missus. Come, mates, I'll stand a drink.

A few minutes after, the woman of the cross, who had been up to comfort the poor mother, fluttered with her white wings down Rosemary Street, carrying in her arms Ginx's Baby.

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The Secretary was an old hand at these meetings. He planned to import into this one a sensation. Ginx's Baby, brought from the convent, stripped of his papal swathings and enveloped in a handsome outfit presented by an amiable Protestant Duchess, was placed in a cradle with his head resting on a Bible. I am afraid he was quite as uncomfortable as he had ever been at the convent. When, at the conclusion of the chairman's speech, in which he informed the audience of their triumph, this exhibition was deftly introduced upon the platform, the huzzas, and clappings, and waving of handkerchiefs were such as even that place had never seen. The child was astounded into quietness.

Mr Trumpeter took the chair—believed by many to be next to the Queen, the most powerful defender of the faith in the three kingdoms. I never could understand why the newspapers reported his speeches—I cannot.

When he had done, Lord Evergood, "a popular, practical peer, of sound Protestant principles," as the *Daily Banner* alliteratively termed him next morning, rose to move the first resolution, already cut and dried by the committee—

"That the infant so happily rescued from the incubus of a delusive superstition, should be remitted to the care of the Church Widows' and Orphans' Augmentation Society, and should be supported by voluntary contributions."

Before Lord Evergood could say a word murmurs arose in every part of the hall. He was a mild gentlemanly Christian, without guile, and the opposition both surprised and frightened him. He uttered a few sentences in approval of his proposition and sat down.

An individual in the gallery shouted—"Sir! I rise to move an amendment!"

Cheers, and cries of "Order! order! Sit down!" &c.

The chairman, with great blandness, said: "The gentleman is out of order: the resolution has not yet been seconded. I call upon the Rev. Mr. Valpy to second the resolution."

Mr. Valpy, incumbent of St. Swithin's-within, insisted on speaking, but what he said was known only to himself. When he had finished there was an extraordinary commotion. On the platform many ministers and laymen jumped to their feet; in the hall at least a hundred aspirants for a hearing raised themselves on benches or the convenient backs of friends.

The Chairman shouted, "Order! ORDER, gentlemen! This is a great occasion; let us show unanimity!"

There seemed to be an unanimous desire to speak. Amid cheers, cries for order, and Kentish fire, you could hear the Rev. Mark Slowboy, Independent, the Rev. Hugh Quickly, Wesleyan, the Rev. Bereciah Calvin, Presbyterian, the Rev. Ezekiel Cutwater, Baptist, calling to the chair.

A lull ensued, of which advantage was taken by Mr. Stentor, a well-known Hyde Park orator, who bellowed from a friend's shoulders in the pit, "Mr. Chairman, hear *me!*" an appeal that was followed by roars of laughter.

What was the matter? Why the proposal to hand over the baby to an Anglican refuge stirred up the blood of every Dissenter present. It was lifting the infant out of the frying-pan and dexterously dropping him into the fire. But the chairman was accustomed to these scenes. He stayed the tumult by proposing that a representative from each denomination should give his opinion to the audience. "Whom would they have first?"

The loudest cries were for Mr. Cutwater, who stood forth—a weak, stooping, half-halting, little man, with a limp necktie, and trousers puffy at the knees—but with honest use of them, let me say. It is quite credible that if Dr. Watts's assertion be true that—

> "Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees,"

that arch-enemy was unusually perturbed when Ezekiel Cutwater was upon his. On these he had borne manly contests with evil. Two things—yea, three—were rigid in Ezekiel's creed; fire would never have burned them out of him: hatred of Popery, contempt of Anglican priestcraft and apostolic succession, and adhesion to the dogma of adult baptism and total immersion. Whoso should not join with him in these let him be Anathema Maranatha.

His eye kindled as he looked at the seething audience. "Sir," said he, "I beg to move an amendment to the motion of the noble lord. (Cheers.) That motion proposes to transfer to the care of the Established Church this tender and unconscious infant (bending over Ginx's baby), just snatched from the toils of a kindred superstition. (Oh, oh, hisses and cheers.) I withdraw the expression; I did not mean to be offensive. (Hear.) This is a grand representative meeting—not of the English church, not of the Baptist Church, not of the Wesleyan Church—but of Protestantism. (Cheers.) In such an assembly is it right to propose any singular disposition of a representative infant? This is now the adopted child, not of one, but of all denominations. (Cheers.) Around his, or her—I am not sure which—cherubic head circle the white-winged angels of various Churches, and on her or him, whichever it may be—"

The chairman said that he might as well say that he had authentic information that it was *him*.

"Him then—concentrate the sympathies of every Protestant heart. Let us not despoil the occasion of its greatness by exhibiting a narrow bigotry in one direction! Let us bring into this infantile focus the rays of Catholic unity. (Loud cheering and Kentish fire.) To me, for one, it would be eminently painful to think—what doubtless would occur if the motion is adopted—that within a week of his entrance into the asylum of the society named in it, this diminutive and unknowing sinner should go through the farce of a supposititious admission into the Church of Christ. (Oh!) Yes! I say a farce, whether you regard the age of the acolyte or the indifferent proportion of water with which it would be performed. (Uproar, oh, oh! and some cheering from the Baptist section.) But I will not now further enter into these things," said Mr. Cutwater, who knew his cue perfectly well, "I can hold these opinions and still love my brethren of other denominations. I move as an amendment, that a committee, consisting of one minister and one layman to be selected from each of the churches, be appointed to take charge of the physical well-being and mental and spiritual training of the infant."

By this proposition, which was received with enthusiasm, Ginx's Baby was to be incontinently pitched into an arena of polemical warfare. Every one was willing that a committee should fight out the question vicariously; and, therefore, when Mr. Slowboy seconded the amendment, it was carried with loud acclamations.

But they were not yet out of the wood. On proceeding to nominate members of the committee, the Unitarians and Quakers claimed to be represented. The platform and the meeting were by the ears again. It was fiercely contended that only Evangelical Christians could have a place in such a work, and many of the nominees declared that they would not sit on a committee with —well some curious epithets were used. The Unitarians and Quakers took their stand on the Catholic principles embodied in the amendment, and on the fact that Ginx's Baby had now "become national Protestant property." Mr. Cutwater and a few others, moved by the scandal of the dispute, interfered, and the committee was at length constituted to the satisfaction of all parties. It was to be called "The Branch Committee of the Protestant Detectoral Union for promoting the Physical and Spiritual Well-being of Ginx's Baby."

A fourth resolution was adopted, "That the subject should be treated in the Metropolitan pulpits on the next Sabbath, and a collection taken up in the various churches for the benefit of the infant." This promised well for Master Ginx's future.

The meeting had lasted five hours, and while they were discussing him the child grew hungry. In the tumult every one had forgotten the subject of it, and now it was over, they dispersed without a thought of him. But he would not allow those near him at all events to overlook his presence. Some, foreseeing that awkwardness was impending, slipped away; while three or four stayed to ask what was to be done with him.

"Hand him over to the custody of the Chairman," said a Mr. Dove.

"I should be most happy," said he, smoothly, "but Mrs. Trumpeter is out of town. Could your dear wife take him, Mr. Dove?"

Mr. Dove's wife was otherwise engaged.

The Secretary was unmarried—chambers at Nincome's inn.

In the midst of their distress a woman who had been hanging about the hall near the platform, came forward and offered to take charge of him, "for the sake of the cause." Every one was relieved. After her name and address had been hastily noted, the Protestant baby was placed in her arms. My Lord Evergood, the Chairman, the clergy, the Secretary, and the mob went home rejoicing. Some hours after, Ginx's Baby, stripped of the duchess's beautiful robes, was found by a policeman, lying on a doorstep in one of the narrow streets, not a hundred yards behind the Philopragmon. By an ironical chance he was wrapped in a copy of the largest daily paper in the world.

GOOD SAMARITANS, AND GOOD SAMARITAN TWOPENCES.

At every breakfast-table in town next morning the report of the great Protestant meeting was read, and a further report in leaded type, of the discovery of Ginx's Baby at a later period of the evening by a policeman. A pretty comment on the proceedings! The Good Samaritan put his patient on his ass and carried him to an inn; while the priest and the Levite, though the latter looked at him, at least let him alone. To have called a public meeting to discuss his fate before deserting him, would have been a refinement of inhumanity. The committee were rather ashamed when they met. Instant measures were taken to recover the child and place him in good hands. The duchess again provided baby-clothes. The next Sunday sermons were preached on his behalf in a score of chapels. The collections amounted to £800, a sum increased by donations and subscriptions to the handsome total of £1360 10*s.* 3½*d.*

It will be seen hereafter what the committee did with the baby, but I happen to have an account of what became of the funds. They were spent as follows, according to a balance sheet never submitted to the subscribers:—

	£	s.	d.
Committee-rooms, ...	45	0	0
2 Secretaries employed by the Committee, ...	120	0	0
Agents, canvassing, &c., . .	88	6	2
Printing Notices, Placards, Pamphlets, a "Daily Bulletin of Health," "Life of Ginx's Baby," "Protestant Babyhood, a Tale," "The Cradle of an Infant Martyr," "A Snatched Brand," and other Works issued by the Committee, . .	596	13	5
Advertising of Meetings, Sermons, &c., ...	261	1	1
Legal Expenses, ...	77	6	8
Stationery, ...	35	10	0
Postage, Firing, and Sundries, .	27	19	2
Total, .	£1251	16	6

This left £108 13*s.* 9½*d.* for the baby's keep. No child could have been more thoroughly discussed, preached and written about, advertised, or advised by counsel; but his resources dwindled in proportion to these advantages. Benevolent subscribers too seldom examine the financial items of a report: had any who contributed to this fund seen the balance sheet they might have grudged that so little of their bounty went to make flesh, bone, and comfort for the object of it. A cynic would tell them that to look sharply after the disposal of their guerdon was half the gift. Their indifference was akin to that satirized by the poet—

> "Prodigus et stultus dedit quæ spernit et odit."

In an age of luxury we are grown so luxurious as to be content to pay agents to do our good deeds for us; but they charge us three hundred per cent. for the privilege.

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AMATEUR DEBATING IN A HIGH LEGISLATIVE BODY.

While Sir Charles was trying to get the Government to "give him a night" to debate the Ginx's Baby case, and while associations were being formed in the metropolis for disposing of him by expatriation or otherwise, a busy peer, without notice to anybody, suddenly brought the subject before the House of Lords. As he had never seen the Baby and knew nothing or very little about him, I need scarcely report the elaborate speech in which he asked for aristocratic sympathy on his behalf. He proposed to send him to the Antipodes at the expense of the nation.

The minister for the Accidental Accompaniments of the Empire was a clever man—keen, genial, subtle, two-edged, a gentlemanly and not thorough disciple of Machiavel; able to lead parliamentary forlorn hopes and plant flags on breaches, or to cover retreats with brilliant skirmishing; deft, but never deep; much moved too by the opinions of his permanent staff. These on the night in question had plied him well with hackneyed objections; but to see him get up and relieve himself of them; the air of originality, the really original air he threw around them: the absurd light which he turned full on the weaknesses of his noble friend's propositions, was as beautiful to an indifferent critic as it was saddening to the man who had at heart the sorrows of his kind. If that minister lived long he would be forced to adopt and advocate in as pretty a manner the policy he was dissecting.

Lord Munnibagge, a great authority in economic matters, said that a weaker case had never been presented to Parliament. To send away Ginx's Baby to a colony at imperial expense was at once to rob the pockets of the rich and to decrease our labor-power. There was no necessity for it. Ginx's Baby could not starve in a country like this. He (Lord Munnibagge) had never heard of a case of a baby starving. There was no such wide-spread distress as was represented by the noble lord. There were occasional periods of stagnation in trade, and no doubt in these periods the poorer classes would suffer; but trade was elastic; and even if it were granted that the present was a period when employment had failed, the time was not far off when trade would recuperate. (Cheers.) Ginx's Baby and all other babies would not then wish to go away. People were always making exaggerated statements about the condition of the poor. He (Lord Munnibagge) did not credit them. He believed the country, though temporarily depressed by financial collapses, to be in a most healthy state. (Hear, hear.) It was absurd to say otherwise, when it was shown by the Board of Trade returns that we were growing richer every day. (Cheers.) Of course Ginx's baby must be growing richer with the rest. Was not that a complete answer to the noble lord's plaintive outcries? (Cheers and laughter.) That the population of a country was a great fraction of its wealth was an elementary principle of political economy. He thought, from the high rates of wages, that there were not too many but too few laborers in the country. He should oppose the motion. (Cheers.)

Two or three noble lords repeated similar platitudes, guarding themselves as carefully from any reference to facts, or to the question whether high rates of wages might not be the concomitants simply of high prices of necessaries, or to the yet wider question whether colonial development might not have something to do with progress at home. The noble lord who had rushed unprepared into the arena was unequal to the forces marshalled against him, and withdrew his motion.

Thus the great debate collapsed. The Lords were relieved that an awkward question had so easily been shifted. The newspapers on the ministerial side declared that this debate had proved the futility of the Ginx's Baby Expatriation question.

"So able an authority as Lord Munnibagge had established that there was no necessity for the interference of Government in the case of Ginx's Baby or any other babies or persons. The lucid and decisive statement of the Secretary for the Accidental Accompaniments of the Empire had shown how impossible it was for the Imperial Government to take part in a great scheme of Expatriation; how impolitic to endeavor to affect the ordinary laws of free movement to the Colonies."

Surely after this the Expatriation people hid their lights under a bushel!

The government refused to find a night for Sir Charles Sterling, and after the Lords' Debate he did not see a way to force a motion in the Lower House. Meanwhile Ginx's Baby once more decided a turn in his own fate. Tired of the slow life of the Club, and shivering amid the chill indifference of his patrons, he borrowed without leave some clothes from an inmate's room, with a few silver forks and spoons, and decamped. Whether the baronet and the Club were bashful of public ridicule or glad to be rid of the charge, I know not, but no attempt was made to recover him.

WHAT GINX'S BABY DID WITH HIMSELF.

Our hero was nearly fifteen years old when he left the Club to plunge into the world. He was not long in converting his spoils into money, and a very short time in spending it. Then he had to pit his wits against starvation, and some of his throws were desperate. Wherever he went the world seemed terribly full. If he answered an advertisement for an errand-boy, there were a score kicking their heels at the rendezvous before him. Did he try to learn a useful trade, thousands of adepts were not only ready to under-bid him, but to knock him on the head for an interloper.

Even the thieves, to whom he gravitated, were jealous of his accession, because there were too many competitors already in their department. Through his career of penury, of honest and dishonest callings, of 'scapes and captures, imprisonments and other punishments, a year's reading of Metropolitan Police Reports would furnish the exact counterpart.

I don't know how many years after his flight into Pall Mall, one dim midnight, I, returning from Richmond, lounged over Vauxhall Bridge, listening to the low lapping current beneath the arches—looking above to the stars and along the dark polished surface that reflected a thousand lights in its undulations,—feeling the awfulness of the dense, suppressed life that was wrapt within the gloom and calm of the hour. I suddenly saw a shadow, a human shadow, that at the sound of my footsteps quickly crossed my dreamy vision—quickly, noiselessly came and went before my eyes until it stood up high and outlined against the strangely-mingled haze. It looked like the ghost of a slight-formed man, hatless and coatless, and for a moment I saw at his upper extremity the dull flash as of a human face in the gloom, before the shadow leaped out far into the night. Splash! When my startled eyes looked down upon the glancing waving ebony, I thought I could trace a white coruscation of foam spreading out into the darkness, instantly to dissipate and be lost for ever.

I did not then know what form it was that swilled down below the glistening current. Had I known that it was Ginx's Baby I should perhaps have thought: "Society, which, in the sacred names of Law and Charity, forbad the father to throw his child over Vauxhall Bridge, at a time when he was alike unconscious of life and death, has at last itself driven him over the parapet into the greedy waters."——

Philosophers, Philanthropists, Politicians, and Protestants, Poor-law Ministers and Parish officers—while you have been theorizing and discussing, debating, wrangling, legislating and administering—Good God! gentlemen, between you all, where has Ginx's Baby gone to?

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

[Will Carleton, author of *Farm Ballads* and other collections of poems, was born in Hudson, Michigan, in 1845. Receiving a common school and farm education, he taught school, entered Hillsdale College, where he graduated in 1865, and became a journalist and verse-writer. His realistic poems, like "Betsey and I are out," and the following specimen, are full of quaint and homely expression and deep touches of humor and pathos.]

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way,—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray,—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that 's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house,—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house,—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I 've taken a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', and pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I 'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some,—I was, upon my soul,—
Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me,
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I 'd have died for my daughters, I 'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we 're old and gray,
I 've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys and girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they 'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts He come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall,—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' had n't a pleasant smile,—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I could n't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.
So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done.—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all.
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childr'n three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh
And God'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

I, who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped;
So *over the hill to the poor-house!*

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind;
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done;
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about;

An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think, myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place;
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led,
And the worst of whisky spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried and prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well,
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An', better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor, an' said,
"You'll tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway,
An' started for her that very day.
And when I arrived where I was grown
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
Of some one Charley had sold it to;
And held back neither work nor gold,
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fire-place, wide and high,
Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf—
I wound it an' set it agoin' myself;
An' if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame;
Then—*over the hill to the poor-house!*

One blowin', blusterin', winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal;
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come *over the hill from the poor-house!*"

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant an' gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird;
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less);

But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can;
That whether on the big book, a blot
Get's over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair an' right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With *over the hill from the poor-house.*

WILL CARLETON.

CHARON AND HIS PASSENGERS.

[LUCIAN (Lucianus or Lycinus, as he sometimes calls himself),was born about A.D. 120 at Samosata, on the bank of the Euphrates. He is the greatest of the Greek satirists. His best known works are: "*The Pagan Olympus*," "*The Philosophers*," and "*Dialogues of the Dead*." From the last-named we make an extract.]

Charon.—Now listen to me, good people—I'll tell you how it is. The boat is but small, as you see, and somewhat rotten and leaky withal: and if the weight gets to one side, over we go: and here you are crowding in all at once, and with lots of luggage, every one of you. If you come on board here with all that lumber, I suspect you'll repent of it afterwards, especially those who can't swim.

Mercury.—What's best for us to do then, to get safe across?

Cha.—I'll tell you. You must all strip before you get in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore: and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gangway and overhaul them, and don't let them get in till they've stripped.

Merc.—Quite right; I'll see to it. Now, who comes first here?

Menippus.—I—Menippus. Look—I've pitched my wallet and staff into the lake; my coat, luckily, I didn't bring with me.

Merc.—Get in, Menippus—you're a capital fellow. Take the best seat there, in the stern-sheets, next the steersman, and watch who gets on board. Now, who's this fine gentleman?

Charmolaus.—I'm Charmolaus of Megara—a general favorite. Many a lady would give fifty guineas for a kiss from me.

Merc.—You'll have to leave your pretty face, and those valuable lips, and your long curls and smooth skin behind you, that's all. Ah! now you'll do,—you're all right and tight now: get in. But you, sir, there, in the purple and the diadem—who are you?

Lampichus.—Lampichus, King of Gelo.

Merc.—And what d'ye mean by coming here with all that trumpery?

Lamp.—How? Would it be seemly for a king to come here unrobed?

Merc.—Well, for a king, perhaps not—but for a dead man, certainly. So put it all off.

Lamp.—There—I've thrown my riches away.

Merc.—Yes—and throw away your pride too, and your contempt for other people. You'll infallibly swamp the boat if you bring all that in.

Lamp.—Just let me keep my diadem and mantle.

Merc.—Impossible—off with them too.

Lamp.—Well, anything more? because I've thrown them all off, as you see.

Merc.—Your cruelty, and your folly, and your insolence and bad temper, off with them all.

Lamp.—There, then—I'm stripped entirely.

Merc.—Very well—get in. And you fat fellow, who are you with all that flesh on you?

Damasias.—Damasias, the athlete.

Merc.—Ay, you look like him: I remember having seen you in the games.

Dam.—(smiling). Yes, Mercury, take me on board—I'm ready stripped, at any rate.

Merc.—Stripped? Nay, my good sir, not with all that covering of flesh on you. You must get rid of that, or you'll sink the boat the moment you set your foot in. And you must take off your garlands and trophies too.

Dam.—There—now I'm really stripped, and not heavier than these other dead gentlemen.

Merc.—All right—the lighter the better: get in.

[In like manner the patrician has to lay aside his noble birth, his public honors, and statues, and testimonials; the very thought of them, Mercury declares, is enough to sink the boat; and the general is made to leave behind him all his victories and trophies—in the realms of the dead there is peace. Next comes the philosopher's turn.]

Merc.—Who's this pompous and conceited personage, to judge from his looks—he with the knitted eyebrows there, and lost in meditation—that fellow with the long beard.

Men.—One of those philosophers, Mercury—or rather those cheats and charlatans: make him strip too; you'll find some curious things hid under that cloak of his.

Merc.—Take your habit off, to begin with, if you please—and now all that you have there,—great Jupiter! what a lot of humbug he was bringing with him—and ignorance, and disputatiousness, and vainglory, and useless questions, and prickly arguments, and involved statements, ay, and wasted ingenuity, and solemn trifling, and quips and quirks, of all kinds! Yes—by Jove! and there are gold pieces there, and imprudence and luxury and debauchery—oh! I see them all, though you are trying to hide them! And your lies, and pomposity, and thinking yourself better than everybody else—away with all that, I say! Why if you bring all that aboard, a fifty oared galley wouldn't hold you!

Philosopher.—Well, I'll leave it all behind then, if I must.

Men.—But make him take his beard off too—Master Mercury; it's heavy and bushy, as you see: there's five pound weight of hair there, at the very least.

Merc.—You're right, Take it off, sir!

Phil.—But who is there who can shave me?

Merc.—Menippus there will chop it off with the boat-hatchet—he can have the gunwale for a chopping-block.

Men.—Nay, Mercury, lend us a saw—it will be more fun.

Merc.—Oh, the hatchet will do! So—that's well; now you've got rid of your goatishness, you look something more like a man.

Men.—Shall I crop a bit off his eyebrows as well?

Merc.—By all means; he has stuck them up on his forehead, to make him look grander, I suppose. What's the matter now? You're crying, you rascal, are you—afraid of death? Make haste on board, will you?

Men.—He's got something now under his arm.

Merc.—What is it, Menippus?

Men.—Flattery it is, Mercury—and a very profitable article he found it while he was alive.

Phil. (*in a fury*).—And you, Menippus—leave your lawless tongue behind you, and your cursed independence, and mocking laugh; you're the only one of the party who dare laugh.

Merc.—(*laughing*).—No, no, Menippus—they're very light, and take little room; besides, they are good things on a voyage. But you, Mr. Orator there, throw away your rhetorical flourishes, and antitheses, and parallelisms, and barbarisms, and all that heavy wordy gear of yours.

Orator.—There, then—there they go!

Merc.—All right. Now then, slip the moorings. Haul that plank aboard—up anchor and make sail. Mind your helm, master! And a good voyage to us! What are you howling about, you fools? You, Philosopher, specially? Now that you've had your beard cropped.

Phil.—Because, dear Mercury, I always thought the soul had been immortal.

Men.—He's lying! It's something else that troubles him, most likely.

Merc.—What's that.

Men.—That he shall have no more expensive suppers, nor after spending all the night in debauchery, profess to lecture to the young men on moral philosophy in the morning, and take pay for it. That's what vexes him.

Phil.—And you, Menippus—are you not sorry to die?

Men.—How should I be, when I hastened to death without any call to it? But, while we are talking, don't you hear a noise as of some people shouting on the earth?

Merc.—Yes, I do—and from more than one quarter. There's a public rejoicing yonder for the death of Lampichus; and the women have seized his wife, and the boys are stoning his children; and in Sicyon they are all praising Diophantus the orator for his funeral oration upon Crato here. Yes—and there is Damasias' mother wailing for him amongst her women. But there's not a soul weeping for you, Menippus—You're lying all alone.

Men.—Not at all—You'll hear the dogs howling over me presently, and the ravens mournfully flapping their wings, when they gather to my funeral.

Merc.—Stoutly said. But here we are at the landing-place. March off, all of you, to the judgment seat straight; I and the ferryman must go and fetch a fresh batch.

Men.—A pleasant trip to you, Mercury. So we'll be moving on. Come, what are you all dawdling for? You've got to be judged, you know; and the punishments, they tell me are frightful—wheels, and stones, and vultures. Every man's life will be strictly inquired into, I can tell you.

[The Cynic Menippus introduced to us in this amusing dialogue,—"a dog of the real old breed," as Lucian calls him, "always ready to bark and bite"—is a great favorite with the author, and reappears very frequently in these imaginary conversations. He was a disciple of Diogenes, and had been a usurer in earlier life, but having lost his wealth by the roguery of others, at last committed suicide. The banter with which he treats Charon in the little dialogue which follows is very humorous.]

CHARON AND MENIPPUS.

Charon (*calling after Menippus, who is walking off*).—Pay me your fare, you rascal!

Menippus.—Bawl away, Charon, if it's any satisfaction to you.

Cha.—Pay me, I say, for carrying you across!

Men.—You can't get money from a man who hasn't got it.

Cha.—Is there any man who has not got an obolus?

Men.—I know nothing about anybody else; I know I haven't.

Cha. (*catching hold of him*).—I'll strangle you, you villain! I will by Pluto! if you don't pay.

Men.—And I'll break your head with my staff.

Cha.—Do you suppose you are to have such a long trip for nothing?

Men.—Let Mercury pay for me, then; it was he who put me on board.

Mercury.—A very profitable job for me, by Jove! if I'm to pay for all the dead people.

Cha. (*to Men.*)—I shan't let you go.

Men.—You can haul your boat ashore, then, for that matter, and wait as long as you please; but I don't see how you can take from me what I don't possess.

Cha.—Didn't you know you had to pay it?

Men.—I knew well enough; but I tell you I hadn't got it. Is a man not to die because he has no money?

Cha.—Are you to be the only man, then, who can boast that he has crossed the Styx gratis?

Men.—Gratis? Not at all, my good friend,—when I baled the boat, and helped you with the oar, and was the only man on board who didn't howl.

Cha.—That has nothing to do with the passage-money; you must pay your obolus. It's against all our rules to do otherwise.

Men.—Then take me back to life again.

Cha.—Yes, a fine proposal—that I may get a whipping from Æacus for it.

Men.—Then don't bother.

Cha.—Show me what you've got in your scrip there.

Men.—Lentils, if you please, and a bit of supper for Hecate.

Cha. (*turning to Mercury in despair*).—Where on earth did you bring this dog of a cynic from, Mercury?—chattering, as he did, all the way across, cutting his jokes and laughing at the other passengers, and singing while they were all bemoaning themselves.

Merc.—Didn't you know, Charon, who your passenger was? A most independent fellow, who cares for nobody. That's Menippus.

Cha. (*shaking his fist at him as he moves off*).—Well, let me only catch you again!

Men. (*looking back and laughing*).—Ay, *if* you catch me; but 'tis hardly likely, my good friend, that you'll have me for a passenger twice.

MERCURY AND CHARON SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

Mercury.—Let us have a reckoning, if you please, Mr. Ferryman, of how much you owe me up to this present date, that we mayn't have a squabble hereafter about the items.

Charon.—By all means, Mercury—nothing like being correct in such matters; it saves a world of unpleasantness.

Merc.—I supplied an anchor to your order—twenty-five drachmæ.

Cha.—That's very dear.

Merc.—I vow to Pluto I gave five for it. And a row-lock thong—two obols.

Cha.—Well, put down five drachmæ, and two obols.

Merc.—And a needle to mend the sail. Five obols I paid for that.

Cha.—Well, put that much down too.

Merc.—Then, there's the wax for caulking the seams of the boat that were open, and nails, and a rope to make halyards of,—two drachmæ altogether.

Cha.—Ay; you bought those worth the money.

Merc.—That's all, if I've not forgotten something in my account. And now, when do you propose to pay me?

Cha.—It's out of my power, Mercury, at this moment; but if a pestilence or a war should send people down here in considerable numbers, you can make a good thing of it then by a little cheating in the passage-money.

Merc.—So I may go to sleep at present, and put up prayers for all kinds of horrible things to happen, that I may get my dues thereby?

Cha.—I've no other way of paying you, Mercury, indeed. At present, as you see, very few come our way. It's a time of peace, you know.

Merc.—Well, so much the better, even if I have to wait for my money a while. But those men in the good old times—ah! you remember, Charon, what fine fellows used to come here,—good warriors all, covered with blood and wounds, most of them! Now, 'tis either somebody who has been poisoned by his son or his wife, or with his limbs and carcass bloated by gluttony, pale spiritless wretches all of them, not a whit like the others. Most of them come here owing to their attempts to overreach each other in money matters, it seems to me.

Cha.—Why, money is certainly a very desirable thing.

Merc.—Then don't think me unreasonable, if you please, if I look sharp after your little debt to me.

THE STORY OF ER.

Er, the Pamphylian, a brave man, was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards his body, which, unlike all the other dead, was still uncorrupted, was brought home to be buried; but on the funeral pyre he returned to life, and told all he had seen in the other world. When his soul left his body (he said) he journeyed, in company with many other spirits until he came to a certain place where there were two openings in the earth and two in the heaven, and between judges were seated,

"Who bade the just, after they had judged them, ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand, having the signs of the judgment bound on their foreheads; and in like manner the unjust were commanded by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also had the symbols of their deeds fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger of the other world to men, and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place. Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either chasm of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright, and always on their arrival, they seemed as if they had come from a long journey, and they went out into the meadow with joy, and there encamped as at a festival, and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously inquiring about the things of heaven, and the souls which came from heaven of the things of earth. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, some weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth (now the journey lasted a thousand years), while others were describing heavenly blessings and visions of inconceivable beauty."—J.

And for all evil deeds each soul suffered a ten-fold punishment, and for its good deeds it received a ten-fold reward. And Er heard one of the spirits ask another, where Ardiæus the Great was? (He had been a tyrant of some city in Pamphylia a thousand years before Er lived, and had murdered his aged father and brother, and committed many other crimes.)

"The answer was: 'He comes not hither, and will never come!' 'And indeed,' he said, 'this was one of the terrible sights which was witnessed by us. For we were approaching the mouth of the cave, and having seen all, were about to reascend, when of a sudden Ardiæus appeared and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also besides the tyrants, private individuals who had been great criminals; they were just at the mouth, being, as they fancied, about to return to the upper world, but the opening, instead of receiving them, gave a roar, as was the case when any incurable or unpunished sinner tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who knew the meaning of the sound, came up and seized and carried off several of them, and Ardiæus and others they bound head and foot and hand, and threw them down and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the pilgrims as they passed what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell. And of all the terrors of the place, there was no terror like this of hearing the voice; and when there was silence, they ascended with joy.' These were the penalties and retributions, and there were blessings as great."—J.

Er and his spirit companions tarried seven days in this meadow, and then set out again on their journey; and on the fourth day they came to a place where a pillar of light like a rainbow, but far brighter, stretched across heaven and earth, and in another day's journey they reached it, and found that this light bound together the circle of the heavens, as a chain undergirds a ship; and to either end of this pillar was fastened the distaff of Necessity, having a shaft of adamant and a wheel with eight vast circles of divers colors, fitted into one another, and narrowing toward the centre. And in these circles eight stars were fixed; and as the spindle moved round, they moved with it—each slowly or swiftly according to its proper motion. And on each circle a siren stood, singing in one note, and thus from the eight stars arose one great harmony of sound. And round about these circles at equal distances were three thrones, and on these thrones were seated the three daughters of Necessity, clothed in white robes, with garlands on their heads. And they also sang as they turned the circles of the spindle. Lachesis singing of past time, Clotho of the present, and Atropos of time that shall be. The spirits, as they arrived, were led to Lachesis in order by a Prophet, who took from her knees lots and samples of lives, and mounting a rostrum, spoke as follows: "Thus saith Lachesis, daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of mortal life! Your genius will not choose you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice of life, which shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and according as a man honors or dishonors her he will enjoy her more or less; the chooser is responsible, heaven is justified." When he had thus spoken he cast the lots among them, and each took up the lot which fell near him, all but Er himself, who was not allowed.

And these lives were of every kind, both of men and animals, and were variously composed—beauty, and wealth, and poverty, and strength, and nobility all mingled together. But no definite character was yet attached to any; for the future nature of each soul depended on the life it might choose. And on the choice (so said the Prophet who had arranged the lots) each man's happiness depended, and to choose aright he should know all that follows from the possession of power and talent; and should choose the mean, and avoid both extremes so far as he may, not in this life only but in that which is to come. "Even the last comer, if he choose discreetly and will live carefully, shall find there is reserved for him a life neither unhappy nor undesirable. Let not the first be careless in his choice, neither let the last despair."

It was a sad yet laughable sight (said Er) to see the manner in which the souls made their choice For the first chose the greatest despotism he could find, not observing that it was ordained in his lot that he should devour his own children; and when he found this out, he lamented and beat his breast, accusing the gods, and chance, and everything rather than himself. And their former experience of life influenced many in their choice: thus the soul of Orpheus chose the life of a swan, because he hated to be born again of woman (for women had before torn him in pieces); and Ajax chose the life of a lion, and Agamemnon that of an eagle, because men had done them wrong; and Thersites, the buffoon of the Iliad, took the appropriate form of an ape. Last of all came Ulysses, weary of his former toils and wanderings; and, after searching about for a while, he chose a quiet and obscure life, that was lying neglected in a corner, for all the others had passed it by.

"Now when all the souls had chosen, their lives in the order of the lots, they advanced in their turn to Lachesis, who dispatched with each of them the Destiny he had selected, to guard his life and satisfy his choice. This Destiny first led the soul to Clotho in such a way as to pass beneath her hand and the whirling motion of the distaff, and thus ratified the fate which each had chosen in the order of precedence. After touching her, the same Destiny led the soul next to the spinning of Atropos, and thus rendered the doom of Clotho irreversible. From thence the souls passed straight forward under the throne of Necessity. When the rest had passed through it, Er himself also passed through; and they all travelled into the plane of Forgetfulness, through dreadful suffocating heat, the ground being destitute of trees and of all vegetation. As the evening came on, they took up their quarters by the bank of the river of Indifference, whose water cannot be held in any vessel. All persons are compelled to drink a certain quantity of the water; but those who are not preserved by prudence drink more than the quantity: and each, as he drinks, forgets everything. When they had gone to rest, and it was now midnight, there was a clap of thunder and an earthquake; and in a moment the souls were carried up to their birth, this way and that like shooting stars. Er himself was prevented from drinking any of the water; but how, and by what road he reached his body, he knew not: only he knew that he suddenly opened his eyes at dawn, and found himself laid out upon the funeral pyre.

PLATO.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?—
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

GEORGE H. BOKER.

THE IVY GREEN.

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground.
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A SUMMER REMINISCENCE.

I hear no more the locust beat
His shrill loud drum through all the day;
I miss the mingled odors sweet
Of clover and of scented hay.

No more I hear the smothered song
From hedges guarded thick with thorn:
The days grow brief, the nights are long,
The light comes like a ghost at morn.

I sit before my fire alone,
And idly dream of all the past:
I think of moments that are flown—
Alas! they were too sweet to last.

The warmth that filled the languid noons—
The purple waves of trembling haze—
The liquid light of silver moons—
The summer sunset's golden blaze.

I feel the soft winds fan my cheek,
I hear them murmur through the rye,
I see the milky clouds that seek
Some nameless harbor in the sky.

The stile beside the spreading pine,
The pleasant fields beyond the grove,
The lawn where, underneath the vine,
She sang the song I used to love.

The path along the windy beach,
That leaves the shadowy linden tree,
And goes by sandy capes that reach
Their shining arms to clasp the sea.

I view them all, I tread once more
In meadow-grasses cool and deep;
I walk beside the sounding shore,
I climb again the wooded steep.

Oh, happy hours of pure delight!
Sweet moments drowned in wells of bliss!
Oh, halcyon days so calm and bright—
Each morn and evening seemed to kiss!

And that whereon I saw her first,
While angling in the noisy brook,
When through the tangled wood she burst;
In one small hand a glove and book,

As with the other, dimpled, white,
She held the slender bough aside,
While through the leaves the yellow light
Like golden water seemed to glide,

And broke in ripples on her neck,
And played like fire around her hat,
And slid adown her form to fleck
The moss-grown rock on which I sat.

She standing rapt in sweet surprise,
And seeming doubtful if to turn;
Her novel, as I raised my eyes,
Dropped down amid the tall green fern.

This day and that—the one so bright,
The other like a thing forlorn;
To-morrow, and the early light
Will shine upon her marriage morn.

For when the mellow autumn flushed
The thickets where the chestnut fell,
And in the vales the maple blushed,
Another came who knew her well,

Who sat with her below the pine,
And with her through the meadow moved,
And underneath the purpling vine
She sang to him the song I loved.

NATHANIEL G. SHEPHERD.

THE VIOLET.

Oh faint, delicious, spring-time violet,
Thine odour, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door,
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that belovèd place,
And that belovèd hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass,
A lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass,
I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee?
O vanished Joy! O Love that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odour through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
The velvet leaf.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

THE FACTS IN THE “GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.”

BY MARK TWAIN.

In as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter,—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this,—and I assert here that every fact in the following *resumé* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government.

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef. Very well. He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington, Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta,—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days, but, hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died:

THE UNITED STATES,

In acct. with JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE, of New Jersey, deceased, Dr.

To thirty barrels of beef for Gen. Sherman, @ $100.	$3,000
To travelling expenses and transportation, ...	14,000
Total, ...	$17,000

Rec'd Pay't,

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. *He* left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on *him* also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins, by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: “Weep not for me,—*I* am willing to go.” And so he was, poor soul! Seven people inherited the contract after that. But they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard,—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time: but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me every thing, and, weeping, gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavor to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef-contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States. He said,—

“Well, sir, what can I do for you?” I said,—

“Sire: “On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence, kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State. He said,—

“Well, sir?”

“I said, “Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to

General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

"That will do, sir,—that will do: this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef."

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, "Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting." I said,—

"Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef-contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior. I said,—

"Your Imperial Highness: On or about the 10th day of October—"

"That is sufficient, sir,—I have heard of you before. Go,—take your infamous beef-contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army."

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous government till that contract business was settled; I would collect that bill, or fall, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General: I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent-Office. I said,—

"Your august Excellency: On or about—"

"Perdition! have you got *here* with your incendiary beef-contract, at last? We have *nothing* to do with beef-contracts for the army, my dear sir."

"Oh, that is all very well,—but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef! It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I'll confiscate this old Patent-Office and every thing in it."

"But, my dear sir—"

"It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent-Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent-Office has got to pay for it."

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent-Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury. I said,—

"Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef-contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division: the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foot-hold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends; to his clerk, rather,—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading,—

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After a while he finished them, and then he yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored Imbecile: On or about—"

"You are the beef-contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the Northwest Passage, as *I* regarded it,—he found the long-lost record of that beef-contract,—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced,—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all,—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name! *I* don't know his name."

"*Must* have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. *I know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the government will never pay that transportation and those travelling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why didn't the Second tell me? why didn't the Third? Why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. That is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle-blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears,—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her,—but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand,—here is the beef-contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all that I know about the great beef-contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough, he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.

S. L. Clemens.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

In autumn, 1854, hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages;—from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, and from the capitals of various nations,—all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, and from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us. The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur,—"Home is not far away." And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shadows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league's distance, unconscious; and at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh, that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters gaining upon the hold, and rising upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind,—had he stood to execute sufficiently the commander's will,—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so *honor*. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew, rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men, to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of *collision* to the catastrophe of SINKING!

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hallowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

EARLY RISING.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes,—bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name or age or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said!
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

"The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At ten o'clock A. M.,—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the sweet visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERJEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod!
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall:
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast,
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And as a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar:
And he—he turns, he flies;—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the Mitre and the Crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Durham's Stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

LORD MACAULAY.

JOHN ADAMS ON NATURAL ARISTOCRACY.

(FROM A LETTER TO THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1813.)

[JOHN ADAMS (1735–1826), second President of the United States, was educated at Harvard College and admitted to the bar in 1758. Endowed with an acute mind, a clear and powerful voice, and ready eloquence, he became one of the most conspicuous and influential advocates of colonial independence. In the Continental Congress, he served from 1774 to 1778, when he was appointed commissioner to France, and afterward to Great Britain, where he negotiated the treaty of peace of 1782. His voluminous writings, now little read, were mainly on jurisprudence and the science of government. His private letters (from one of which we quote) are the most readable and interesting of his writings, and his correspondence with his wife, who was a woman of superior intelligence, has been recently reprinted.]

We are now explicitly agreed upon one important point, viz., that there is a natural aristocracy among men, the grounds of which are virtue and talents. You very justly indulge a little merriment upon this solemn subject of aristocracy. I often laugh at it too, for there is nothing in this laughable world more ridiculous than the management of it by all the nations of the earth; but while we smile, mankind have reason to say to us, as the frogs said to the boys, what is sport to you is wounds and death to us. When I consider the weakness, the folly, the pride, the vanity, the selfishness, the artifice, the low craft and mean cunning, the want of principle, the avarice, the unbounded ambition, the unfeeling cruelty of a majority of those (in all nations,) who are allowed an aristocratical influence, and on the other hand, the stupidity with which the more numerous multitude not only become their dupes, but even love to be taken in by their tricks, I feel a stronger disposition to weep at their destiny than to laugh at their folly. But though we have agreed in one point, in words, it is not yet certain that we are perfectly agreed in sense. Fashion has introduced an indeterminate use of the word talents. Education, wealth, strength, beauty, stature, birth, marriage, graceful attitudes and motions, gait, air, complexion, physiognomy are talents, as well as genius, science and learning. Any one of these talents that in fact commands or influences two votes in society, gives to the man who posesses it the character of an aristocrat, in any sense of the word. Pick up the first hundred men you meet, and make a republic. Every man will have an equal vote; but when deliberations and discussions are opened, it will be found that twenty-five, by their talents, virtue being equal, will be able to carry fifty votes. Every one of these twenty-five is an aristocrat, in my sense of the word, whether he obtains his one vote in addition to his own, by his birth, fortune, figure, eloquence, science, learning, craft, cunning, or even his character for good fellowship, and a *bon vivant.*

What gave Sir William Wallace his amazing aristocratical superiority? His strength. What gave Mrs. Clark her aristocratical influence to create generals, admirals and bishops? Her beauty. What gave Pompadour and Du Barry the power of making cardinals and popes? And I have lived for years in the hotel de Valentois with Franklin, who had as many virtues as any of them. In the investigation of the meaning of the word "talents," I could write 630 pages, as pertinent as John Taylor's of Hazlewood, but I will select a single example, for female aristocrats are nearly as formidable as males. A daughter of a green grocer walks the streets in London daily, with a basket of cabbage sprouts, dandelions, and spinage on her head. She is observed by the painters to have a beautiful face, an elegant figure, a graceful step, and a *debonair.* They hire her to sit. She complies, and is painted by forty artists in a circle round her. The scientific Dr. William Hamilton outbids the painters, sends her to school for a genteel education, and marries her. This lady not only causes the triumphs of the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar, but separates Naples from France, and finally banishes the king and queen from Sicily. Such is the aristocracy of the natural talent of beauty. Millions of examples might be quoted from history, sacred and profane, from Eve, Hannah, Deborah, Susanna, Abigail, Judith, Ruth, down to Helen, Mrs. de Maintenon and Mrs. Fitzherbert. For mercy's sake do not compel me to look to our chaste states and territories to find women, one of whom let go, would in the words of Holophernes' guards, deceive the whole earth.

The proverbs of Theognis, like those of Solomon, are observations on human nature, ordinary life, and civil society, with moral reflections on the facts. I quote him as a witness of the fact, that there was as much difference in the races of men as in the breeds of sheep, and as a sharp reprover and censurer of the sordid, mercenary practice of disgracing birth by preferring gold to it. Surely no authority can be more expressly in point to prove the existence of inequalities, not of rights, but of moral, intellectual and physical inequalities in families, descents, and generations. If a descent from pious, virtuous, wealthy, literary or scientific ancestors, is a letter of recommendation or introduction in a man's favor, and enables him to influence only one vote in addition to his own, he is an aristocrat; for a democrat can have but one vote. Aaron Burr has 100,000 votes from the single circumstance of his descent from President Burr and President Edwards.

* * * Take away appetite, and the present generation would not live a month, and no future generation would ever exist; and thus the exalted dignity of human nature would be annihilated and lost, and in my opinion the whole loss would be of no more importance than putting out a candle, quenching a torch, or crushing a fire-fly, *if in this world only we have hope.* Your distinction between natural and artificial aristocracy, does not appear to me founded. Birth and wealth are conferred upon some men as imperiously by nature as genius, strength, or beauty. The heir to honors, riches, and power, has often no more merit in procuring these advantages, than he has in obtaining a handsome face, or an elegant figure. When aristocracies are established by human laws, and honor, wealth and power are made hereditary by municipal laws and political institutions, then I acknowledge artificial aristocracy to commence; but this never commences, till corruption in elections becomes dominant and uncontrollable. But this artificial aristocracy can never last. The everlasting envies, jealousies, rivalries and quarrels among them; their cruel rapacity upon the poor ignorant people, their followers, compel them

to set up Cæsar, a demagogue, to be a monarch, a master; *pour mettre chacun a sa place.* Here you have the origin of all artificial aristocracy, which is the origin of all monarchies. And both artificial aristocracy and monarchy, and civil, military, political, and hierarchical despotisms, have all grown out of the natural aristocracy of virtues and talents. We, to be sure, are far remote from this. Many hundred years must roll away, before we shall be corrupted. Our pure, virtuous, public-spirited, federative republic will last forever, govern the globe, and introduce the perfection of man; his perfectibility being already proved by Price, Priestley, Condorcet, Rousseau, Diderot, and Godwin. Mischief has been done by the Senate of the United States. I have known and felt more of this mischief, than Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, all together. But this has been all caused by the constitutional power of the Senate, in executive business, which ought to be immediately, totally and essentially abolished. Your distinction between the *Αριςτοι* and *Ψευδο αριςτοι* will not help the matter. I would trust one as well as the other with unlimited power. The law wisely refuses an oath as a witness in his own case, to the saint as well as the sinner.

No romance would be more amusing than the history of your Virginian and our New England aristocratical families. Yet even in Rhode Island there has been no clergy, no church, and I had almost said no State, and some people say no religion. There has been a constant respect for certain old families. Fifty-seven or fifty-eight years ago, in company with Colonel, Counsellor, Judge John Chandler, whom I have quoted before, a newspaper was brought in. The old sage asked me to look for the news from Rhode Island, and see how the elections had gone there. I read the list of Waubuns, Watrous, Greens, Whipples, Malbones, &c. "I expected as much," said the aged gentleman "for I have always been of the opinion that in the most popular governments, the elections will generally go in favor of the most ancient families." To this day, when any one of these tribes—and we may add Ellerys, Channings, Champlins, &c.,—are pleased to fall in with the popular current, they are sure to carry all before them.

You suppose a difference of opinion between you and me on the subject of aristocracy. I can find none. I dislike and detest hereditary honors, offices, emoluments, established by law. So do you. I am for excluding legal, hereditary distinctions from the United States as long as possible. So are you. I only say that mankind have not yet discovered any remedy against irresistible corruption in elections to offices of great power and profit, but making them hereditary.

But will you say our elections are pure?

Be it so, upon the whole; but do you recollect in history a more corrupt election than that of Aaron Burr to be President, or that of De Witt Clinton last year? By corruption here, I mean a sacrifice of every national interest and honor to private and party objects. I see the same spirit in Virginia that you and I see in Rhode Island, and the rest of New England. In New York it is a struggle of family feuds—a feudal aristocracy. Pennsylvania is a contest between German, Irish, and old England families. When Germans and Irish unite they give 30,000 majorities.

There is virtually a white rose and a red rose, a Cæsar and a Pompey, in every State in this Union, and contests and dissensions will be as lasting. The rivalry of Bourbons and Noailleses produced the French revolution, and a similar competition for consideration and influence exists and prevails in every village in the world. Where will terminate the *rabies agri?* The continent will be scattered over with manors much larger than Livingston's, Van Rensselaer's, or Philips's; even our Deacon Strong will have a principality among you Southern folk. What inequality of talents will be produced by these land jobbers. Where tends the mania of banks? At my table in Philadelphia I once proposed to you to unite in endeavors to obtain an amendment of the constitution prohibiting to the separate States the power of creating banks; but giving Congress authority to establish one bank with a branch in each State, the whole limited to ten millions of dollars. Whether this project is wise or unwise, I know not, for I had deliberated little on it then and have never thought it worth thinking of since. But you spurned the proposition from you with disdain. This system of banks begotten, brooded and hatched by Duer, Robert and Gouverneur Morris, Hamilton and Washington, I have always considered as a system of national injustice. A sacrifice of public and private interest to a few aristocratical friends and favorites. My scheme could have had no such effect. Verres plundered temples and robbed a few rich men, but he never made such ravages among private property in general, nor swindled so much out of the pockets of the poor, and middle class of people, as these banks have done. No people but this would have borne the imposition so long. The people of Ireland would not bear Wood's half-pence. What inequalities of talent have been introduced into this country by these aristocratical banks. Our Winthrops, Winslows, Bradfords, Saltonstalls, Quincys, Chandlers, Leonards, Hutchinsons, Olivers, Sewalls, &c., are precisely in the situation of your Randolphs, Carters, and Burwells, and Harrisons. Some of them unpopular from the part they took in the late revolution, but all respected for their names and connections; and whenever they fell in with the popular sentiments are preferred, *ceteris paribus*, to all others. When I was young the *summum bonum* in Massachusetts was to be worth £10,000 sterling, ride in a chariot, be Colonel of a regiment of militia, and hold a seat in his Majesty's council. No man's imagination aspired to anything higher beneath the skies. But these plumes, chariots, colonelships, and counsellorships, are recorded and will never be forgotten. No great accumulations of land were made by our early settlers. Mr. Baudoin, a French refugee, made the first great purchases, and your General Dearborn, born under a fortunate star, is now enjoying a large portion of the aristocratic sweets of them.

FREEBOOTER LIFE IN THE FOREST.

[THOMAS L. PEACOCK, an English novelist and poet (1788–1866) held office in the India House, and occupied his hours of leisure in producing various entertaining and satirical works, full of classical allusion, redundant fancy, and keen observation. Peacock was an old-fashioned thinker, wedded to the gentilities and spirit of the eighteenth century, and devoted much space in his novels to ridiculing the progressive, scientific and reformatory tendencies of the nineteenth century. He wrote "*Headlong Hall*" (1815), "*Melincourt*" (1817), "*Nightmare Abbey*" (1818), "*Maid Marian*" (1822), "*Crotchet Castle*" (1831), and "*Gryll Grange*" (1860).]

The baron, with some of his retainers, and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

"Now, Lord Fitzwater," said the chief forester, "recognize your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood."

"Ay, ay," said the baron, "I have recognized you long ago."

"And recognize your young friend Gamwell," said the second, "in the outlaw Scarlet."

"And Little John, the page," said the third, "in Little John the outlaw."

"And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey," said the friar, "in Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest. Truly I have a chapel here hard by in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travellers, and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying."

"I am in fine company," said the baron. "In the very best of company," said the friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass and the daisy and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow and blue; the Mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed; but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer and its swinish multitude of peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are 'tyrants and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place,' we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they, withal, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry

Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our victims from venison and brawn, and, by'r Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass!—we take all at once. What then? Is not tax by redemption and tithe by commutation? Your William and Richard can cut and come again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men, and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves."

"Well preached, friar," said Robin Hood; "yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen.—And now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these sylvan shades, where we so often have roused the stag from his ferny covert. The rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wildwood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?"

Matilda smiled assent.

"Not Matilda," said the friar: "the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have excepted in favour of Little John, because he is Great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptize thee Marian."—

From "Maid Marian."

TRUTH TO NATURE ESSENTIAL IN POETRY.

FROM "GRYLL GRANGE," BY THOMAS PEACOCK.

Miss Ilex. Few may perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakspeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

The Rev. Dr. Opimian. Yet there is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To deck the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

[Milton's *Lycidas*.]

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

Miss Ilex. Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons; but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale:

Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green.

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

The Rev. Dr. Opimian. The old Greek poetry is always true to nature, and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I take no pleasure in poetry that will not.

Mr. Mac-Borrowdale. No poet is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applauded stanza, and very taking at first sight:

The night-dew of heaven, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the sod where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

But it will not bear analysis. The dew is the cause of the verdure, but the tear is not the cause of the memory: the memory is the cause of the tear.

The Rev. Dr. Opimian. There are inaccuracies more offensive to me than even false imagery. Here is one in a song which I have often heard with displeasure. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher, he repeats *Excelsior!* but *excelsior* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean-stalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom.

Mr. Mac-Borrowdale. I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed.

The Rev. Dr. Opimian. I do not look for profound knowledge; but I do expect that poets should understand what they talk of. Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholarship of the world would not have produced *Tam o' Shanter*, but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image nor a misused word. What do you suppose these lines represent?

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

TENNYSON'S *Dream of Fair Women.*

Mr. Mac-Borrowdale. I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

The Rev. Dr. Opimian. Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautiful because they were "the countrywomen of Cleopatra." Here we have a sort of counter-demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a fright because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their genealogy, their coins, and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was "the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see, and delightful to hear." For she was eminently accomplished; she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

[WILLIAM THOM, the "Inverary poet," (1789–1848), wrote some sweet, fanciful, and pathetic strains. He worked for several years as a weaver, and traversed the country as a pedlar, accompanied by his wife and children. This unsettled life induced careless habits. and every effort to place him in a situation of permanent comfort failed. His first poem that attracted notice, "*The Blind Boy's Pranks*," appeared in the *Aberdeen Herald*. In 1844 he published a volume of "*Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver*." He visited London and was warmly patronized; but returning to Scotland, he died at Dundee in great penury. About £300 was collected for his widow and family.]

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By auntie, or cousin, or frecky* grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair of the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutcher, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mamma is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

Oh speak na him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

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* This word not found in Burns, is the same as *frack*, active, vigorous.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris,
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
Dresses for home, and the street, and the hall,
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;—
And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
All this merchandise went in twelve carts up Broadway,
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
When asked to a ball, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!
But the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising;
I find there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress;
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"

* * * * * *

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
Their children have gathered, their hovels have built;
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt;
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street,
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—
Spoiled children of fashion,—you've nothing to wear!

And, oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest, in that upper realm,—you have nothing to wear!

Wm. Allen Butler.

ALPINE HEIGHTS.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
There, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;
His Shepherd is the Lord;
For he who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

From the German of Krummacher,
by Charles T. Brooks.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May

And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid,
But the tree it still remains.
Then here's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's, etc.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

OPENING OF THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.

[SAMUEL SMILES, born at Haddington, Scotland, 1816, a writer of great power and brilliancy, was educated for the medical profession, but turned his attention to literature. He has written on "*Physical Education*," "*Working-men's Earnings*," "*Strikes and Wages*," "*Self-Help*," "*Lives of The Engineers with an account of their Works*," "*Industrial Biography*," "*George Moore*," "*Merchant and Philanthropist*," "*Life of Robert Dick, Geologist and Botanist*," and "*The Life of George Stephenson, Engineer:*" from the latter we make an extract.]

The completion of the work was justly regarded as a great national event, and was celebrated accordingly. The Duke of Wellington, then prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, secretary of state, Mr. Huskisson, one of the members for Liverpool, and an earnest supporter of the project from its commencement, were present, together with a large number of distinguished personages. The "Northumbrian" engine took the lead of the procession, and was followed by the other locomotives and their trains, which accommodated about six hundred persons. Many thousands of spectators cheered them on their way—through the deep ravine of Olive Mount; up the Sutton incline; over the Sankey viaduct, beneath which a multitude of persons had assembled—carriages filling the narrow lanes, and barges crowding the river. The people gazed with wonder and admiration at the trains which sped along the line, far above their heads, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in water. Here a deplorable accident occurred to one of the most distinguished of the illustrious visitors present, which threw a deep shadow over the subsequent proceedings of the day. The "Northumbrian" engine, with the carriage containing the Duke of Wellington, was drawn up on one line, in order that the whole of the trains might pass in review before him and his party on the other. Mr. Huskisson had, unhappily, alighted from the carriage, and was standing on the opposite road, along which the "Rocket" engine was observed rapidly coming up. At this moment the Duke of Wellington, between whom and Mr. Huskisson some coolness had existed, made a sign of recognition, and held out his hand. A hurried but friendly grasp was given; and before it was loosened, there was a general cry from the by-standers of "Get in, get in!" Flurried and confused, Mr. Huskisson endeavored to get round the open door of the carriage which projected over the opposite rail, but in so doing he was struck down by the "Rocket," and falling with his leg doubled across the rail, the limb was instantly crushed. His first words, on being raised, were, "I have met my death," which unhappily proved too true, for he expired that same evening in the neighboring parsonage of Eccles. It was cited at the time, as a remarkable fact, that the "Northumbrian" engine conveyed the wounded body of the unfortunate gentleman a distance of about fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. This incredible speed burst upon the world with all the effect of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon.

The fortune of George Stephenson was now made. He became a great man. He was offered, but refused a knighthood, and his latter days were spent as those of a country gentleman. He died in 1848, at the age of sixty-seven.

GEORGE STEPHENSON AT SIR ROBERT PEEL'S SEAT OF DRAYTON.

Though mainly an engineer, he was also a daring thinker on many scientific questions; and there was scarcely a subject of speculation, or a department of recondite science, on which he had not employed his faculties in such a way as to have formed large and original views. At Drayton the conversation often turned upon such topics, and Mr. Stephenson freely joined in it. On one occasion, an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr. Buckland on one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal. But the result was, that Dr. Buckland, a much greater master of tongue-fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up and asked what he was thinking about? "Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only the command of words which he has, I'd have beaten him." "Let me know all about it," said Sir William, "and I'll see what I can do for you." The two sat down in an arbor, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case; entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interests of his client. After he had mastered the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbing his hands with glee, and said: "Now I am ready for him." Sir Robert Peel was made acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was, that in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law; and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr. Buckland. "What do *you* say, Mr. Stephenson? asked Sir Robert, laughing. "Why," said he, "I will only say this, that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab." . . . One Sunday, when the party had just returned from church, they were standing together on the terrace near the hall, and observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. "Now, Buckland," said Mr. Stephenson, "I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?" "Well," said the other, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" "How can that be?" asked the doctor. "It is nothing else," said the engineer; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form —and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive for great human purposes." The idea was certainly a most striking and original one; like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science.

JEFFERSON ON PUBLIC DEBTS AS PUBLIC BLESSINGS.

[Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826), third President of the United States, was one of the most accomplished scholars and original minds in the early history of the United States. He wrote the Declaration of Independence of the United Colonies, adopted July 4, 1776. His Notes on Virginia (1783), reprinted in more than twelve editions, are full of acute observation, careful and scientific statement and copious suggestions for improvement. Jefferson's early studies into the sources of law and political institutions gave him great prominence as a leader in the struggle for independence. He was the author of the Virginia statute of entire religious freedom, the founder of the University of Virginia, and a zealous advocate of common schools and the abolition of slavery. Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, the first Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, Vice-President of the United States, and President for eight years (1801–1809), he retired to his plantation, the most popular of American citizens next to Washington, spending a serene old age at Monticello in study, correspondence and agricultural pursuits, and in watching over the university which he founded.]

At the time we were funding our national debt, we heard much about "a public debt being a public blessing;" that the stock representing it was a creation of active capital for the aliment of commerce, manufactures and agriculture. This paradox was well adapted to the minds of believers in dreams, and the gulls of that size entered *bonâ fide* into it. But the art and mystery of banks is a wonderful improvement on that. It is established on the principle that "*private* debts are a public blessing." That the evidences of those private debts, called bank notes, become active capital, and aliment the whole commerce, manufactures and agriculture of the United States. Here are a set of people, for instance, who have bestowed on us the great blessing of running in our debt about two hundred millions of dollars, without our knowing who they are, where they are, or what property they have to pay this debt when called on; nay, who have made us so sensible of the blessings of letting them run in our debt, that we have exempted them by law from the repayment of these debts beyond a given proportion, (generally estimated at one-third). And to fill up the measure of blessing, instead of paying, they receive an interest on what they owe from those to whom they owe; for all the notes, or evidences of what they owe, which we see in circulation, have been lent to somebody on an interest which is levied again on us through the medium of commerce. And they are so ready still to deal out their liberalities to us, that they are now willing to let them run in our debt ninety millions more, on our paying them the same premium of six or eight per cent. interest, and on the same legal exemption from the repayment of more than thirty millions of the debt, when it shall be called for. But let us look at this principle in its original form, and its copy will then be equally understood. "A public debt is a public blessing." That our debt was juggled from forty-three up to eighty millions, and funded at that amount, according to this opinion was a great public blessing, because the evidences of it could be vested in commerce, and thus converted into active capital, and then the more the debt was made to be, the more active capital was created. That is to say, the creditors could now employ in commerce the money due them from the public, and make from it an annual profit of five per cent., or four millions of dollars. But observe, that the public were at the same time paying on it an interest of exactly the same amount of four millions of dollars. Where then is the gain to either party, which makes it a public blessing? There is no change in the state of things, but of persons only. A. has a debt due to him from the public, of which he holds their certificate as evidence, and on which he is receiving an annual interest. He wishes, however, to have the money itself, and to go into business with it. B. has an equal sum of money in business, but wishes now to retire, and live on the interest. He therefore gives it to A. in exchange for A.'s certificates of public stock. Now, then, A. has the money in business, which B. so employed before. B. has the money on interest to live on, which A. lived on before; and the public pays the interest to B. which they paid to A. before. Here is no new creation of capital, no additional money employed, nor even a change in the employment of a single dollar. The only change is of place between A. and B. in which we discover no creation of capital, nor public blessing. Suppose, again, the public to owe nothing. Then A. not having lent his money to the public, would be in possession of it himself, and would go into business without the previous operation of selling stock. Here again, the same quantity of capital is employed as in the former case, though no public debt exists. In neither case is there any creation of active capital, nor other difference than that there is a public debt in the first case, and none in the last; and we may safely ask which of the two situations is most truly a public blessing? If, then, a public debt be no public blessing, we may pronounce *à fortiori*, that a private one cannot be so. If the debt which the banking companies owe be a blessing to any body, it is to themselves alone, who are realizing a solid interest of eight or ten per cent. on it. As to the public, these companies have banished all our gold and silver medium, which, before their institution, we had without interest, which never could have perished in our hands, and would have been our salvation now in the hour of war; instead of which they have given us two hundred million of froth and bubble, on which we are to pay them heavy interest, until it shall vanish into air, as Morris's notes did. We are warranted, then, in affirming that this parody on the principle of "a public debt being a public blessing," and its mutation into the blessing of private instead of public debts, is as ridiculous as the original principle itself. In both cases, the truth is, that capital may be produced by industry, and accumulated by economy; but jugglers only will propose to create it by legerdemain tricks with paper.

DIDO, THE CARTHAGINIAN QUEEN.

[VIRGIL (PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS) a famous and popular Roman poet, born near Mantua, Oct. 15, 70 B. C. He lived in the time of Augustus, the first Emperor of Rome, and was much helped by his chief adviser Mæcenas. The poet was of delicate health, and so retiring in manners that he could hardly have pushed his way without Mæcenas. His principal writings are the "*Bucolics*," also called "*Eclogues*," the "*Georgics*," and the "*Æneid*." In the "*Georgics*" we learn all that the Romans knew of farming and such matters. Virgil died in Brundusium, on his way home from Greece, when fifty-one years old (Sept. 22, 19 B. C.). His grave is near Naples. We give from the Rev. W. Lucas Col lins' "*Ancient Classics*" the following extract from "*The Æneid.*" Æneas, on his flight from Troy, has reached Carthage and relates his adventures.]

"So King Æneas told his tale
While all beside were still—
Rehearsed the fortunes of his sail,
And Fate's mysterious will,
Then to its close his legend brought,
And gladly took the rest he sought."

The Carthaginian queen has been an eager listener to Æneas's story. She is love-stricken—suddenly, and irremediably. But she is terribly ashamed of her own feelings. She finds relief in disclosing them to a very natural confidant—her sister Anna. She confesses her weakness, but avows at the same time a determination not to yield to it. The stranger has interested her deeply, after a fashion which has not touched her since the death of her husband Sichæus.

"Were not my purpose fixed as fate
With none in wedlock's band to mate,—

. . . .

Were bed and bridal aught but pain,—
Perchance I had been weak again."

But her sister—suiting her counsels, as all confidants are apt to do, to the secret wishes rather than to the professions of Dido—encourages the passion. Perpetual widowhood has a romantic sound, but it is not, in Anna's opinion, a desirable estate. Besides, in this newly-planted colony, surrounded as they are by fierce African tribes, an alliance with these Trojan strangers will be a tower of strength. The stout arm of such a husband as Æneas is much needed by a widowed queen. His visit—so Anna thinks—is nothing less than providential—

"'Twas Heaven and Juno's grace that bore,
I ween, these Trojans to our shore."

By all means let them detain their illustrious visitor with them as long as possible—his ships require refitting and his crews refreshment—and the result will not be doubtful.

The advice suits with the queen's new mood too well to be rejected. Together the sisters offer pious sacrifices to the gods—to Juno especially, as the goddess of marriage—to give their sanction to the hoped-for alliance. The restless feelings of the enamoured woman are described in one of the finest and most admired passages of the poem:—

"E'en as a deer whom from afar
A swain, in desultory war,
Where Cretan woods are thick,
Has pierced, as 'mid the trees she lies,
And, all unknowing of his prize,
Has left the dart to stick:
She wanders lawn and forest o'er,
While the fell shaft still drinks her gore.
Now through the city of her pride
She walks, Æneas at her side,
Displays the stores of Sidon's trade,
And stately homes already made:
Begins, but stops she knows not why,
And lets the imperfect utterance die.
Now, as the sunlight wears away,
She seeks the feast of yesterday,
Inquires once more of Troy's eclipse,
And hangs once more upon his lips;
Then, when the guests have gone their ways,
And the dim moon withdraws her rays,
And setting stars to slumber call,
Alone she mourns in that lone hall,
Clasps the dear couch where late he lay,
Beholds him, hears him far away;
Or keeps Ascanius on her knees,
And in the son the father sees,
Might she but steal one peaceful hour
From love's ungovernable power.
No more the growing towers arise,
No more in martial exercise
The youth engage, make strong the fort,
Or shape the basin in a port."

The powers of Olympus here come again upon the scene. Juno sees, not without a secret satisfaction, the prospect of an entanglement between Æneas and Dido, which may detain these hated Trojans in Africa, and so prevent their settlement and dominion in Italy. So Carthage, and not the Rome of the future, may yet be the mistress of the world. She addresses herself at once to the goddess of love—not without a sneer at the success of her snares in poor Dido's case; a sorry triumph it is indeed—two divinities pitted against a weak woman! But come—suppose in this matter they agree to act in concert; let there be a union between the two nations, and let Carthage be the seat of their joint power; its citizen shall pay equal honours to the queen of heaven and the queen of love. Venus understands perfectly well that Juno's motive is at any cost to prevent the foundation of Rome; but having a clearer vision (we must presume) than her great rival of the probable results, she agrees to the terms. There is to be a hunting-party on the morrow and Juno will take care that opportunity shall be given for the furtherance of Dido's passion. The royal hunt is again a striking picture, almost mediæval in its rich colouring:—

"The morn meantime from ocean rose:
Forth from the gates with daybreak goes
The silvan regiment:
Thin nets are there, and spears of steel,
And there Massylian riders wheel,
And dogs of keenest scent.
Before the chamber of her state
Long time the Punic nobles wait
The appearing of the queen:
With gold and purple housings fit
Stands her proud steed, and champs the bit
His foaming jaws between.
At length with long attendant train
She comes: her scarf of Tyrian grain,*
With broidered border decked:
Of gold her quiver: knots of gold
Confine her hair: her vesture's fold
By golden clasp is checked.
The Trojans and Iulus gay
In glad procession take their way.
Æneas, comeliest of the throng,
Joins their proud ranks, and steps along,
As when from Lycia's wintry airs
To Delos' isle Apollo fares;
The Agathyrsian, Dryop, Crete,
In dances round his altar meet:
He on the heights of Cynthus moves,
And binds his hair's loose flow
With cincture of the leaf he loves.
Behind him sounds his bow;—
So firm Æneas' graceful tread,
So bright the glories round his head.

. . . . .

But young Ascanius on his steed
With boyish ardour glows,
And now in ecstacy of speed
He passes these, now those;
For him too peaceful and too tame
The pleasure of the hunted game:
He longs to see the foaming boar,
Or hear the tawny lion's roar.

Meantime, loud thunder-peals resound,
And hail and rain the sky confound:
And Tyrian chiefs and sons of Troy,
And Venus' care, the princely boy,
Seek each his shelter, winged with dread,
While torrents from the hills run red.
Driven haply to the same retreat,
The Dardan chief and Dido meet.
Then Earth, the venerable dame,
And Juno, give the sign;
Heaven lightens with attesting flame,
And bids its torches shine,
And from the summit of the peak
The nymphs shrill out the nuptial shriek.

That day she first began to die;
That day first taught her to defy
The public tongue, the public eye.
No secret love is Dido's aim:
She calls it marriage now; such name
She chooses to conceal her shame.'

A rejected suitor of the Carthaginian queen,—Iarbas, king of Gætulia,—hears the news amongst the rest. He is a reputed son of Jupiter; and now, furious at seeing this wanderer from Troy—"this second Paris," as he calls him—preferred to himself, he appeals for vengeance to his Olympian parent. The appeal is heard, and Mercury is despatched to remind Æneas of his high destinies, which he is forgetting in this dalliance at Carthage. If he has lost all ambition for himself, let him at least remember the rights of his son Ascanius, which he is thus sacrificing to the indulgence of his own wayward passions. The immortal messenger finds the Trojan chief busied in planning the extension of the walls and streets of the new city which he has already adopted as his home. He delivers his message briefly and emphatically, and vanishes. Thus recalled to a full sense of his false position, Æneas is at first horror-struck and confounded. How to disobey the direct commands of Heaven, and run counter to the oracles of fate; how, on the other hand, to break his faith with Dido, and ungratefully betray the too confiding love of his hostess and benefactress; how even to venture to hint to her a word of parting, and how to escape the probable vengeance of the Carthaginian people;—all these considerations crowd into his mind, and perplex him terribly. On the main point, however, his resolution is soon taken. He will obey the mandate of the gods, at any cost. He summons the most trusted of his comrades, and bids them make secret preparations to set sail once more in quest of their home in Italy. He promises himself that he will either find or make some opportunity of breaking the news of his departure to Dido.

This is the turning-point of the poem; and here it is that the interest to a modern reader, so far as the mere plot of the story is concerned, is sadly marred by the way in which the hero thus cuts himself off from all our sympathies. His most ingenious apologists—and he has found many—appeal to us in vain. Upon the audience or the readers of his own time, no doubt, the effect might have been different. To the critics of Augustus's court, love—or what they understood by it—was a mere weakness in the hero. The call which Heaven had conveyed to him was to found the great empire of the future; and because he obeys the call at the expense of his tenderest feelings, the poet gives him always his distinctive epithet—the "pious" Æneas. The word "pious," it must be remembered, implies in the Latin the recognition of all duties to one's country and one's parents, as well as to the gods. And in all these senses Æneas would deserve it. But to an English mind, the "piety" which pleads the will of Heaven as an excuse for treachery to a woman, only adds a deeper hue of infamy to the transaction. It

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* This was the dye procured from the shell-fish called murex—especially costly, because each fish contained but a single drop of the precious tincture.

> "Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."

But our story must not wait for us to discuss too curiously the morals of the hero. Æneas has thought to make his preparations without the knowledge of the queen—while she

> "Still dreams her happy dream, nor thinks
> That aught can break those golden links."

But as the poet goes on to say, "Who can cheat the eyes of love?" Dido soon learns his change of purpose, and taxes him openly with his baseness and ingratitude. The whole of this fourth book of the Æneid—"The Passion of Dido," as it has been called—is of a very high order of tragic pathos. The queen is by turns furious and pathetic; now she hurls menaces and curses against her false lover, now she condescends to pitiable entreaty. The Trojan chief's defence, such as it is, is that he had never meant to stay. He is bound, the pilgrim of Heaven, for Latium. His father Anchises is warning him continually in the visions of the night not to linger here: and now the messenger of the gods in person has come to chide this fond delay.

The grand storm of wrath in which the injured queen bursts upon him in reply has severely taxed the powers of all Virgil's English translators. They seem to have felt themselves no more of a match for "the fury of a woman scorned" than Æneas was. Certainly they all fail, more or less, to give the fire and bitterness of the original. The heroics of Dryden suit it better, perhaps, than any other measure:—

> "False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn!
> Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
> But hewn from hardened entrails of a rock,
> And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
> Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear
> Did he once look, or lend a listening ear,
> Sigh when I sobbed, or shed one kindly tear?
> All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind—
> So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
> Of man's injustice why should I complain?
> The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
> Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies;
> Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes:
> Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
> Justice is fled, and truth is now no more.
> I saved the shipwrecked exile on my shore:
> With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
> I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
> Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
> The rest—I stored and rigged his ruined fleet.
> I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads!
> And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
> Now Lycian lots; and now the Delian god;
> Now Hermes is employed from Jove's abode,
> To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
> Of heavenly powers were touched with human fate!
> But go: thy flight no longer I detain—
> Go seek thy promised kingdom through the main!
> Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
> The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
> Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
> To thy proud vessels and their perjured lord.
> Then shalt thou call on injured Dido's name:
> Dido shall come, in a black sulph'ry flame,
> When death has once dissolved her mortal frame,
> Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
> Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
> Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep,
> At least my shade thy punishment shall know:
> And fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

> "Her speech half done she breaks away,
> And sickening shuns the light of day,
>   And tears her from his gaze;
> While he, with thousand things to say,
>   Still falters and delays:
> Her servants lift the sinking fair,
> And to her marble chamber bear."

The Trojans prepare to depart; but the enamored queen makes one more despairing effort to detain her faithless guest. She sends her sister to ask at least for some short space of delay—until she shall have schooled herself to bear his loss. Æneas is obdurate in his "piety." Then her last resolve is taken. She cheats her sister into the belief that she has found some spells potent enough to restrain the truant lover. Part of the charm is that his armour, and all that had belonged to him while in her company, must be consumed by fire. So a lofty pile is built in the palace-court; but it is to be the funeral pile of Dido. As she looks forth from the turret of her palace at daybreak, she sees the ships of Æneas already far in the offing; for, warned again by Mercury, that there will be risk of his departure being prevented by force if he delays, he has already set sail under cover of the night. For a moment the queen thinks of ordering her seamen to give chase; but it is a mere passing phase of her despair. She contents herself with imprecating an eternal enmity between his race and hers—fulfilled, as the poet means us to bear in mind, in the long and bloody wars betwen Rome and Carthage.

"And, Tyrians, you through time to come
His seed with deathless hatred chase:
Be that your gift to Dido's tomb:
No love, no league 'twixt race and race,
Rise from my ashes scourge of crime,
Born to pursue the Dardan horde
To-day, to-morrow, through all time,
Oft as our hands can wield the sword:
Fight shore with shore, fight sea with sea,
Fight all that are or e'er shall be!"

With a master's hand the poet enhances the glories of his country by this prophetic introduction of the terrible Hannibal. The peaceful empire of the Cæsar, before whom East and West bow, is thrown into the broadest light by reference to those early days when Rome lay almost at the mercy of her implacable enemy.

"Then, maddening over crime, the queen
With bloodshot eyes, and sanguine streaks
Fresh painted on her quivering cheeks,
And wanning o'er with death foreseen,
Through inner portals widely fares,
Scales the high pile with swift ascent,
Takes up the Dardan sword and bears—
Sad gift, for different uses meant.
She eyed the robes with wistful look,
And pausing, thought awhile and wept:
Then pressed her to the couch and spoke
Her last good-night or ere she slept.
'Sweet relics of a time of love,
When fate and heaven were kind,
Receive my life-blood, and remove
These torments of the mind.
My life is lived, and I have played
The part that Fortune gave,
And now I pass, a queenly shade,
Majestic to the grave.
A glorious city I have built,
Have seen my walls ascend;
Chastised for blood of husband spilt,
A brother yet no friend:
Blest lot; yet lacked one blessing more,
That Troy had never touched my shore!'"

So she mounts the funeral pile, and stabs herself with the Trojan's sword, her sister Anna coming upon the scene only in time to receive the parting breath.

ON MEMORY.

[DUGALD STEWART, a Scottish metaphysician of great eminence, was professor of moral philosophy in the College of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1753, and died 1828. His "*Philosophy of the Human Mind*," (1792,) "*Moral Philosophy*," (1793,) "*Progress of Philosophy*," (1816,) *and* "*Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*," (1828,) are his principal works.]

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and learn to recognize, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to the curiosity.

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him—not with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing;

yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by the far greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second, by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.

DEATH OF ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

From the *Loves of the Plants.*

[Dr. ERASMUS DARWIN, an English naturalist and didactic poet, born 1731, died 1802, wrote a widely circulated poem entitled "*The Botanic Garden*" (1791), explaining the economy of vegetation and the loves of plants. Also, "*Zoonomia*" (1794), "*Phytologia*" (1799), and "*The Temple of Nature*" (1803).]

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;

Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, “They run! they run!”
“Great God!” she cried, “he 's safe! the battle's won!”
A ball now hisses through the airy tides—
Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!—
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
“Ah me!” she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
“O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, O wait my love's return!”
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
“O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me,” she cried, “exhaust your rage!”
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
“Eliza” echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
“Speak low,” he cries, and gives his little hand,
“Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;”
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast:
“Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake.”
“She 'll wake no more!” the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
“O heavens!” he cried, “my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!”
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

SONG TO MAY.

From the *Loves of the Plants.*

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the spring!

THE BUSTLING, AFFECTIONATE, LITTLE AMERICAN WOMAN.

There was a little woman on board with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was; and all day long she wondered whether “he” would be at the wharf; and whether “he” had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, “he” would know it, meeting it in the street; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady-passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring every time we met at table, as if in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen-dried, apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lapdog), old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him, in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good-humour, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shewn by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear "him" asking for her—but I did not see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there!—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterwards there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep!

Dickens' American Notes.

SOCIETY IN BAGDAD.

FROM SIR R. KER PORTER'S TRAVELS.

[SIR ROBERT KER PORTER, 1775–1842, an English traveller and author, lived many years in Russia, and published several widely-read volumes of travels in Russia, Sweden, Portugal, Spain and the east.]

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissued muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak-Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak-Ajemi. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare them-serves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock, supper is produced, when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between the second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangour of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually become fainter and fainter; first one and then another of the visitors—while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god—sink down under the drowsy influence, till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with hand-maids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. "As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids," the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the mutterings of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower, and tripping lightly forward with garments, and perhaps looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kaliouns, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., toward noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

[David Vedder, born 1790, died 1854, a British writer of graceful rhymes, whose best known work is "*Orcadian Sketches*," (1832), published a volume of collected poems in 1842.]

Talk not of temples—there is one
  Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
  And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky;
  Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity—
  All Nature worships there!

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
  The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
  Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
  As if with hallowed victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
  All Nature worships there!

The Ocean heaves resistlessly,
  And pours its glittering treasure forth;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
  Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
  As if they murmured praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
  All Nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
  The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
  In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,
  From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
  All Nature worships there!

THE THREE WARNINGS.

[MRS. THRALE is author of an interesting little moral poem, the "*Three Warnings*," which is so superior to her other compositions, that it was supposed to have been partly written, or at least corrected by Johnson. It first appeared in a volume of "*Miscellanies*," published by Mrs. Anna Williams (the blind inmate of Johnson's house) in 1766. Hester Lynch Salisbury (afterwards Mrs. Thrale) was a native of Bodvel, Carnarvonshire, born in 1739. In 1763 she was married to Mr. Henry Thrale, an eminent brewer, who had taste enough to appreciate the rich and varied conversation of Johnson, and whose hospitality and wealth afforded the great moralist an asylum in his house. After the death of this excellent man in 1781, his widow in 1784 married Signior Piozzi, an Italian music-master, a step which Johnson never could forgive. The lively lady proceeded with her husband on a continental tour, and they took up their abode for some time on the banks of the Arno. In 1785, she published a volume of miscellaneous pieces, entitled "*The Florentine Miscellany*," and afforded a subject for the satire of Gifford, whose "*Baviad and Mæviad*" was written to lash the Della Cruscan songsters with whom Mrs. Piozzi was associated. Returning to England she became a rather voluminous writer. In 1786 she issued "*Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*;" in 1788, "*Letters to and from Dr. Johnson*;" in 1789, "*A Journey through France, Italy, and Germany*;" in 1794, "*British Synonymy, or an Attempt at regulating the Choice of Words in familiar Conversation*;" in 1801, "*Retrospection, or a Review of the most striking and important Events, etc., which the late* 1800 *years have presented to the view of Mankind, etc.*" In her 80th year Mrs. Piozzi had a flirtation with a young actor, William Augustus Conway, aged 27. A collection of her "love-letters" was surreptitiously published in 1843. She died at Clifton, May 2, 1821. Mrs. Piozzi's eldest daughter, Viscountess Keith (Johnson's "Queeny"), lived to the age of 95, and one of her sisters to the age of 90.]

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death so near:

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;

And your authority—is't regal?
Else you come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings;
So come along; no more we'll part;"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

EXTRACTS FROM DEAN STANLEY.

[ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D. Dean of Westminster, born 1815, was a pupil of Dr. Thomas Arnold (whose life he afterward wrote) at Rugby School, graduated at Oxford, 1838, where he became tutor and professor of ecclesiastical history, taking orders in the Church of England, of which he became noted as one of the most liberal and scholarly members. His chief works are "*Sinai and Palestine*" (1856), "*History of the Eastern Church*" (1861), "*History of the Jewish Church*" (1862–76), "*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*" (1867), and many volumes of sermons, essays, etc. He died in 1881.]

We make the following extracts as examples of his clear scholarly style:

THE OLDEST OBELISK IN THE WORLD—THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT HELIOPOLIS.

Rising wild amidst garden shrubs is the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow: of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.

THE CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.

The relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called "the wilderness," including always that of Sinai, was "the pasture." Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnish sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouins who constitute the present population of the peninsula.

Along the mountain ledges green,
The scattered sheep at will may glean
The Desert's spicy stores.

So were they seen following the daughters or the shepherd-slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black-veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Tiyâha, Towâra, or Alouin tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs, present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one sacred tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages, marked by rude inclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of "Hazeroth," and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial-grounds, with the many nameless headstones, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress—at Massah, at Sinai, at Kibroth-hattaavah, "the graves of desire." The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one "going out to meet the other," the "obeisance," the "kiss" on each side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultations, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of sheiks, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towâra.

CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self-indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived; he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine: "When deep reflection had brought together and heaped all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears." He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig-tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit: "How long? how long?—to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now—why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?" "So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart," he says, "when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read, take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find." . . . There lay the volume of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study. "I seized it," he says, "I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell. '*Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof.*' No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away."

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses; how his mother's heart was rejoiced; how he was baptized by the great Ambrose; how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher since the Apostles. It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of St. Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes.

THE METAMORPHOSES OR TRANSFORMATIONS.

[Publius Ovidius Naso, the great Roman poet, was born at Sulmo, about 90 miles from Rome, March 20th, B. C., 43, died in exile, A. D., 18. He came of a noble family, and was educated in the best accomplishments of the times. After travelling through Sicily, Greece, and Asia, he settled in Rome, forming one of that galaxy of talent which distinguished the Augustan era. When 50 years old he was banished to Torni, on the Euxine, which event he immortalizes in his "*Tristia.*" His works are, "*The Amores,*" the picture of a dissolute age, "*The Roman Fasti,*" and "*The Metamorphoses,*" of which we present the Rev. Alfred Church's abridgement from "The Ancient Classics."]

Ovid tells us that before he was banished he had written, but not corrected, the fifteen books of the "Metamorphoses," and had also composed twelve books (only six have been preserved) of the "Fasti" or Roman Calendar. These are his chief surviving poems.

In the "Metamorphoses" we have the largest and most important of Ovid's works; and, if we view it as a whole, the greatest monument of his poetical genius. The plan of the book is to collect together, out of the vast mass of Greek mythology and legend, the various stories which turn on the change of men and women from the human form into animals, plants, or inanimate objects. Nor are the tales merely collected. Such a collection would have been inevitably monotonous and tiresome. With consummate skill the poet arranges and connects them together. The thread of connection is often slight; sometimes it is broken altogether. But it is sufficiently continuous to keep alive the reader's interest; which is, indeed, often excited by the remarkable ingenuity of the transition from one tale to another. But it did not escape the author's perception, that to repeat over and over again the story of a marvel which must have been as incredible to his own contemporaries as it is to us, would have been to insure failure. Hence the metamorphoses themselves occupy but a small part of the book, which finds its real charm and beauty in the brilliant episodes, for the introduction of which they supply the occasion.

How far the idea was Ovid's own it is impossible to say. Two Greek poets are known to have written on the same subject. One of them was Nicander, of Colophon, in Asia Minor, an author of the second century B. C., attached, it would seem, to the court of Pergamus, which, under the dynasty of the Attali, was a famous centre of literary activity. Of his work, the "Changes" (for so we may translate its Greek title), only a few fragments are preserved, quite insufficient to give us any idea of its merits or methods. Parthenius, a native of the Bithynian Nicæa, so famous in ecclesiastical history, may be credited with having given some hints to the Roman poet,—to whom, indeed, as a contemporary,* and connected with the great literary circle of Rome, he was probably known. Parthenius, we know on good authority, taught the Greek language to Virgil, who condescended to borrow at least one line from his preceptor. His "Metamorphoses" have entirely perished. We have only the probability of the case to warrant us in supposing that Ovid was under obligations to him. Of these obligations, indeed, no ancient authority speaks; and it is safe, probably, to conjecture that they were inconsiderable—nothing, certainly, like what Virgil owed to Homer, Hesiod, and Theocritus.

It would weary the reader, not to mention the space which the execution of such a task would require, to conduct him along the whole course of the metamorphoses—from the description of Chaos, with which the poet begins, to the transformation of the murdered Cæsar into a comet, with which, not following the customary adulation to the successor of the great Dictator, he concludes. Specimens must suffice; and the book is one which, better than any other great poem that can be mentioned, specimens may adequately represent.

The first book begins, as has been said, with a description of Chaos. "Nothing," says Bayle, in his satirical fashion, "could be clearer and more intelligible than this description, if we consider only the poetical phrases; but if we examine its philosophy, we find it confused and contradictory—a chaos, in fact, more hideous than that which he has described." Bayle, however, looked for what the poet never pretended to give. His cosmogony is, at least, as intelligible as any other; and it is expressed with marvellous force of language, culminating in one of the noblest of the poet's efforts, the description of the creation of man, the crown and masterpiece of the newly-made world.

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* Parthenius died at an advanced age, about the beginning of the reign of Tiberius.

"Something yet lacked—some holier being —dowered
With lofty soul, and capable of rule
And governance o'er all besides,—and Man
At last had birth:—whether from seed divine
Of Him, the artificer of things, and cause
Of the amended world,—or whether Earth
Yet new, and late from Æther separate, still
Retained some lingering germs of kindred Heaven,
Which wise Prometheus, with the plastic aid
Of water borrowed from the neighbouring stream,
Formed in the likeness of the all-ordering Gods;
And, while all other creatures sought the ground
With downward aspect grovelling, gave to man
His port sublime, and bade him scan, erect,
The heavens, and front with upward gaze the stars.
And thus earth's substance, rude and shapeless erst,
Transmuted took the novel form of Man."*

The four ages of the world thus created are described; and to the horrors of the last of these, the Age of Iron, succeeds the tale of its crowning wickedness—the attempt of the giants to scale the heights of heaven. Jupiter smites down the assailants, and the earth brings forth from their blood

"A race of Gods
Contemptuous, prone to violence and lust
Of strife, and bloody-minded, born from blood."

Jupiter calls his fellow-gods to council, and they pass to his hall along the way—

"Sublime of milky whiteness, whence its name."

He inveighs against the enormities of man, recounting what he had himself witnessed when he had—

"Putting off the God,
Disguised in human semblance walked the world."

Many shameful sights he had witnessed, but the worst horror had met him in the hall of Lycaon, the Arcadian king, who, after attempting to murder his guest, had served up to him a feast of human flesh. Lycaon, indeed, had paid the penalty of his crime:—

"Terror-struck he fled,
And through the silence of the distant plains
Wild howling, vainly strove for human voice.
His maddened soul his form infects:—his arms
To legs are changed, his robes to shaggy hide;—
Glutting on helpless flocks his ancient lust
Of blood, a wolf he prowls,—retaining still
Some traces of his earlier self,—the same
Grey fell of hair—the red fierce glare of eye
And savage mouth,—alike in beast and man!"

But a wider vengeance was needed. The whole race of man must be swept away. Thus we come to a description of the deluge. Of all mankind, two only are left,—Deucalion, son of Prometheus, and Pyrrha, daughter of the brother Titan Epimetheus—

"Than he no better, juster man had lived;
Than she no woman holier."

Seeking to know how the earth may be replenished with the race of man, they receive this mysterious command—

"Behind you fling your mighty Mother's bones!"

Deucalion, as becomes the son of so sagacious a father, discovers its meaning. The "mighty mother" is earth, the stones her bones.

"They descend
The mount, and, with veiled head and vest ungirt,
Behind them, as commanded, fling the stones.
And lo!—a tale past credence, did not all
Antiquity attest it true,—the stones
Their natural rigour lose, by slow degrees
Softening and softening into form; and grow,
And swell with milder nature, and assume
Rude semblance of a human shape, not yet

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* Two lines of Dryden's version are here worth quoting:—

"Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies."

Distinct, but like some statue new-conceived
And half expressed in marble. What they had
Of moist or earthy in their substance, turns
To flesh :—what solid and inflexible
Forms into bones ;—their veins as veins remain :—
Till, in brief time, and by the Immortals' grace,
The man-tossed pebbles live and stand up men,
And women from the woman's cast revive.
So sprang our hard enduring race, which speaks
Its origin—fit fruit of such a stock."

But while man was thus created—

"All other life in various shapes the Earth
Spontaneous bare, soon as the Sun had kissed
Her bosom yet undried, and mud and marsh
Stirred with ferment."

Among these creatures, equivalents of the monstrous saurians of modern geological science, springs

"Huge Python, serpent-prodigy, the dread
Of the new world, o'er half the mountain's side
Enormous coiled. But him the Archer-God,
With all his quiver's store of shafts, untried
Till now on aught save deer or nimble goat,
Smote to the death, and from a thousand wounds
Drained the black torrent of his poisonous gore :—
And, that the memory of the deed might live
Through after-time, his famous festival
And Pythian contest, from the monster's name
So called, ordained."

Flushed with his victory over the monster, Apollo meets Cupid, and asks him what right he has to such a manly weapon as the bow. Cupid retaliates by a shaft which sets the Sun-God's heart on fire with a passion for Daphne, daughter of Peneus, fairest and chastest of nymphs. She flies from his pursuit, and, when flight is ineffectual, is changed at her own prayer into a laurel. The god makes the best of his defeat :—

"'And if,' he cries,
'Thou canst not now my consort be, at least
My tree thou *shalt* be! Still thy leaves shall crown
My locks, my lyre, my quiver. Thine the brows
Of Latium's lords to wreathe, what time the voice
Of Rome salutes the triumph, and the pomp
Of long procession scales the Capitol.
Before the gates Augustan shalt thou stand
Their hallowed guardian, high amid thy boughs
Bearing the crown to civic merit due :—
And, as my front with locks that know no steel
Is ever youthful, ever be thine own
Thus verdant, with the changing year unchanged!'"

The news of the strange event spreads far and wide, and to Peneus

"Throng
The brother-Powers of all the neighbour-floods,
Doubtful or to congratulate or condole
The parent's hap."

One only was absent, Inachus,

"Whom grief
Held absent, in his cave's recess, with tears
His flood augmenting."

(One of the frigid conceits with which Ovid often betrays a faulty taste.) His grief was for his daughter Io, whom he has lost, changed by Juno into a heifer. The feelings of the transformed maiden are told with some pathos.

"By the loved banks she strays
Of Inachus, her childhood's happy haunt,
And in the stream strange horns reflected views,
Back-shuddering at the sight. The Naiads see
And know her not :—nor Inachus himself
Can recognise his child,—though close her sire
She follows—close her sister-band,—and courts
Their praise, and joys to feel their fondling hands.
Some gathered herbs her father proffers—mute,
She licks and wets with tears his honoured palm,
And longs for words to ask his aid, and tell
Her name, her sorrows."

She contrives to tell her tale in letters scraped by her hoof. Then Argus, the hundred-eyed herdsman, to whom Juno has committed her, drives her to other pastures. Then Mercury finds him, charms him to slumber with the song of Syrinx, transformed into a reed to escape the love of Pan, and slays him.

"So waned at once
The light which filled so many eyes ; one night
Closed all the hundred. But Saturnia's care

Later renewed their fires, and bade them shine,
Gem-like, amid the peacock's radiant plumes."

In Egypt, Io gives birth to her son Epaphus, and Epaphus, growing up, has among his companions one Phaëton,—

"Apollo's child, whom once, with boastful tongue,
Vaunting his birth divine, and claiming rank
Superior, the Inachian checked"

with the taunt that his divine parentage was all a fable. The furious youth seeks his mother, and demands whether the story is true. It is, she says; and she bids him seek the Sun-God himself, and hear the truth from his lips. The famous description of the Sun-God's palace follows:—

"Sublime on lofty columns, bright with gold
And fiery carbuncle, its roof inlaid
With ivory, rose the Palace of the Sun,
Approached by folding gates with silver sheen
Radiant; material priceless,—yet less prized
For its own worth than what the cunning head
Of Mulciber thereon had wrought,—the globe
Of Earth,—the Seas that wash it round,—the Skies
That overhang it. 'Mid the waters played
Their Gods cærulean. Triton with his horn
Was there, and Proteus of the shifting shape,
And old Ægeon, curbing with firm hand
The monsters of the deep. Her Nereids there
Round Doris sported, seeming, some to swim,
Some on the rocks their dresses green to dry,
Some dolphin-borne to ride; nor all in face
The same, nor different;—so should sisters be.
Earth showed her men, and towns, and woods, and beasts,
And streams, and nymphs, and rural deities:
And over all the mimic Heaven was bright
With the twelve Zodiac signs, on either valve
Of the great portal figured,—six on each."

Phaëton begs his father to confirm his word by granting any boon that he may ask; and, the god consenting, asks that he may drive his chariot for a day. Phaëton is the stock example of "fiery ambition o'ervaulting itself;" and the story of his fall may be passed over, though it abounds with passages of splendid description. Eridanus or Po receives the fallen charioteer. His weeping sisters are transformed into poplars on its banks.

"But yet they weep:—and, in the Sun, their tears
To amber harden, by the clear stream caught
And borne, the gaud and grace of Latian maids."

We have reached the middle of the second out of fifteen books. We will try their quality at another place.

Perseus, son of Jupiter, is on his travels, mounted on the winged steed Pegasus, and armed with the head of the Gorgon Medusa. He comes to the house of Atlas, "hugest of the human race"—

"To whom the bounds
Of Earth and Sea were subject, where the Sun
Downward to Ocean guides his panting steeds
And in the waves his glowing axle cools."

He asks shelter and hospitality; but the Titan, mindful of how Theseus had told him how a son of Jupiter should one day rob him of his orchard's golden fruit, refuses the boon. The indignant hero cries—

"'Then take
From me this gift at parting!' and his look
Askance he turned, and from his left arm flashed
Full upon Atlas' face the Gorgon-Head,
With all its horrors:—and the Giant-King
A Giant mountain stood! His beard, his hair
Were forests:—into crags his shoulders spread
And arms:—his head the crowning summit towered:—
His bones were granite. So the Fates fulfilled
Their hest;—and all his huge proportions swelled
To vaster bulk, and ample to support
The incumbent weight of Heaven and all its Stars."

Perseus pursues his journey, and reaches the Lybian shore, where the beautiful Andromeda is chained to a rock, to expiate by becoming the sea-monster's prey her mother's foolish boast of beauty.

"Bound by her white arms to the rugged rocks
The Maid he saw:—and were't not for the breeze
That gave her tresses motion, and the tears
That trickled down her pallid cheeks,—had sure
Some marble statue deemed."

The reader may like to see how a modern poet has treated the same subject. It is Perseus who speaks:

"From afar, unknowing, I marked thee,
Shining, a snow-white cross on the dark-green walls of the sea-cliff;
Carven in marble I deemed thee, a perfect work of the craftsman,
Likeness of Amphitrite, or far-famed Queen Cytherea.
Curious I came, till I saw how thy tresses streamed in the sea-wind,
Glistening, black as the night, and thy lips moved slow in thy wailing."

Mr. Kingsley's hero delivers the maiden, trusting to her for his reward. Ovid's Perseus, less chivalrous, perhaps, but more in accordance with ancient modes of thought, bargains with her father and mother that he shall have her for his wife, before he begins the conflict with the destroyer. On the other hand, it may be placed to his credit that he slays the beast with his falchion, without recourse to the terrible power of the Gorgon head. Ovid's taste seems a little in fault in the next passage. Perseus wraps up his dangerous weapon in sea-weed, which freezes, and stiffens at its touch into stony leaf and stalk. The sea-nymphs, in delight, repeat the experiment, sow "the novel seeds" about their realm, and so produce the coral. To us it seems a puerile conceit, diminishing the beauty of a noble legend. Ovid, probably, thought only of completing his work, by introducing every fable of transformation he could find.

After victory comes due sacrifice to the gods, and then Cepheus makes the marriage-feast for his daughter. To the assembled guests Perseus tells the story of how he had won the Gorgon's head. In the midst of their talk comes a sudden interruption of no friendly kind. Phineus, brother of Cepheus, bursts with an armed throng into the hall, and demands Andromeda, who had been promised to him in marriage. A fierce battle ensues; and Ovid, in describing it, seems to challenge comparison with the great masters of epic. The young hero, true to his principles, defends himself with mortal weapons, and works prodigies of valour. It is only when he finds his friends crushed by overpowering numbers that he bares the dreadful Head, and turns it on the assailants;—first as they press forward, one by one, then on the crowd, and last on the leader himself.

"He flashed
Full on the cowering wretch the Gorgon-Head.
Vainly he strove to shun it! Into stone
The writhing neck was stiffened:—white the eyes
Froze in their sockets:—and the statue still,
With hands beseeching spread, and guilty fear
Writ in its face, for mercy seemed to pray."

Perseus then bore his bride to Argos, where the Head recovers from the usurping Proetus his grandfather's kingdom, and turns to stone the incredulous Polydectes, tyrant of Seriphus.

Here we leave Perseus; and Pallas, who has been his helper throughout his toils, goes to Helicon, there to inquire of the Muses about the strange fountain which she hears has sprung from the hoof-dint of the winged Pegasus. Urania, speaking for the sisterhood, tells her that the tale is true; and when the goddess speaks of the beauty and peace of their retreat, narrates the story of how they escaped from the tyrant Pyreneus by help of their wings, and how he, seeking to follow them, had been dashed in pieces. As she speaks, a

"Whirr of wings
Came rustling overhead, and from the boughs
Voices that bade him 'Hail!'—so human-clear
That upward Pallas turned her wondering gaze
To see who spoke. She saw but Birds:—a row
Thrice three, of Pies, at imitative sounds
Deftest of winged things, that, on a branch
Perched clamorous, seemed as though some woful fate
They wailed and strove to tell."

Urania explains the marvel. They had been nine sisters, daughters of Pierus, "Lord of Pella's field," and proud of their skill in music and song; and, deeming that there lay some magic in their mystic number they challenged the sister Muses to contend. The challenge had been accepted, and the Nymphs swore by all their river-gods to judge fairly between the two. One of the daughters of Pierus had sung, and her song had been treason to the gods, for it told how, in fear of the Titan onset of the sons of earth, the lords of heaven had fled, disguised in all strange shapes. Then the Muses had replied; but Pallas thinks Urania will not care to hear their song. Not so, replies the goddess; so the tale is told. Calliope had been their chosen champion, and her theme had been how Pluto had carried off Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, to share his gloomy throne in Hades, and how the mourning mother sought her child in every region of the earth.

A touch of the ludicrous comes in, the fate of the mocking Stellio:—

"Weary and travel-worn,—her lips unwet
With water,—at a straw-thatched cottage door
The Wanderer knocked. An ancient crone came forth
And saw her need, and hospitable brought
Her bowl of barley-broth, and bade her drink.
Thankful she raised it:—but a graceless boy
And impudent stood by, and, ere the half
Was drained, 'Ha! ha! see how the glutton swills!'
With insolent jeer he cried. The Goddess' ire
Was roused, and as he spoke, what liquor yet
The bowl retained full in his face she dashed.
His cheeks broke out in blotches:—what were arms
Turned legs, and from the shortened trunk a tail
Tapered behind. Small mischief evermore
Might that small body work:—the lizard's self
Was larger now than he. With terror shrieked
The crone, and weeping stooped her altered child
To raise;—the little monster fled her grasp
And wriggled into hiding. Still his name
His nature tells, and, from the star-like spots
That mark him, known as Stellio crawls the Newt."

At last, after a fruitless quest, she wanders back to Sicily, the land where the lost one had last been seen. And then the secret is half-revealed. Cyane, chief of Sicilian nymphs, had tried to bar the passage of Pluto as he was descending with his captive, and had been dissolved into water by the wrath of the god. But she tells what she can, and shows, floating on her waves, the zone which Proserpina had dropped. Then the mother knew her loss, and in her wrath banned with barrenness the ungrateful earth. But who was the robber? That she finds another nymph to tell her. Arethusa had seen her:—

"All the depths
Of earth I traverse:—where her caverns lie
Darkest and nethermost I pass, and here
Uprising, look once more upon the Stars.
And in my course I saw her! yea, these eyes,
As past the Stygian realm my waters rolled,
Proserpina beheld! Still sad she seemed,
And still her cheek some trace of terror wore,
But all a Queen, and, in that dismal world,
Greatest in place and majesty,—the wife
Of that tremendous God who rules in Hell."

The wretched mother flies to the throne of Jupiter. She must have back her child. She does not take account of the great throne which she shares. And Jove grants the request, but only—for so the Fates have willed it—on this condition, that no food should have passed her lips in the realms below. Alas! the condition cannot be fulfilled. She had plucked a pomegranate in the garden of the Shades, and had eaten seven of its grains. Ascalaphus, son of the gloomy deities Woe and Darkness, had seen her, and he told the tale. The mother takes her revenge:—

"With water snatched from Phlegethon
His brow she sprinkled. Instant, beak and plumes
And larger eyes were his, and tawny wings
His altered form uplifted, and his head
Swelled disproportioned to his size: his nails
Curved crooked into claws,—and heavily
His pinions beat the air. A bird accursed,
Augur of coming sorrow, still to Man
Ill-ominous and hateful flits the Owl."

But Jove reconciles her to her grim son-in-law. Proserpina was to spend six months in hell and six on earth, and the satisfied mother has leisure to seek Arethusa, and find how she had learned the secret. She hears in reply how she had fled from the pursuit of Alpheus from her native home in Achaia, and had passed through all the depths of earth till she rose again to the light in Sicily. The story told, Ceres hastens to Athens, and there teaches the youth Triptolemus the secrets of husbandry, and bids him journey in her dragon-car over the world to spread the new knowledge. At the court of the Scythian Lyncus he is treacherously assailed by his host, but Ceres stays the murderer's hand, and changes him into a lynx. Here, after digressions which strongly remind us of the "Arabian Nights," we come to the end of Calliope's song. Then Urania tells how the Nymphs, with one voice, accorded victory to the Muses; and how the Pierian sisters—whose name, by the way, their successful rivals seem to have appropriated—rebelled against the judgment, and found the penalty in transformation into Pies. The story then passes on to the revenge which Pallas herself has had on a mortal rival. The poet—with true tact,—does not make her tell the tale herself, for she seems to have conquered by power, not by skill. Arachne, a Lydian maid, brought all the world to look at her wondrous spinning. They swear that

Pallas herself had taught her, but she disdains such praise;—her art was all her own. Let Pallas come to compare her skill. And Pallas came, but at first in shape of an ancient dame, who counsels the bold maiden to be content with victory over mortal competitors, but to avoid dangerous challenge to the gods. The advice is given in vain. Arachne rushes upon her fate. The goddess reveals herself, and the contest was begun. An admirable piece of word-painting follows:—

"The looms were set,—the webs
Were hung: beneath their fingers nimbly plied
The subtle fabrics grew, and warp and woof,
Transverse, with shuttle and with slay compact
Were pressed in order fair. And either girt
Her mantle close, and eager wrought; the toil
Itself was pleasure to the skilful hands
That knew so well their task. With Tyrian hue
Of purple blushed the texture, and all shades
Of colour, blending imperceptibly
Each into each. So, when the wondrous bow
What time some passing shower hath dashed the sun
Spans with its mighty arch the vault of Heaven,
A thousand colours deck it, different all,
Yet all so subtly interfused that each
Seems one with that which joins it, and the eye
But by the contrast of the extremes perceives
The intermediate change. And last, with thread
Of gold embroidery pictured, on the web
Lifelike expressed, some antique fable glowed."

Pallas pictures the Hill of Mars at Athens, where the gods had sat in judgment in the strife between herself and Neptune as to who should be the patron deity of that fair city.

"There stood the God
Of Seas, and with his trident seemed to smite
The rugged rock, and from the cleft out-sprang
The Steed that for its author claimed the town.
Herself, with shield and spear of keenest barb
And helm, she painted; on her bosom gleamed
The Ægis: with her lance's point she struck
The earth, and from its breast the Olive bloomed,
Pale, with its berried fruit:—and all the gods
Admiring gazed, adjudging in that strife
The victory hers."

Arachne, disloyal, as the daughters of Pierus had been, to the Lords of Heaven, pictures them in the base disguises to which love for mortal women had driven them. But her work is so perfect that—

"Not Pallas, nay, not Envy's self, could fault
In all the work detect."

The furious goddess smites her rival twelve times on the forehead:—

"The high-souled Maid
Such insult not endured, and round her neck
Indignant twined the suicidal noose,
And so had died. But as she hung, some ruth
Stirred in Minerva's breast:—the pendent form
She raised, and 'Live!' she said—'but hang thou still
For ever, wretch! and through all future time
Even to thy latest race bequeath thy doom!'
And as she parted, sprinkled her with juice
Of aconite. With venom of that drug
Infected dropped her tresses, nose and ear
Were lost; her form to smallest bulk compressed
A head minutest crowned;—to slenderest legs
Jointed on either side her fingers changed:
Her body but a bag, whence still she draws
Her filmy threads, and, with her ancient art,
Weaves the fine meshes of her Spider's web."

Leaving the goddess in the enjoyment of this doubtful victory, the story passes on to the tale of Niobe. What has been given occupies in the original a space about equivalent to a book and a half.

Sometimes Ovid gives us an opportunity of comparing him with a great master of his own art. A notable instance of the kind is the story of how Orpheus went down to the lower world in search of his lost Eurydice; how he won her by the charms of his song from the unpitying Gods of death, and lost her again on the very borders of life.

"So sang he, and according to his plaint,
As wailed the strings, the bloodless Ghosts were moved
To weeping. By the lips of Tantalus
Unheeded slipped the wave;—Ixion's wheel
Forgot to whirl; the Vulture's bloody feast
Was stayed; awhile the Belides forbore
Their leaky urns to dip;—and Sisyphus
Sate listening on his stone. Then first, they say,—
The iron cheeks of the Eumenides
Were wet with pity. Of the nether realm
Nor king nor Queen had heart to say him nay.
Forth from a host of new-descended Shades
Eurydice was called; and, halting yet

Slow with her recent wound she came—alive,
On one condition to her spouse restored,
That, till Avernus' vale is passed and earth
Regained, he look not backward, or the boon
Is null and forfeit. Through the silent realm
Upward against the steep and fronting hill
Dark with obscurest gloom, the way he led:
And now the upper air was all but won,
When, fearful lest the toil o'er-task her strength
And yearning to behold the form he loved,
An instant back he looked,—and back the Shade
That instant fled! The arms that wildly strove
To clasp and stay her clasped but yielding air!
No word of plaint even in that second Death
Against her Lord she uttered,—how could Love
Too anxious be upbraided?—but one last
And sad 'Farewell!' scarce audible, she sighed,
And vanished to the Ghosts that late she left."

Here is Virgil, though he has not the advantage of being presented by so skilful a translator as Mr. King:—

"Stirred by his song, from lowest depths of hell
Came the thin spectres of the sightless dead,
Crowding as crowd the birds among the leaves
Whom darkness or a storm of wintry rain
Drives from the mountains. Mothers came, and sires,
Great-hearted heroes, who had lived their lives,
And boys, and maidens never wed, and men
Whom in their prime, before their parents' eyes,
The funeral flames had eaten. All around
With border of black mud and hideous reed,
Cocytus, pool unlovely, hems them in,
And Styx imprisons with his nine-fold stream.
Nay, and his song the very home of death
Entranced and nethermost abyss of hell,
And those Dread Three whose tresses are entwined
With livid snakes; while Cerberus stood agape,
Nor moved the triple horror of his jaw;
And in charmed air Ixion's wheel was stayed.
And now with step retreating he had shunned
All peril; and the lost one, given back,
Was nearing the sweet breath of upper air,
Following behind—such terms the gods imposed—
When some wild frenzy seized the lover's heart
Unheeding, well, were pardon known in hell,
Well to be pardoned. Still he stood, and saw,
Ah me! forgetful, mastered all by love,
Saw, at the very border of the day,
His own Eurydice. O wasted toil!
O broken compact of the ruthless god!
Then through Avernus rolled the crash of doom,
And she—'What miserable madness this,
Ah! wretched that I am! which ruins me
And thee, my Orpheus? Lo! the cruel Fates
Call me again; sleep seals my swimming eyes;
Farewell! for boundless darkness wraps me round
Amd carries me away, still stretching forth
Dark hands to thee, who am no longer thine.'"

No reader will doubt with which poet the general superiority lies; yet it must be allowed that Ovid is strong in what may be called his own peculiar line. There is a noble tenderness and a genuine pathos in the parting of the two lovers, which is characteristic of the poet's genius.

One of the longest as well as the most striking episodes in the whole book is the contest between Ajax and Ulysses for the arms of the dead Achilles; and it has the additional interest of recalling the declamatory studies of the poet's youth. It is throughout a magnificent piece of rhetoric. The blunt energy of Ajax, and the craft and persuasiveness of Ulysses, are admirably given. The elder Seneca, in the passage already quoted, mentions that the poet was indebted for some of his materials and language to his teacher, Porcius Latro, one of whose declamations on "The Contest for the Arms" Seneca had either heard or read. One phrase is specified as having been borrowed from this source. It is the fiery challenge with which Ajax clenches his argument:—

"Enough of idle words! let hands, not tongues,
Show what we are! *Fling 'mid yon hostile ranks*
Our hero's armour: bid us fetch it thence:
And be it his who first shall bring it back!"

The piece is too long to be given (it fills more than half of the thirteenth book), and its effect would be lost in extracts. A few lines, however, from the beginning may be quoted; and indeed nothing throughout is more finely put. It may be as well to mention that the ships spoken of had been in imminent danger of destruction at the hand of Hector, and that Ajax had at least some claim to be called their preserver:—

"'On high the chieftains sat: the common throng
Stood in dense ring around; then Ajax rose,
Lord of the seven-fold shield; and backward glanced,
Scowling, for anger mastered all his soul,
Where on Sigæum's shore the fleet was ranged,
And with stretched hand: 'Before the ships we plead
Our cause, great heaven! and Ulysses dares
Before the ships to match himself with me!'"

It may be noticed, as a proof that Ovid went out of his way, in introducing this episode, to make use of material to which he attached a special value, that the narrative is not really connected with any transformation. Ajax, defeated by the act which gives the arms to his rival, falls upon his sword; and the turf, wet with his blood,

"Blossomed with the self-same flower
That erst had birth from Hyacinthus' wound,
And in its graven cup memorial bears
Of either fate,—the characters that shape
Apollo's wailing cry, and Ajax' name."

What these characters were we learn from the end of the story here alluded to, of how the beautiful Hyacinthus was killed by a quoit from the hand of Apollo, and how

"The blood
That with its dripping crimson dyed the turf
Was blood no more: and sudden sprang to life
A flower that wore the lily's shape, but not
The lily's silver livery, purple-hued
And brighter than all tinct of Tyrian shells:
Nor with that boon of beauty satisfied,
Upon the petals of its cup the God
Stamped legible his sorrow's wailing cry,
And 'Ai! Ai!' ever seems the flower to say."

Two more specimens must conclude this chapter. Pygmalion's statue changing into flesh and blood at the sculptor's passionate prayer is a subject after Ovid's own heart, and he treats it with consummate delicacy and skill:

"The Sculptor sought
His home, and, bending o'er the couch that bore
His Maiden's lifelike image, to her lips
Fond pressed his own, and lo! her lips seemed warm,
And warmer, kissed again: and now his hand
Her bosom seeks, and dimpling to his touch
The ivory seems to yield,—as in the Sun
The waxen labour of Hymettus' bees,
By plastic fingers wrought, to various shape
And use by use is fashioned. Wonder-spelled,
Scarce daring to believe his bliss, in dread
Lest sense deluded mock him, on the form
He loves, again and yet again his hand
Lays trembling touch, and to his touch a pulse
Within throbs answering palpable:—'twas flesh!
'Twas very Life!—Then forth in eloquent flood
His grateful heart its thanks to Venus poured!
The lips he kissed were living lips that felt
His passionate pressure;—o'er the virgin cheeks
Stole deepening crimson;—and the unclosing eyes
At once on Heaven and on their Lover looked!"

The fifteenth or last book of the "Metamorphoses" contains an eloquent exposition of the Pythagorean philosophy. Pythagoras, a Greek by birth, had made Italy, the southern coasts of which were indeed thickly studded with the colonies of his nation, the land of his adoption, and the traditions of his teaching and of his life had a special interest for the people to which had descended the greatness of all the races—Oscan, Etruscan, Greek—which had inhabited the beautiful peninsula. A legend, careless, as such legends commonly are, of chronology, made him the preceptor of Numa, the wise king to whom Rome owed so much of its worship and its law. The doctrine most commonly connected with his name was that of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls from one body to another, whether of man or of the lower animals, though it probably did not occupy a very prominent part in his philosophy. It was an old belief of the Aryan race, and it had a practical aspect which commended it to the Roman mind, always more inclined to ethical than to metaphysical speculations. Virgil, in that vision of the lower world which occupies the sixth book of his great epic, employs it—partly, indeed, as a poetical artifice for introducing his magnificent roll of Roman worthies, but also in a more serious aspect, as suggesting the method of those purifying influences which were to educate the human soul for higher destinies. Ovid sees in it the philosophical explanation of the marvels which he has been relating, and, as it were, their vindication from the possible charge of being childish fables, vacant of any real meaning, and unworthy of a serious pen. The passage which follows refers to a practical rule in which we may see a natural inference from the philosophical dogma. If man is so closely allied to the lower animals—if their forms are made, equally with his, the receptacles of the one divine animating spirit —then there is a certain impiety in his slaughtering them to satisfy his wants. Strangely enough, the progress or revolution of human thought has brought science again to the doctrine of man's kindred with the animals, though it seems altogether averse to the merciful conclusion which Pythagoras drew from it.

"What had ye done, ye flocks, ye peaceful race
Created for Man's blessing, that provide
To slake his thirst your udder's nectarous draught,
That with your fleece wrap warm his shivering limbs,
And serve him better with your life than death?—
What fault was in the Ox, a creature mild
And harmless, docile, born with patient toil
To lighten half the labour of the fields?—
Ungrateful he, and little worth to reap
The crop he sowed, that, from the crooked share
Untraced, his ploughman slew, and to the axe
Condemned the neck that, worn beneath his yoke,
For many a spring his furrows traced, and home
With many a harvest dragged his Autumn-wain!
Nor this is all:—but Man must of his guilt
Make Heaven itself accomplice, and believe
The Gods with slaughter of their creatures pleased!
Lo! at the altar, fairest of his kind,—
And by that very fairness marked for doom,—
The guiltless victim stands,—bedecked for death
With wreath and garland! Ignorant he hears
The muttering Priest,—feels ignorant his brows
White with the sprinkling of the salted meal
To his own labour owed,—and ignorant
Wonders, perchance, to see the lustral urn
Flash back the glimmer of the lifted knife
Too soon to dim its brightness with his blood!
And Priests are found to teach, and men to deem
That in the entrails, from the tortured frame
Yet reeking torn, they read the hest of Heaven!—
O race of mortal men! what lust, what vice
Of appetite unhallowed, makes ye bold
To gorge your greed on Being like your own?
Be wiselier warned:—forbear the barbarous feast,
Nor in each bloody morsel that you chew
The willing labourer of your fields devour!

* * * * *

All changes:, nothing perishes! Now here
Now there, the vagrant spirit roves at will,
The shifting tenant of a thousand homes:—
Now, elevate, ascends from beast to man,—
Now, retrograde, descends from man to beast;—
But *never dies!*—Upon the tablet's page
Erased, and written fresh, the characters
Take various shape,– the wax remains the same:—
So is it with the Soul that, migrating
Through all the forms of breathing life, retains
Unchanged its essence. Oh, be wise, and hear
Heaven's warning from my prophet-lips, nor dare
With impious slaughter, for your glutton-greed,
The kindly bond of Nature violate,
Nor from its home expel the Soul, perchance
Akin to yours, to nourish blood with blood!''

It has been handed down to us on good authority that Virgil, in his last illness, desired his friends to commit his "Æneid" to the flames. It had not received his final corrections, and he was unwilling that it should go down to posterity less perfect than he could have made it. Evidences of this incompleteness are to be found, especially in the occasional inconsistencies of the narrative. Critics have busied themselves in discovering or imagining other faults which might have been corrected in revision. The desire, though it doubtless came from a mind enfeebled by morbid conditions of the body, was probably sincere. We can hardly believe as much of what Ovid tells us of his own intentions about the "Metamorphoses:" "As for the verses which told of the changed forms—an unlucky work, which its author's banishment interrupted—these in the hour of my departure I put, sorrowing, as I put many other of my good things, into the flames with my own hands." Doubtless he did so; nothing could have more naturally displayed his vexation. But he could hardly have been ignorant that in destroying his manuscript he was not destroying his work. "As they did not perish altogether," he adds, "but still exist, I suppose that there were several copies of them." But it is scarcely conceivable that a poem containing as nearly as possible twelve thousand lines should have existed in several copies by chance, or without the knowledge of the author. When he says that the work never received his final corrections, we may believe him, though we do not perceive any signs of imperfection. It is even possible that he employed some of his time during his banishment in giving some last touches to his verse.

However this may be, the work has been accepted by posterity as second in rank—second only to Virgil's epic—among the great monuments of Roman genius. It has been translated into every language of modern Europe that possesses a literature. Its astonishing ingenuity, the unfailing variety of its colours, the flexibility with which its style deals alike with the sublime and the familiar, and with equal facility is gay and pathetic, tender and terrible, have well entitled it to the honour, and justify the boast with which the poet concludes:—

"So crown I here a work that dares defy
The wrath of Jove, the fire, the sword, the
tooth
Of all-devouring Time!—Come when it will
The day that ends my life's uncertain term,—
That on this corporal frame alone hath power
To work extinction,—high above the Stars
My nobler part shall soar,—my Name remain
Immortal,—wheresoe'er the might of Rome
O'erawes the subject Earth my Verse survive
Familiar in the mouths of men!—and, if
A Bard may prophesy, while Time shall last
Endure, and die but with the dying World!"

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER'S DREAM.

[JOHANN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, (better known in literature as JEAN PAUL) born 1763, died 1825; one of the most imaginative of German writers. In early life he was a teacher in private families, but became a copious writer of books, producing sixty-five volumes in about twenty-five years. Of these there have been translated into English "*Levana, or Education*," "*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces*," "*Hesperus*," and "*Titan*," both novels, and "*The Campaner Thal*" and other writings. Jean Paul's works are full of conspicuous merits, wit, sublimity and high moral purpose: they are also marred by characteristic defects, the style being often intricate, rambling and diffuse.]

Once on a summer evening I lay upon a mountain in the sunshine, and fell asleep; and I dreamt that I awoke in the churchyard, having been roused by the rattling wheels of the tower clock, which struck eleven. I looked for the sun in the void night-heaven; for I thought that it was eclipsed by the moon. All the graves were unclosed, and the iron doors of the charnel house were opened and shut by invisible hands. Shadows cast by no one flitted along the walls, and other shadows stalked erect in the free air. No one slept any longer in the open coffins but the children. A gray sultry fog hung suspended in heavy folds in the heavens, and a gigantic shadow drew it in like a net, ever nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; beneath me, the first step of an immeasurable earthquake. The church was heaved up and down by two incessant discords, which struggled with one another, and in vain sought to unite in harmony. Sometimes a gray glimmer flared up on the windows, and, molten by the glimmer, the iron and lead ran down in streams. The net of fog and the reeling earth drove me into the temple, at the door of which brooded two basilisks with twinkling eyes in two poisonous nests. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom were impressed all the centuries of years. The shadows stood congregated round the altar; and in all, the breast throbbed and trembled in the place of a heart. One corpse alone which had just been buried in the church, lay still upon its pillow, and its breast heaved not, while upon its smiling countenance lay a happy dream; but on the entrance of one of the living he awoke, and smiled no more. He opened his closed eyelids with a painful effort, but within there was no eye; and in the sleeping bosom, instead of a heart, there was a wound. He lifted up his hands and folded them in prayer; but the arms lengthened out and detached themselves from the body, and the folded hands fell down apart. Aloft, on the church-dome, stood the dial-plate of Eternity; but there was no figure visible upon it, and it was its own index; only a black finger pointed to it, and the dead wished to read the time upon it.

A lofty noble form, having the expression of a never-ending sorrow, now sank down from above upon the altar, and all the dead exclaimed—"Christ! is there no God?" And he answered—"There is none!" The whole shadow of each dead one, and not the breast alone, now trembled, and one after another was severed by the trembling.

Christ continued:—"I traversed the worlds. I ascended into the suns, and flew with the milky-ways through the wildernesses of the heavens; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being throws its shadow, and gazed down into the abyss, and cried aloud—'Father, where art Thou?' but I heard nothing but the eternal storm which no one rules; and the beaming rainbow in the west hung, without a creating sun, above the abyss, and fell down in drops; and when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared upon me from an empty, bottomless socket, and Eternity lay brooding upon Chaos, and gnawed it, and ruminated it. Cry on, ye discords! cleave the shadows with your cries; for he is not!"

The shadows grew pale and melted, as the white vapour formed by the frost melts and becomes a warm breath, and all was void. Then there arose and came into the temple —a terrible sight for the heart—the dead children who had awakened in the churchyard, and they cast themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said "Jesus, have we no Father?" and he answered with streaming eyes, "We are orphans, I and you: we are without a Father."

Thereupon the discords shrieked more harshly; the trembling walls of the temple split asunder, and the temple and the children sunk down, and the earth and the sun followed, and the whole immeasurable universe fell rushing past us; and aloft upon the summit of infinite Nature stood Christ, and gazed down into the universe, chequered with thousands of suns, as into a mine dug out of the Eternal Night, wherein the suns are the miners' lamps, and the milky-ways the veins of silver.

And when Christ beheld the grinding concourse of worlds, the torch dances of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral banks of beating hearts; and when he beheld how one sphere after another poured out its gleaming souls into the sea of death, as a drop of water strews gleaming lights upon the waves, sublime, as the loftiest finite being, he lifted up his eyes to the Nothingness, and to the empty Immensity, and said: "Frozen, dumb Nothingness! cold, eternal Necessity! insane Chance! know ye what is beneath you? When will ye destroy the building and me? Chance! knowest thou thyself when with hurricanes thou wilt march through the snow-storm of stars and extinguish one sun after the other, and when the sparkling dew of the constellations shall cease to glisten as thou passest by? How lonely is every one in the wide charnel of the universe! I alone am in company with myself. O Father! O Father! where is thine infinite bosom, that I may be at rest? Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why cannot it also be its own destroying angel? . . . Is that a man near me? Thou poor one! Thy little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo. A concave mirror throws its beams upon the dust-clouds composed of the ashes of the dead upon your earth, and thus ye exist, cloudy, tottering images! Look down into the abyss over which clouds of ashes are floating by. Fogs full of worlds arise out of the sea of death. The future is a rising vapour, the present a falling one. Knowest thou thy earth?" Here Christ looked down, and his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Alas! I too was once like you—then I was happy, for I had still my infinite Father, and still gazed joyfully from the mountains into the infinite expanse of heaven; and I pressed my wounded heart on his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death: 'Father, take thy Son out of his bleeding shell, and lift him up to thy heart.' Ah, ye too, too happy dwellers of earth, ye still believe in him. Perhaps at this moment your sun is setting, and ye fall amid blossoms, radiance, and tears, upon your knees, and lift up your blessed hands, and call out to the open heaven, amid a thousand tears of joy, 'Thou knowest me too, thou infinite One, and all my wounds, and Thou wilt welcome me after death, and wilt close them all.' Ye wretched ones! after death they will not be closed. . . . . . When the Man of Sorrows stretches his sore wounded back upon the earth to slumber towards a lovelier morning, full of truth, full of virtue and of joy, behold, he awakes in the tempestuous chaos, in the everlasting midnight, and no morning cometh, and no healing hand, and no infinite Father! Mortal who art near me, if thou still livest, worship him, or thou hast lost him forever!"

And as I fell down and gazed into the gleaming fabric of worlds, I beheld the raised rings of the giant serpent of eternity, which had couched itself round the universe of worlds, and the rings fell, and she enfolded the universe doubly. Then she wound herself in a thousand folds round Nature, and crushed the worlds together, and grinding them, she squeezed the infinite temple into one churchyard church—and all became narrow, dark, and fearful, and a bell-hammer stretched out to infinity was about to strike the last hour of time, and split the universe asunder—when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy, that it could again worship God; and the joy, and the tears, and the belief in him, were the prayer. And when I arose the sun gleamed deeply behind the full purple ears of corn, and peacefully threw the reflection of its evening blushes on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora. And between the heaven and the earth a glad fleeting world stretched out its short wings and lived like myself in the presence of the infinite Father, and from all nature around me flowed sweet peaceful tones, as from evening bells.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

[Jean Baptiste Poquelin Molière, the greatest comic dramatist of France, born in Paris, 1622, died 1673. Studying law in early life, Molière was admitted an advocate in 1645, but an early passion for the stage led him to found a troupe of amateur comedians, with whom he travelled in the provinces for twelve years. He began to compose imitations of Italian farces, and brought out his first regular comedy, "*L'Etourdi*," at Lyons, in 1653. Returning to Paris in 1658, he produced in fifteen years, more than thirty plays, many of them masterpieces, which have kept the stage in France for two centuries, and by translation and countless adaptations have adorned the dramatic literature of other countries.

The most noted of Molière's comedies are "*L'Avare*," satirizing the vices of avarice; "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," aimed at the affectations of the coteries in French literature and society, (which had a run of four months); "*L'Ecole des Maris*," and "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," "*Le Misanthrope*," perhaps the finest example of his style; "*Le Médicin Malgré Lui*," a lively farce, "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," ridiculing the pretended maladies of hypochondriacs, and "*Tartuffe, or the Hypocrite*," which has been pronounced by some, the greatest effort of his genius. The latter play, however, was for years prohibited, and the archbishop of Paris threatened excommunication to all who should act, read or listen to it. Molière was a great and successful actor, excelling in the most difficult parts. In his private character he was full of nobleness and generosity. The French Academy, which would not admit him to membership in its sacred circle while he lived, because he would not abandon his profession as a comedian, has ever since conspired to do honor to the memory of the illustrious dramatist

We here give in full a translation of Molière's "*Le Mariage Forcé*,"because it is one of the shortest, as well as one of the best of his comedies.]

(Le Mariage Forcé.)

"Le Mariage Forcé," of which the idea is taken from Rabelais, is a comedy-ballet, It was first produced in three acts at the Louvre, on the 29th of January, 1664. Louis XIV., then twenty-six years old, appeared in the ballet as one of the gypsies, and the play was therefore called the *Ballet du Roi.* It was acted on the 15th of February, in one act, at the Palais Royal. Molière acted the part of Sganarelle.

M. Taschereau says of the "Mariage Forcé": "This comedy contains two scenes, those of Sganarelle and the philosophers Pancrace and Marphurius, which may be considered by many readers as paltry farces; but whoever will go back to those days of fanatic Aristotelism, will understand that there is deeper meaning in them than the wish to make people laugh. Molière had a more important aim in view, and he succeeded in it. The University of Paris was on the eve of obtaining the confirmation of a sentence of the Parliament of Paris, dated September 4, 1624, which condemned to death all those who would dare to attack the Aristotelian doctrines. The ridicule thrown on these principles in the 'Mariage Forcé,' compelled, no doubt, the University to suspend its attacks."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SGANARELLE.
GERONIMO.
ALCANTOR, *father to* DORIMÈNE.
ALCIDAS, *brother to* DORIMÈNE.
LYCASTE, *in love with* DORIMÈNE.
PANCRACE, *an Aristotelian philosopher.*
MARPHURIUS, *a Pyrrhonian philosopher.*
DORIMÈNE, *a young coquette, promised to* SGANARELLE.
Two Gipsies.

The scene is in a public place.

SCENE I.—SGANARELLE.

SGAN. (*speaking to the people in his house*). I am coming back directly. Take great care of the house, and see that everything goes on all right. If anyone comes to bring me some money, send directly for me, at Mr. Geronimo's; if, on the contrary, it is to ask for some, say that I am out for the day.

SCENE II.—SGANARELLE, GERONIMO.

GER. (*having heard the last words of* SGANARELLE). A very prudent order.

SGAN. Ah! Mr. Geronimo. I am pleased to see you; I was just going to your house.

GER. And why, pray?

SGAN. To consult you about something I have in my head.

GER. At your service. I am glad that we have met, and we can talk together here in all security.

SGAN. Put your hat on, I beg of you. It is about a thing of great importance which has been proposed to me, and it is always well to do nothing without first asking the advice of one's friends.

GER. I am much obliged to you for having chosen me. Let me hear what it is.

SGAN. Before I tell you, I must have a promise that you will not flatter me in any way, but will tell me your opinion frankly.

GER. I will do so, since you wish it.

SGAN. I think that nothing can be worse than a friend who doesn't speak frankly.

GER. You are quite right.

SGAN. Sincere friends are rare in our days.

GER. Very true.

SGAN. You promise me, then, Mr. Geronimo, to speak to me freely and openly?

GER. Yes, I promise you.

SGAN. Swear it.

GER. Well, upon the word of a friend. Only tell me what the business is.

SGAN. I want to know from you whether I should do well to marry.

GER. Who? You!

SGAN. Yes; I, myself. What is your advice on the subject?

GER. I want you first to tell me one thing.

SGAN. What is it?

GER. How old may you be?

SGAN. I?

GER. Yes.

SGAN. Upon my word, I hardly know; but I am in very good health.

GER. What! you don't know your own age within a few years or so?

SGAN. No, indeed, I don't. Who ever thinks about his age?

GER. Humph! Just tell me, pray, how old you were when we first became acquainted?

SGAN. Oh! I was only twenty then.

GER. How long did we stop in Rome together?

SGAN. Eight years.

GER. How long were you in England?

SGAN. Seven years.

GER. And in Holland, where you went afterwards?

SGAN. Five years and a half.

GER. How long is it since you returned?

SGAN. I came back in '52.

GER. If we take fifty-two from sixty-four, we get twelve; five years you spent in Holland, seventeen; seven years spent in England, twenty-four; eight years in Rome, thirty-two; and if to thirty-two we add your age when we first became acquainted, we have exactly fifty-two. So that, Mr. Sganarelle, according to your own confession, you are between fifty-two and fifty-three years of age.

SGAN. Who, I? It isn't possible!

GER. Hang it! the calculation is exact enough. Now, I will tell you frankly, as a friend—according to the promise you made me give you—that marriage would suit you but little. Marriage is a thing about which young people ought to think long and seriously before they risk themselves, but of which people of your age ought not to think at all; and if, as some say, the greatest folly a man can commit is to marry, I know nothing more preposterous than to commit such a folly at a time of life when we should be most prudent. In short, to speak to you plainly, I advise you not to marry; and I should think you very ridiculous if, after having remained free up to your time of life, you were now to burden yourself with the heaviest of all chains.

SGAN. And, for my part, I tell you that I am determined to marry, and that I shall not be ridiculous in marrying the girl I am engaged to.

GER. Ah! that's quite another thing. You didn't tell me that.

SGAN. She pleases me; in fact, I love her with all my heart.

GER. You love her with all your heart?

SGAN. Most certainly; and I have asked her father's consent.

GER. You have asked her father's consent?

SGAN. Yes. The marriage is to take place this evening; I have given my word.

GER. Oh! by all means marry, then; I haven't another word to say.

SGAN. Why should I give up the idea? Do you imagine, then, Mr. Geronimo, that I am no longer fit to think of a wife? Don't let us speak of what my age may be, but consider things as they are. Is there a man of thirty years of age more fresh and hearty than I am? Have I not as free a use of my limbs as ever? Do I look as if I needed a carriage or a chair to get about in? Are not all my teeth perfect? (*showing his teeth.*) Do I not eat heartily my four meals a day, and can you find a man with a stronger chest than mine? (*coughing*). Hem! hem! hem! Well, what do you say?

GER. You are quite right; I was wrong. You will do well to marry.

SGAN. I was formerly very much against marriage, but now I have strong reasons for it. Besides the pleasure I shall have in possessing a pretty wife who will fondle and coddle me, and pet me when I am tired—besides this pleasure, I consider that, by remaining as I am, I am allowing the line of the Sganarelles to become extinct; whilst by marrying, I shall see myself reproduced, and have the joy of beholding young creatures who have sprung from me—little beings who will be as like me as two peas; who will always be playing about the house and calling me their papa; who, when I come back from town, will prattle their little nonsense to me in the pleasantest manner possible. Upon my word, I can almost fancy that the thing is done, and that I see half-a-dozen of them round me.

GER. Nothing can be more charming than all that, and I advise you to marry as quickly as possible.

SGAN. Seriously, you advise me to do it?

GER. To be sure; you could not do better.

SGAN. Really, I am delighted that you should, as a true friend, give me this advice.

GER. Well, and who is the person you are going to marry?

SGAN. Dorimène.

GER. Young Dorimène, so gay and so well dressed?

SGAN. Yes.

GER. Alcantor's daughter?

SGAN. The very same.

GER. And sister to a certain Alcidas, who takes upon himself to wear a sword?

SGAN. Just so.

GER. Mercy on me!

SGAN. What do you say to it?

GER. A good match! Marry, marry at once.

SGAN. I have chosen well. Have I not?

GER. Decidedly; you could not have done better. Hurry the marriage on.

SGAN. You overwhelm me with joy by saying so. I thank you very much for your advice, and I beg you to come to-night to our wedding.

GER. I will not fail; and the better to do honour to the occasion I will come masked.

SGAN. Good-bye.

GER. (*aside*). Young Dorimène, Alcantor's daughter, to Sganarelle, who is only fifty-three years old! A splendid match! (*This he repeats several times as he goes away.*)

SCENE III.—SGANARELLE (*alone.*)

This marriage must be a happy one, for it pleases everybody, and everybody laughs to whom I mention it. I really am now the happiest of men.

SCENE IV.—DORIMÈNE (*page holding her train*), SGANARELLE.

DOR. (*speaking to her page*). Come, boy, hold up my train carefully; and let me have none of your tricks.

SGAN. (*aside, looking at* DORIMÈNE). Here is my lady-love coming. How pretty she is! What an air, and what a figure she has! Is there a man who on seeing her would not wish to be married? (*to* DORIMÈNE). Where are you going, my sweet darling, dear future wife of your future husband?

DOR. I am going to do a little shopping.

SGAN. Well, my pretty one, we are now both going to be happy. You will no longer have a right to refuse me anything, and I shall do whatever I please with you, without anybody being scandalized at it. You will belong to me from head to foot, and I shall be master of the whole of you: of your little twinkling eyes, of your little roguish nose, your tempting lips, your lovely ears, your pretty little chin. . . . In short, all your person will be mine, and I shall be at liberty to kiss you as much as I please. Are you not very glad of this marriage, pretty one?

DOR. Delighted, I assure you! For the truth is, that my father has kept me hitherto in the most grievous bondage. I have now for a long time rebelled against being so shut up, and have looked forward a hundred times to a marriage that would take me away from his authority, and would leave me at liberty to do all I liked. Thank Heaven! you have come to relieve me; and now I am preparing myself for a life of pleasure and enjoyment to make amends for lost time. As you are a very worthy man, and know the world, I think we shall together lead the happiest possible life, and that you will not be one of those uncomfortable husbands who want their wives to live like owls. I assure you that I should not like that at all; such solitude drives me almost crazy. I like play, visits, parties, picnics, walks, and drives—in a word, all kinds of pleasures. You must be very glad to have such a wife. We shall never quarrel. I shall never interfere with what you do, and I hope you will never interfere with me; for I am of opinion that we ought to be mutually complaisant, and not marry to plague each other. In short, we shall live, when married, like two people who understand the world. No jealous suspicions will trouble our peace of mind; and it is quite enough that you should be assured of my fidelity, as I shall be persuaded of yours. But what is the matter with you? your face is strangely altered.

SGAN. The vapours have got into my head.

DOR. It's an illness of which many people complain now-a-days; but our marriage will cure all that. Good-bye. I long to have a proper dress, and to throw off these old tatters. I am going to buy everything I want, and I'll send the tradespeople to settle with you.

SCENE V.—GERONIMO, SGANARELLE.

GER. Ah, Sganarelle! I am glad to find you still here. I have met with the jeweller, who, having heard that you were looking for a diamond ring to give to your bride, has earnestly desired me to say a word for him. He has a most beautiful one to sell.

SGAN. Oh! there is no hurry.

GER. How! What does that mean? What has become of the eagerness you showed just now?

SGAN. Certain little scruples have just come into my head on the question of marriage; and, before I quite decide, I would fain sift the matter thoroughly, and get somebody to interpret a dream I had last night, and which I have just now recollected. You know that dreams are like mirrors, where we sometimes discover all that is to take place. I dreamt that I was in a ship on a very boisterous sea, and that . . . .

GER. Mr. Sganarelle, I have just now a little business on hand, which prevents me from hearing what you have to say. Besides, I understand nothing about dreams;

and as for arguments for and against marriage, you have for neighbours two learned men—two philosophers—who will tell you all that can be said on the subject. As they are of different sects, you can compare their opinions of the matter. For my own part, I have already told you what I think, and I remain your most obedient. (*Exit.*)

SGAN. He is right. I must, in my uncertainty, go and consult those men.

SCENE VI.—PANCRACE, SGANARELLE.

PANC. (*turning towards the side by which he entered, and without seeing* SGANARELLE.) Go, my friend! You are an impertinent fellow; a man ignorant of all wholesome knowledge, and deserving of banishment from the republic of letters.

SGAN. Good! Here is one of them coming at the very nick of time.

PANC. (*going on without seeing* SGANARELLE.) Yes, I will demonstrate to you, by strong arguments—I will prove to you by Aristotle, the philosopher of philosophers—that you are *ignorans*, *ignorantissimus*, *ignorantificans*, *ignorantificatus*, through all imaginable moods and cases.

SGAN. (*aside*). He must have fallen out with somebody. (*to* PANCRACE) Sir! . . .

PANC. (*still not noticing* SGANARELLE.) You take upon yourself to argue, and you do not even understand the very elements of reason!

SGAN. (*aside*). His anger prevents him from seeing me. (*to* PANCRACE) Sir! . . .

PANC. (*still not noticing* SGANARELLE). A proposition to be condemned in all the regions of philosophy!

SGAN. (*aside*). Somebody must have greatly provoked him. (*to* PANCRACE) I . . . .

PANC. (*still not noticing* SGANARELLE). *Toto cœlo, tota via aberras.*

SGAN. My humble respects, Doctor.

PANC. At your service.

SGAN. May I . . . .

PANC. (*turning again towards the door by which he entered*). Do you even know what you have done? A syllogism *in Balordo.*

SGAN. I beg of you . . . .

PANC. The major is foolish, the minor trivial, and the conclusion ridiculous.

SGAN. I . . . .

PANC. I had rather die than admit what you say, and I'll uphold my opinion with the last drop of my ink.

SGAN. May I . . . . ?

PANC. Yes, I'll defend this proposition, *pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et rostro.*

SGAN. Mr. Aristotle, may I know what cause you have for being in such a passion?

PANC. The best possible cause.

SGAN. What is it, pray?

PANC. An ignoramus has dared to maintain to me a proposition which is false; a hideous, frightful, execrable proposition.

SGAN. May I ask what it is?

PANC. Ah! Mr. Sganarelle, everything is turned upside down in our days, and the world is fallen into general corruption. A horrible license prevails everywhere; and the magistrates who are appointed to maintain order in this kingdom ought to die of shame, for allowing such an intolerable scandal as this that I am going to tell you.*

SGAN. What can it be?

PANC. Is it not a horrible thing, a thing that cries to Heaven for vengeance, to suffer any one publicly to say the *form* of a hat?

SGAN. Eh? What?

PANC. I maintain that we should say the *figure* of a hat, and not the *form.* Forasmuch as there is this difference between the form and figure, that the form is the external disposition of animate bodies, and figure the disposition of inanimate bodies; and, since the hat is a body without life, we must say the figure of a hat, and not the form (*turning again towards the door by which he entered*). Yes, ignoramus that you are, it is thus you should speak, and these are the very terms of Aristotle himself in his chapter on *Qualities.*

SGAN. (*aside*). I thought that all was lost. (*to* PANCRACE) Mr. Doctor, pray think no more of this, I . . .

PANC. I am beside myself with rage. I don't know what I am doing.

SGAN. Leave the form and hat in peace. I have something to communicate to you. I . . . .

PANC. Impudent scoundrel!

SGAN. Calm yourself, I beg of you.

PANC. Ignorant ass!

SGAN. For mercy's sake, I . . .

PANC. To try and force such a proposition upon me!

SGAN. He certainly is wrong. I . . .

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* A hit at the University of Paris.

PANC. A proposition condemned by Aristotle.

SGAN. True. I . . .

PANC. In express terms!

SGAN. You are quite right. (*turning towards the door by which* PANCRACE *came in*). Yes, you are a fool and an impudent fellow to pretend to argue with a doctor who can read and write. (*to* PANCRACE) Now, there is an end of the matter, and I pray you, hear me. I come to consult you upon an affair which perplexes me greatly. I intend to take a wife to keep me company at home. The person I have chosen is handsome, well made, she pleases me greatly, and is delighted to marry me. Her father has granted her to me; but I am a little fearful of you know what—that disgrace for which a man obtains no pity—and I entreat you, as a philosopher, to tell me what you think on the subject. Now, what is your opinion?

PANC. Rather than admit that we ought to say the *form* of a hat, I would admit that *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, and that I am an ass.

SGAN. (*aside*). Plague take the man. (*to* PANCRACE) I say, Mr. Doctor, do listen a little to what I have to say to you. I have been talking to you for the last hour, and not a word of what I want can I get out of you.

PANC. I beg your pardon; a righteous indignation has taken possession of my soul.

SGAN. Well, have done with all that, and take the trouble to listen to me.

PANC. Let it be so, then. What have you to say to me?

SGAN. I want to talk to you of a certain matter.

PANC. And what tongue do you wish to make use of?

SGAN. What tongue?

PANC. Yes.

SGAN. Why? the tongue I have in my mouth, to be sure. I am not likely to go and borrow my neighbor's.

PANC. I mean what idiom, what language?

SGAN. Oh! that's a different thing.

PANC. Do you wish to speak Italian to me.?

SGAN. No.

PANC. Spanish?

SGAN. No.

PANC. German?

SGAN. No.

PANC. English.?

SGAN. No.

PANC. Latin?

SGAN. No.

PANC. Greek?

SGAN. No.

PANC. Hebrew?

SGAN. No.

PANC. Syriac?

SGAN. No.

PANC. Turkish?

SGAN. No.

PANC. Arabic?

SGAN. No, no: French, French, French.

PANC. Oh! French.

SGAN. Yes, French.

PANC. Pass to the other side, then; this ear is for all scientific and foreign languages, and the other is for the vulgar and mother tongue.

SGAN. (*aside*). What ceremonies these people exact!

PANC. What do you want?

SGAN. To consult you about a little difficulty.

PANC. Ah! oh! about a little difficulty in philosophy, no doubt?

SGAN. I beg your pardon, I . . . .

PANC. Perhaps you wish to know if substance and accident are synonymous terms or equivocal with regard to entity?

SGAN. No, I do not indeed.

PANC. If logic is an art or a science?

SGAN. Nothing of the kind. I . . . .

PANC. If it has for its object the three operations of the mind, or the third only?

SGAN. No. I . . . .

PANC. If there are ten categories, or only one?

SGAN. No, no.

PANC. If the conclusion is the essence of a syllogism?

SGAN. I tell you, no. I . . . .

PANC. Whether the essence of good is placed in appetibility or in congruity?

SGAN. No. I . . . .

PANC. Whether good reciprocates with the end?

SGAN. Eh! No. I . . . .

PANC. Whether the end can affect us by its real or by its intentional being?

SGAN. No, no, no, no, no, by all the devils, no.

PANC. Then you should explain your meaning, for I cannot guess it.

SGAN. I want to explain it to you, but you must listen to me. The business I want to consult you upon is this: I wish to marry a beautiful young girl. I love her dearly. I have asked her of her father; but as I dread . . . .

PANC. (*speaking at the same time with*

out listening to SGANARELLE). Speech was given to man to express his thoughts, and just as thoughts are the representatives of things, even so are our words representatives of our thoughts (SGANARELLE, *out of patience, stops the Doctor's mouth with his hand several times. The Doctor goes on speaking each time that* SGANARELLE *withdraws his hand*); but these representatives are different from other representatives, forasmuch as the other representatives are distinguished everywhere by their originals; while speech includes its original in itself, since it is nothing else than the thought expressed by an external sign. Whence it follows that those who think well are likewise those who speak the best. Therefore, explain your thoughts to me by speech, which is the most intelligible of all signs.

SGAN. (*pushing the Doctor into his house, and pulling the door to prevent his coming out*). Plague take the man!

PANC. (*within the house*). Yes, speech is *animi index, et speculum.* It is the interpreter of the heart. It is the image of the soul. (*He gets up to the window and goes on:*) It is a mirror which reproduces plainly the innermost secrets of our individuality. Since, then, you have the faculty of reasoning, and also of speaking, what can prevent you from making use of speech to make me understand your thoughts?

SGAN. That is what I want to do, but you won't listen to me.

PANC. I am listening; speak.

SGAN. I say, then, Doctor . . . .

PANC. But, above all things, be brief.

SGAN. Certainly.

PANC. Avoid prolixity.

SGAN. I say, sir . . . .

PANC. Cut your discourse short with a laconic apophthegm.

SGAN. I . . . .

PANC. No ambages, no circumlocution. (SGANARELLE, *enraged at being unable to speak, picks up stones to throw at the Doctor's head.*) What! you fly into a passion instead of explaining yourself? Get along, you are more impertinent than the fellow who maintained that we ought to say the *form* of a hat; and I will prove to you at any time, by the help of demonstrative and convincing reasons, and by arguments *in Barbara*, that you are and never will be anything but a simpleton, and that I am and ever shall be, *in utroque jure*, the Doctor Pancrace. (*Exit.*)

SGAN. What an eternal jabberer!

PANC. (*coming back*). A man of letters; a man of erudition.

SGAN. What! more still?

PANC. A man of sufficiency, a man of capacity (*going away*). A man finished in all the sciences, natural, moral, and political. (*coming back*). A savant, *savantissime, per omnes modos et casus.* (*going away*). A man who has a knowledge *superlative* of fables, mythologies, and histories; (*coming back*) grammar, poetry, rhetoric, dialectics, and sophistry; (*going away*) mathematics, arithmetic, optics, oneirocritics, physics, and metaphysics; (*coming back*) cosmometry, geometry, architecture, speculary and speculatory sciences; *going away*) medicine, astronomy, astrology, physiognomy, metoposcopy, chiromancy, geomancy.

SCENE VII.—SGANARELLE (*alone*).

Devil take these scholars! They will never listen to anybody. I see that it was the truth I was told, and that this Master Aristotle was a talker, and nothing else. I must go to the other; perhaps he will be more composed and more reasonable. Soho, there!

SCENE VIII.—MARPHURIUS, SGANARELLE.

MAR. What do you want with me, Mr. Sganarelle?

SGAN. Doctor, I have need of your advice upon a little affair which touches me closely, and I came here for that purpose. (*aside*) Come, it's all right in that quarter; this one listens to what people say.

MAR. Mr. Sganarelle, please to alter your way of expressing yourself. Our philosophy commands us not to enunciate any positive proposition, but always to speak of everything with uncertainty, and always to suspend our judgment. Therefore, you should not say, "I am come," but "it seems to me that I am come."

SGAN. Seems?

MAR. Yes.

SGAN. Upon my word, it must needs seem, when it is so.

MAR. The deduction is weak; it may seem so, without the thing being really so.

SGAN. What! It is not true that I am come?

MAR. It is questionable, and we should doubt everything.

SGAN. What! Am I not here, and are you not speaking to me?

MAR. It appears to me that you are here, and it seems to me that I am speaking to you, but it is not certain that it is so.

SGAN. Ah! now, come! Deuce take it! you are laughing at me. Here am I, and there you are, very plainly to be seen, and there is no *seem* in the matter. Pray let us drop all these subtleties, and let us talk of my business. I am come to tell you that I intend to marry.

MAR. I know nothing of the matter.

SGAN. But I tell you so.

MAR. It may happen.

SGAN. The girl I want to marry is very young and beautiful.

MAR. It's not impossible.

SGAN. Shall I do right or wrong to marry her?

MAR. Either the one or the other.

SGAN. (*aside*). Hey-day! This is another tune. (*to* MARPHURIUS) I ask you whether I shall do well to marry the girl I tell you of?

MAR. That depends.

SGAN. Shall I do wrong?

MAR. Perhaps.

SGAN. Pray answer me in a proper fashion.

MAR. That is my intention.

SGAN. I have a great liking for the girl.

MAR. That may be.

SGAN. The father has given her to me.

MAR. He may have done so.

SGAN. But by marrying her I fear to be deceived by her.

MAR. The thing might come to pass.

SGAN. What is your opinion about it?

MAR. I see no impossibility in it.

SGAN. But what would you do if you were in my place?

MAR. I don't know.

SGAN. What do you advise me to do?

MAR. Whatever may please you.

SGAN. I shall go mad.

MAR. I wash my hands of it.

SGAN. Deuce take the old dotard!

MAR. Whatever is to be, may be.

SGAN. Plague take the tormentor! I'll make you change your tune, you mad hound of a philosopher! (*Beats* MARPHURIUS.)

MAR. Oh! oh! oh!

SGAN. There is payment for your rubbishy nonsense. I am satisfied now.

MAR. How! What impudence! How dare you insult me in this fashion! To have the audacity to beat a philosopher like me!

SGAN. Correct, if you please, this way of expressing yourself. We should doubt everything; and you ought not to say that I have beaten you, but that it seems that I have beaten you.

MAR. I shall go and complain to the commissary.

SGAN. I wash my hands of it.

MAR. I have the marks on my body.

SGAN. It may be so.

MAR. It is you who treated me thus.

SGAN. It is not possible.

MAR. I shall get a warrant against you.

SGAN. I know nothing of the matter.

MAR. And you will be condemned.

SGAN. Whatever is to be, may be.

MAR. You shall see.

SCENE IX.—SGANARELLE (*alone*).

Did you ever see the like! I can't force one word from that cur, and I am as wise at the end of his talk as at the beginning. What ought I to do in this uncertainty about the consequences of my marriage? Never was a man more perplexed than I am.—Hallo! here are some gipsies; I must ask them to tell me my fortune.

SCENE X.—TWO GIPSIES, SGANARELLE.

(*Enter the two Gipsies with their tabors, singing and dancing.*)

SGAN. They look jolly! I say, you there, can you tell me my fortune?

1ST GIP. Ay, ay, my good gentleman, we two here will tell it you.

2ND GIP. You have only to give us your hand and a cross inside, and we will tell you something which will be of service to you.

SGAN. There, you have both my hands with what you want.

1ST GIP. You have a good face, my good gentleman; a good face.

2ND GIP. Yes, a good face. The face of a man who will be something some day.

1ST GIP. You will be married soon, my good gentleman; you will be married soon.

2ND GIP. You will marry a pretty wife, a pretty wife.

1ST GIP. Yes, a wife who will be admired and loved by everybody.

2ND GIP. A wife who will bring you many friends, my good gentleman; who will bring you many friends.

1st Gip. A wife who will bring plenty into your house.

2nd Gip. A wife who will get you a great reputation.

1st Gip. Through her you will enjoy great consideration, my good gentleman; great consideration.

Sgan. All this is very well; but tell me, is there any chance of my being deceived by her?

2nd Gip. Deceived?

Sgan. Yes.

1st Gip. Deceived?

Sgan. Yes. Is there any chance of my being deceived by her?

(*The two Gipsies go off singing and dancing.*)

Sgan. But this is not the way to answer people. Come, come; I ask you both whether I shall be deceived.

2nd Gip. Deceived? You?

Sgan. Yes, yes!

1st Gip. You deceived?

Sgan. Yes, yes! Tell me, yes or no?

(*The two Gipsies go off singing and dancing.*)

Scene XI.—Sganarelle (*alone*).

Plague the two baggages for leaving me in this state of doubt! But I must absolutely know what my marriage will bring me; and I shall, therefore, go and see that famous magician of whom everybody talks so much, and who, by his wonderful art, can show us everything we want to see. Heyday! I think, after all, I shall have no need of the magician, for here is something which will tell me all I wish to know.

(*Hides.*)

Scene XII.—Dorimene, Lycaste, Sganarelle.

Lyc. What! fair Dorimène, are you in earnest?

Dor. Yes, in earnest.

Lyc. You really mean to marry?

Dor. Really.

Lyc. And your wedding takes place to-night?

Dor. To-night.

Lyc. And can you, cruel girl that you are, thus forget the love I have for you, and all the kind promises you have made me?

Dor. I? Not in the least. I have just the same feelings for you I have always had, and you need not be distressed by my marriage. I don't marry the man out of love, but simply because of his wealth. I have no fortune, neither have you; and you know that without money life is dull enough. In order to get some at any cost, I seized this opportunity of improving my position; and I have done it in the hope of soon being rid of the old dotard. He will soon die;—he has scarcely six months in him. I will warrant him dead within the time I tell you; and I shall not have long to pray Heaven for the happy state of widowhood. (*She sees* Sganarelle.) Ah, we were speaking about you, and were saying the most pleasant things imaginable about you.

Lyc. Is this the gentleman . . . .

Dor. Yes, this is the gentleman who takes me for his wife.

Lyc. Pray, sir, accept my most sincere congratulations on your marriage, and believe me to be your most humble servant. You are about to marry a most honourable lady, I assure you. I also congratulate you, madam, on the happy choice you have made. You could not do better, for the gentleman has all the appearance of making an excellent husband. Yes, sir, I hope you will reckon me among your friends, and allow me sometimes to come and visit you.

Dor. You do us both too much honour. But come along, I am in a hurry now, and we shall have many opportunities of talking with him by and by.

(*Exeunt* Dorimene *and* Lycaste.)

Scene XIII.—Sganarelle.

I am now quite disgusted with my marriage, and I think I shall do wisely to go and break off my engagement. It has cost me some money, to be sure; but better lose that, than to be exposed to something worse. I must try to get out of this business skilfully. Hallo!

(*Knocks at* Alcantor's *door.*)

Scene XIV.—Alcantor, Sganarelle.

Alc. Ah! welcome, my son-in-law.

Sgan. Your most obedient.

Alc. You come to conclude the marriage?

Sgan. Pardon me.

Alc. I assure you that I long for it as much as you do.

Sgan. I come here on a different errand.

ALC. I have given all necessary orders for the fête.

SGAN. That isn't what I came for.

ALC. The musicians are engaged, the dinner is ordered, and my daughter is quite ready dressed to receive you.

SGAN. It isn't that which brings me here.

ALC. In short, everything has been arranged to your full satisfaction; nothing can delay your happiness.

SGAN. It is another thing. I tell you that I have come upon other business.

ALC. Come in, son-in-law.

SGAN. I have a word or two to say.

ALC. Ah! I beg of you, don't let us stand upon ceremony. Come in, I entreat.

SGAN. No, no, I tell you; I want to speak to you first.

ALC. You have something to tell me?

SGAN. Yes.

ALC. What is it?

SGAN. It is true, sir, that I have asked your daughter in marriage, and that you have agreed to give her to me, but I think myself a little too old for her, and I consider that I am not at all the kind of husband she ought to have.

ALC. Excuse me. My daughter is perfectly satisfied with you, and I am certain that she will live very happily with you.

SGAN. Oh dear, no. I have sometimes terrible whims, and she would have to suffer greatly from my bad temper.

ALC. My daughter is of a sweet and yielding disposition, and you will see that she will get on beautifully with you.

SGAN. I have some bodily infirmities which might disgust her.

ALC. That is of no consequence; a virtuous woman is never disgusted with her husband.

SGAN. In short, shall I tell you what? I do not advise you to give her to me.

ALC. Are you joking? I had rather die than break my word.

SGAN. On my conscience, I free you from your promise.

ALC. Certainly not. I have promised her to you, and you shall have her in spite of all the offers I receive from other quarters.

SGAN. (*aside*). The devil I shall!

ALC. I assure you I hold you in such great esteem, and have such real friendship for you, that I would refuse my daughter to a prince in order to give her to you.

SGAN. Sir, I am deeply indebted to you for the honour you do me; but I must tell you plainly that I will not marry.

ALC. Not marry, you say?

SGAN. Yes.

ALC. And why?

SGAN. The reason is that I find myself unfit for marriage, and that I wish to do like my father and all the rest of the Sganarelles, who never would marry.

ALC. Very well. Will is free; and I am not the man to force anybody. You were engaged to marry my daughter, and everything is ready for the wedding; but since you wish to withdraw, I will see what can be done. You shall soon hear from me.

SCENE XV.—SGANARELLE (*alone*).

After all, he is more reasonable than I expected, and I thought I should find it much more difficult to break off the marriage. Upon my word, when I think of it, I feel that I have done very wisely to get out of this business, and I was on the point of taking a step which, I fear, I should have repented at leisure. But here is the son coming to bring me an answer.

SCENE XVI.—ALCIDAS, SGANARELLE.

ALC. (*speaking all the while in a soft, affected tone*). Sir, I am your most obedient servant.

SGAN. Sir, I am yours with all my heart.

ALC. My father has told me, sir, that you have come to withdraw your promise to marry my sister.

SGAN. Yes sir; it is with regret, but . .

ALC. Oh, there is no harm in it, sir.

SGAN. I assure you that I am very sorry about it, and I wish . . . .

ALC. It is of no consequence at all, I tell you. (ALCIDAS *presents two swords to* SGANARELLE.) Sir, will you kindly say which of these two swords you will have?

SGAN. Which of these two swords I will have?

ALC. If you please.

SGAN. What's the object of doing that?

ALC. As you refuse, sir, to marry my sister after having given your word, you will not, I believe, take amiss the compliment I have come to pay you?

SGAN. What do you mean?

ALC. There are some people who would make a great ado, and would get in a passion with you; but we prefer doing things in a more quiet way, and I have come to tell you very politely that we must, with your permission, cut each other's throat.

SGAN. A very ill-turned compliment this.

Alc. Now, sir, choose if you please.

Sgan. I am your servant; my throat is not one to be cut. (*aside*) What an ugly way of speaking!

Alc. But, by your leave, sir, the thing must be so.

Sgan. Oh! sir, a truce to these compliments, I beseech you.

Alc. Let us be quick, sir, I have some little business awaiting me.

Sgan. I will have nothing to do with this, I tell you.

Alc. You will not fight?

Sgan. No, upon my soul, I will not.

Alc. Do you mean it?

Sgan. Yes, I mean it.

Alc. (*after beating him with his stick*). At least, sir, you have no reason to complain; you see that I do things in the proper way. You break your word, and I wish to fight you; you refuse to fight, and I thrash you. All this is according to rule, and you are too much of a gentleman to disapprove of my behaviour.

Sgan. (*aside*). What a devil of a man!

Alc. (*presenting him the swords again*) Come, sir, do the thing properly, and with a good grace.

Sgan. What! again?

Alc. Sir, I do not force anybody, but either you will marry my sister or you will fight.

Sgan. Sir, I assure you that I can do neither the one nor the other.

Alc. Positively?

Sgan. Positively.

Alc. With your permission, then. (*Beats him again.*)

Sgan. Oh! oh! oh!

Alc. Sir, I am exceedingly sorry to be obliged to treat you in this manner; but I shall not leave off until you promise me, if you please, either to fight me or to marry my sister (*raises his stick*).

Sgan. I'll marry, I'll marry.

Alc. Ah, sir, I rejoice to see you restored to reason, and that it is all settled quietly; for, in short, sir, I assure you that you are the man I esteem the most in the world, and that I should have been in despair if you had compelled me to ill-use you. Now, I will call my father and tell him that it is all right.

Scene XVII.—Alcantor, Dorimene, Alcidas, Sganarelle.

Alci. Father, the gentleman is now quite reasonable, and most willing to do things with a good grace; you can give my sister to him.

Alc. Sir, here is her hand; you need only give her yours. Heaven be praised! I have got rid of her, and upon you henceforth lies all the responsibility of her conduct. Let us all go and rejoice over this happy marriage.

JULY.

FROM "EARTHLY PARADISE."

[William Morris, an English poet, born in 1834, has published "*The Life and death of Jason*" (1865,) "*The Earthly Paradise*" (1868,) "*Love is enough*" (1872,) a translation of *Virgil's* "*Æneid,*" and several other volumes. His poems are marked by freshness, strength and classic diction. It may be said of him that he has devoted his pen to the celebration of the beautiful.]

Fair was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees
With low vexed song from rose to lily went,
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees,
And thine eyes shone with joyous memories;
Fair was the earthly morn, and fair wert thou,
And I was happy.—Ah, be happy now!

Peace and content without us, love within,
That hour there was; now thunder and wild rain,
Have wrapped the cowering world, and foolish sin,
And nameless pride, have made us wise in vain;
Ah, love! although the morn shall come again,
And on new rose-buds the new sun shall smile,
Can we regain what we have lost meanwhile?

E'en now the west grows clear of storm and threat
But 'midst the lightning did the fair sun die—
Ah, he shall rise again for ages yet,
He cannot waste his life—but thou and I—
Who knows if next morn this felicity
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live,
This seal of love renewed once more to give?

SONG.

FROM "THE LOVE OF ALCESTIS."

O dwellers on the lovely earth,
Why will ye break your rest and mirth
To weary us with fruitless prayer?
Why will ye toil and take such care
For children's children yet unborn,
And garner store of strife and scorn
To gain a scarce-remembered name,
Cumbered with lies and soiled with shame?

And if the gods care not for you,
What is this folly ye must do
To win some mortal's feeble heart?
O fools! when each man plays his part,
And heeds his fellow little more
Than these blue waves that kiss the shore.
Take heed of how the daisies grow,
O fools! and if ye could but know
How fair a world to you is given,

O brooder on the hills of heaven,
When for my sins thou drav'st me forth,
Hadst thou forgot what this was worth,
Thine own hand made? The tears of men,
The death of threescore years and ten,
The trembling of the timorous race—
Had these things so bedimmed the place
Thine own hand made, thou couldst not know
To what a heaven the earth might grow,
If fear beneath the earth were laid,
If hope failed not, nor love decayed.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

DEFENCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, (1765—1832) distinguished as a statesman, historian, and political and philosophical writer, was a powerful advocate of liberal principles. His chief works are "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," a defence of the French Revolution against the accusations of Edmund Burke (1791), "*A Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy*," (1830), "*A History of England, and of the Revolution of 1688*," and numerous essays in the *Edinburgh Review*.]

The three Aristocracies—Military, Sacerdotal, and Judicial—may be considered as having formed the French Government. They have appeared, so far as we have considered them, incorrigible. All attempts to improve them would have been little better than (to use the words of Mr. Burke) "mean reparations on mighty ruins." They were not perverted by the accidental depravity of their numbers; they were not infected by any transient passion, which new circumstances would extirpate; the fault was in the essence of the institutions themselves, which were irreconcileable with a free government.

But, it is objected, these institutions might have been *gradually* reformed; the spirit of freedom would have silently entered; the progressive wisdom of an enlightened nation would have remedied in process of time, their defects, without convulsions. To this argument I confidently answer that these institutions would have destroyed Liberty, before Liberty had corrected their spirit. Power vegetates with more vigor after these gentle prunings. A slender reform amuses and lulls the people: the popular enthusiasm subsides; and the moment of effectual reform is irretrievably lost. No important political improvement was ever obtained in a period of tranquillity. The corrupt interest of the governors is so strong, and the cry of the people so feeble, that it were vain to expect it. If the effervescence of the popular mind is suffered to pass away without effect, it would be absurd to expect from languor what enthusiasm had not obtained. If radical reform is not, at such a moment, procured, all partial changes are evaded and defeated in the tranquillity which succeeds. The gradual reform that arises from the presiding principle exhibited in the specious theory of Mr. Burke, is belied by the experience of all ages. Whatever excellence, whatever freedom is discoverable in governments, has been infused into them by the shock of a revolution; and their subsequent progress has been only the accumulation of abuse. It is hence that the most enlightened politicians have recognized the necessity of frequently recalling their first principles;—a truth equally suggested to the penetrating intellect of Machiavel, by his experience of the Florentine democracy, and by his research into the history of ancient commonwealths. Whatever is good ought to be pursued at the moment it is attainable. The public voice, irresistible in a period of convulsion, is contemned with impunity, when spoken during the lethargy into which nations are lulled by the tranquil course of their ordinary affairs. The ardour of reform languishes in unsupported tediousness: it perishes in an impotent struggle with adversaries, who receive new strength with the progress of the day. No hope of great political improvement—let us repeat it—is to be entertained from tranquillity; for its natural operation is to strengthen all those who are interested in perpetuating abuse. The National Assembly seized the moment of eradicating the corruptions and abuses which afflicted their country. Their reform was total, that it might be commensurate with the evil: and no part of it was delayed, because to spare an abuse at such a period was to consecrate it; and as the enthusiasm which carries nations to such enterprizes is short-lived, so the opportunity of reform, if once neglected, might be irrevocably fled.

But let us ascend to more general princi ples, and hazard bolder opinions. Let us grant that the state of France was not so desperately incorrigible. Let us suppose that changes far more gentle—innovations far less extensive,—would have remedied the grosser evils of her government, and placed it almost on a level with free and celebrated constitutions. These concessions, though too large for truth, will not convict the Assembly. By what principle of reason or of justice, were they precluded from aspiring to give France a government less imperfect than accident had formed in other states? Who will be hardy enough to assert, that a better constitution is not attainable than any which has hitherto appeared? Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated in the science of politics alone, by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts,—the improvement of the social order,—the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man,—to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every other—liberal and vulgar—to perfection? Where would be the atrocious guilt of a grand experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions?

That guilt (if it be guilt) is imputable to the National Assembly. They are accused of having rejected the guidance of experience,—of having abandoned themselves to the illusion of theory,—and of having sacrificed great and attainable good to the magnificent chimeras of ideal excellence. If this accusation be just,—if they have indeed abandoned experience, the basis of human knowledge, as well as the guide of human action,—their conduct deserves no longer any serious argument: but if (as Mr. Burke more than once insinuates) their contempt of it is avowed and ostentatious, it was surely unworthy of him to have expended so much genius against so preposterous an insanity. But the explanation of *terms* will diminish our wonder. Experience may, both in the arts and in the conduct of human life be regarded in a double view, either as furnishing *models* or *principles.* An artist who frames his machine in exact imitation of his predecessor is in the *first sense* said to be guided by experience. In this sense all improvements of human life have been *deviations* from experience. The first visionary innovator was the savage who built a cabin, or covered himself with a rug. If this be experience, man is degraded to the unimproveable level of the instinctive animals. But in the second acceptation, an artist is said to be guided by experience, when the inspection of a machine discovers to him principles which teach him to improve it; or when the comparison of many, both with respect to their excellences and defects, enables him to frame one different from any he had examined, and still more perfect. In this latter sense the National Assembly have perpetually availed themselves of experience. History is an immense collection of experiments on the nature and effect of the various parts of various governments. Some institutions are experimentally ascertained to be beneficial; some to be most indubitably destructive; a third class, which produces partial good, obviously possesses the capacity of improvement. What, on such a survey, was the dictate of enlightened experience? Not surely to follow any model in which these institutions lay indiscriminately mingled; but, like the mechanic, to compare and generalize, and guided equally by experience, to imitate and reject. The process is in both cases the same; the rights and the nature of man are to the legislator what the general properties of matter are to the mechanic,—the first guide,—because they are founded on the widest experience. In the second class are to be ranked observations on the excellences and defects of all governments which have already existed, that the construction of a more perfect machine may result. But experience is the basis of all:—not the puny and trammelled experience of a *statesman by trade*, who trembles at any change in the *tricks* which he has been taught, or the *routine* in which he has been accustomed to move; but an experience liberal and enlightened, which hears the testimony of ages and nations, and collects from it the general principles which regulate the mechanism of society.

* * We are boldly challenged to produce our proofs; our complaints are asserted to be chimerical; and the excellence of our government is inferred from its beneficial effects. Most unfortunately for us, most unfortunately for our country, these proofs are too ready and too numerous. We find them in that "monumental debt," the bequest of wasteful and profligate wars, which already wrings from the peasant something of his hard-earned pittance,—which already has punished the in

dustry of the useful and upright manufacturer, by robbing him of the asylum of his house, and the judgment of his peers,—to which the madness of political Quixotism adds a million for every farthing that the pomp of ministerial empiricism pays,—and which menaces our children with convulsions and calamities, of which no age has seen the parallel. We find them in the black and bloody roll of persecuting statutes that are still suffered to stain our code;—a list so execrable, that were no monument to be preserved of what England was in the eighteenth century but her Statute Book, she might be deemed to have been then still plunged in the deepest gloom of superstitious barbarism. We find them in the ignominious exclusion of great bodies of our fellow-citizens from political trusts, by tests which reward falsehood and punish probity,—which profane the rights of the religion they pretend to guard, and usurp the dominion of the God they profess to revere. We find them in the growing corruption of those who administer the government,—in the venality of a House of Commons, which has become only a cumbrous and expensive chamber for registering ministerial edicts,—in the increase of a nobility degraded by the profusion and prostitution of honours, which the zealous partisans of democracy would have spared them. We find them, above all, in the rapid progress which has been made in silencing the great organ of public opinion,—that Press which is the true control over the Ministers and Parliaments, who might else, with impunity, trample on the impotent formalities that form the pretended bulwark of our freedom. The mutual control, the well-poised balance of the several members of our Legislature, are the visions of theoretical, or the pretext of practical politicians. It is a government, not of check, but of conspiracy,—a conspiracy which can only be repressed by the energy of popular opinion.

These are no visionary ills,—no chimerical apprehensions: they are the sad and sober reflections of as honest and enlightened men as any in the kingdom. Nor are they alleviated by the torpid and listless security into which the people seem to be lulled. "*Summum otium forense non quiescentis sed senescentis civitatis.*" It is in this fatal temper that men become sufficiently debased and embruted to sink into placid and polluted servitude. It is then that it may most truly be said, that the mind of a country is slain. The admirers of Revolution principles naturally call on every aggrieved and enlightened citizen to consider the source of his oppression. If penal statutes hang over our Catholic brethren,—if Test Acts outrage our Protestant fellow-citizens,—if the remains of feudal tyranny are still suffered to exist in Scotland,—if the press is fettered,—if our right to trial by jury is abridged,—if our manufactures are proscribed and hunted down by excise,—the reason of all these oppressions is the same:—no branch of the Legislature represents the people. Men are oppressed because they have no share in their own government. Let all these classes of oppressed citizens melt their local and partial grievances into one great mass. Let them cease to be suppliants for their rights, or to sue for them like mendicants, as a precarious boon from the arrogant pity of usurpers. Until the Legislature speaks their voice it will oppress them. Let them unite to procure such a Reform in the representation of the people as will make the House of Commons their representative. If dismissing all petty views of obtaining their own particular ends, they unite for this great object, they must succeed. The co-operating efforts of so many bodies of citizens must awaken the nation; and its voice will be spoken in a tone that virtuous governors will obey, and tyrannical ones must dread.

This tranquil and legal Reform is the ultimate object of those whom Mr. Burke has so foully branded. In effect this would be amply sufficient. The powers of the King and the Lords have never been formidable in England, but from discords between the House of Commons and its pretended constituents. Were that house really to become the vehicle of the popular voice, the privileges of other bodies, in opposition to the sense of the people and their representatives would be but as dust in the balance. From this radical improvement all subaltern reform would naturally and peaceably arise. We dream of no more, and in claiming this, instead of meriting the imputation of being apostles of sedition, we conceive ourselves entitled to be considered as the most sincere friends of tranquil and stable government. We desire to avert revolution by reform,—subversion by correction. We admonish our governors to reform, while they retain the force to reform with dignity and security; and we conjure them not to wait the moment, which will infallibly arrive, when they shall be obliged to supplicate that people, whom they oppress and despise, for the slenderest pittance of their present powers.

The grievances of England do not now, we confess, justify a change by violence: but they are in a rapid progress to that fatal state, in which they will both justify and produce it. It is because we sincerely love tranquil freedom, that we earnestly deprecate the arrival of the moment when nature and honour shall compel us to seek her with our swords. Are not they the true friends to authority who desire, that whatever is granted by it "should issue as a gift of her bounty and beneficence, rather than as claims recovered against a struggling litigant? Or, at least, that if her beneficence obtained no credit in her concessions, they should appear the salutary provisions of wisdom and foresight, not as things wrung with blood by the cruel gripe of a rigid necessity." We desire that the political light which is to break in on England should be "through well-contrived and well-disposed windows, not through flaws and breaches,—through the yawning chasms of our ruin."

Sir James Mackintosh.

THE CONSTANT PRINCE.

[**Pedro Calderon de la Barca**, a great Spanish dramatist, born in Madrid in 1600, died in 1681. Educated by the College of Jesuits, he became a soldier, but having evinced a high literary faculty, he was appointed to superintend the royal theatres in 1635, on the death of Lope de Vega. His voluminous writings comprise no less than eighty-five sacred dramas, besides over one hundred secular plays, including tragedies, comedies, and melodramas. There is much lyrical fire and plenty of extravagance in these admired productions, in many of which the passions form the groundwork of the plot. By some critics Calderon is placed in a very high niche next to Shakespeare as a dramatic poet.]

Phenix.

If I but knew,
Ah! my Zelmia, how I feel,
That certain knowledge soon would steal
Half of the grief that pains me through:—
I do not know its nature wholly,
Although it robs my heart of gladness,
For now it seemeth tearful sadness,—
And now 'tis pensive melancholy:—
I only know, I know I feel—
But what I feel I do not know,—
The sweet illusions mock me so.

Zara.

Since these gardens cannot steal
Away your oft returning woes—
Though to beauteous spring, they build
Snow white jasmine temples filled
With radiant statues of the rose,
Come unto the sea and make
Thy bark the chariot of the sun.—

Rosa.

And when the golden splendours run
Athwart the waves, along thy wake—
The garden to the sea will say
(By melancholy fears deprest),
The sun already gilds the west,
How very short has been this day!—

Phenix.

Ah! no more can gladden me
Sunny shores, or dark projections
Where in emulous reflections
Blend the rival land and sea;
When, alike in charms and powers,
Where the woods and waves are meeting—
Flowers with foam are seen competing—
Sparkling foam with snow-white flowers;
For the garden, envious grown
Of the curling waves of ocean,
Loves to imitate their motion;
And the amorous zephyr, blown
Out to sea from fragrant bowers,
In the shining waters laving
Back returns, and makes the waving
Leaves an ocean of bright flowers:
When the sea too, sad to view
Its barren waste of waves forlorn,
Striveth swiftly to adorn
All its realm, and to subdue
The pride of its majestic mien,
To second laws it doth subject
Its nature, and with sweet effect
Blends fields of blue with waves of green.
Coloured now like heaven's blue dome
Now plumed as if from verdant bowers,
The garden seems a sea of flowers,
The sea a garden of bright foam:
How deep my pain must be is plain,
Since naught delights my heart or eye,
Nor earth, nor air, nor sea, nor sky.

FROM THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.

BY CALDERON.

Polonia.

Let me go, my lord, since thou
Knowest how my heart doth leap and bound
When I hear a trumpet's sound,
And a flush comes deepening o'er my brow,

And my whole frame doth rejoice,
As at a siren's voice;
Since inclined to arms and warlike deeds,
Music's martial clangour stirs my soul,
So that I cannot control
My emotion: may the fame
Soon be mine, that ever valour breeds
When my wafted name shall run
To the ever-glorious sun,
Sailing on a thousand waves of flame;
Or, on swift wings o'er the azure air,
Rivalling the goddess Pallas there!—
'Twas but to know, I this excuse contrived [*Aside*
If this is Philip's ship that has arrived. [*Exit.*

Laoghaire.

Come, my lord, descend with me
To the white fringe of the rolling sea,
Which doth humbly bow its curled head
To this mountain lone and dread;
Which, because it proudly braves
The sea and storm must ever dwell
In a lone and sandy cell,
Guarded round by crystal waves.

Captain.

Come, and all your cares forget,
At this snowy monster's sight—
Like a sapphire mirror set
In a rich frame, silver white.

King.

Nothing now can bring relief,
Nothing now can wean me from my grief,
Or expel that ever-torturing guest,
From out the burning Etna of my breast.

Lesbia.

Is there any earthly sight more fair—
Can the world this miracle surpass—
Than to see a vessel softly gliding,
Like a plough the azure field dividing,
Or go breaking through the crystal glass,
With the light breeze for its willing slave,
Like a bird upon the rippling wave,
Or a fish within the yielding air?
Favourite of sea and sky,
It through the winds doth swim, and o'er the waves
doth fly;
But that sight were dreadful now,
Full of terror and affright,
For the sea is altered quite;
And the mountain billows roar,
And the ocean's lordly brow,
Is all deeply wrinkled o'er!—
Neptune from his rest awaking,
And his dreadful trident shaking,
And his angry visage baring,
Trieth now the sailors' daring.
Now the storm begins to rise,
Howling round the starry dome;
All is altered in a trice,
Pyramids of shining ice,
Snowy palaces of foam,
All are dashed against the skies.

Polonia, entering.

Polonia.

Alas! Alas!

King.

Polonia, speak.

Polonia.

This fickle Babylon that tries
In its thirsty rage to seek
Even the dark and distant skies,
Hides in its remorseless womb
Myriads who forever rest,
Each within his coral tomb,
Deep below the troubled wave,
In a shining silver cave:
Now the God by rage possess'd
Has loosed the winds and let them fly,
Raging over sea and sky;
Rushing o'er the waters dark,
They have struck the wretched bark—
She whose trumpet late did sound
Like a swan's funereal note—
I, who then a pathway found
Up that steep stupendous cliff,
Which upon the shore remote,
First receives the orient ray,
There I saw a mighty ship
Tossing like a summer skiff
On the waters cast away,
As the masts did rise and dip,
Saw I Philip's banners wave
O'er the sinking vessel's grave;
Then I added more and more,
To the waves and tempest's roar,
By the gushing tears and sighs
Bursting from my lips and eyes!—

King.

Immortal rulers of the sky
Why so much my patience try
With such threatened ills as these?
Do you wish that I should seize
On the sceptre and the crown
Of thy conquered kingdom? *Lo!*
Thither shall I surely rise,
And with vengeful hand tear down
The azure palace of the skies!
Being a second Nimrod. So
That the world by me, perchance,
May escape its threatened doom.
Vainly may the billows roll.
Vainly may the thunders boom,
Vainly may the lightnings glance.
They shall never shake my soul!

THE HIGHEST GOOD OF MAN.

From Aristotle's Treatise on Ethics.

[Aristotle, the most distinguished of Grecian philosophers, born in Stagira, 384 B. C., died 322 B. C. He went to Athens when seventeen years old to pursue his studies under Plato, and resided there twenty years, becoming the teacher of Alexander the Great, whom he accompanied in several of his expeditions. Aristotle established a new school of philosophy, known as the Peripatetic, because he taught while walking up and down. Many of the numerous writings of Aristotle are lost, but enough remain to attest his great powers as a thinker and writer. He was the first to divide the animal kingdom into classes, and to discriminate between the several faculties and powers of the mind and body of man. He is called the creator of logic, which made no progress since Aristotle, the principles which he laid down for it not having been superseded. His leading works are "*Rhetoric*," "*Poetics*," "*Ethics*," "*Politics*," "*Organon or Logic*," "*History of Animals*," "*Physics*," and "*Metaphysics*," which have been translated into all modern languages.]

Every art and every scientific system, and in like manner every cause of action and deliberate preference, seems to aim at some good; and consequently "*the Good*" has been well defined as "that which all things aim at."

But there appears to be a kind of difference in ends; for some are energies; others again beyond these, certain works; but wherever there are certain ends besides the actions, there the works are naturally better than the energies.

Now since there are many actions, arts, and sciences, it follows that there are many ends; for of medicine the end is health; of ship-building, a ship; of generalship, victory; of economy, wealth. But whatever of such arts are contained under any one faculty, (as for instance, under horsemanship is contained the art of making bridles, and all other horse furniture; and this and the whole art of war is contained under generalship; and in the same manner other arts are contained under different faculties;) in all these the ends of the chief arts are more eligible than the ends of the subordinate ones; because for the sake of the former, the latter are pursued. It makes, however, no difference whether the energies themselves, or something else besides these, are the ends of actions, just as it would make no difference in the sciences above mentioned.

If, therefore, there is some end of all that we do, which we wish for on its own account, and if we wish for all other things on account of this, and do not choose everything for the sake of something else (for thus we should go on to infinity, so that desire would be empty and vain), it is evident that this must be "the good," and the greatest good. Has not, then, the knowledge of this end a great influence on the conduct of life? and, like archers, shall we not be more likely to attain that which is right, if we have a mark? If so, we ought to endeavour to give an outline at least of its nature, and to determine to which of the sciences or faculties it belongs.

Now it would appear to be the end of that which is especially the chief and master science, and this seems to be the political science, for it directs what sciences states ought to cultivate, what individuals should learn, and how far they should pursue them. We see, too, that the most valued faculties are comprehended under it, as for example, generalship, economy, rhetoric. Since, then, this science makes use of the practical sciences, and legislates respecting what ought to be done, and what abstained from, its end must include those of the others; so that this end must be *the good* of man. For although the good of an individual and a state be the same, still that of a state appears more important and more perfect both to obtain and to preserve. To discover the good of an individual is satisfactory, but to discover that of a state or a nation is more noble and divine. This, then, is the object of my treatise, which is of a political kind. * * * *

Since all knowledge and every act of deliberate preference aims at some good, let us show what that is, which we say that the political science aims at, and what is the highest good of all things which are done. As to its name, indeed, almost all men are agreed; for both the vulgar and the educated call it *happiness:* but they suppose that to live well and do well are synonyms with being happy. But concerning the nature of happiness they are at variance, and the vulgar do not give the same definition of it as the educated; for some imagine it to be an obvious and well-known object—such as pleasure, or wealth, or honour; but different men think differently of it; and frequently even the same person entertains different opinions respecting it at different times; for, when diseased, he believes it to be health; when poor, wealth; but, conscious of their own ignorance, they admire those who say that it is something great and beyond them. Some, again, have supposed that besides these numerous goods, there is another self-existent good, which is to all these the cause of their being goods. Now, to examine all the opinions would perhaps be rather unprofitable; but it will be sufficient to examine those which lie most upon the surface, or seem to be most reasonable.

Let it not, however, escape our notice, that arguments from principles differ from arguments to principles, for well did Plato also propose doubts on this point, and inquire whether the right way is from principles or to principles; just as in the course from the starting-post to the goal, or the contrary. For we must begin from those things that are known; and things are known in two ways; for some are known to ourselves, others are generally known; perhaps, therefore, we should begin from the things known to ourselves.

Whoever, therefore, is to study with advantage the things which are honourable and just, and in a word the subjects of political science, must have been well and morally educated; for the point from whence we must begin is *the fact*, and if this is satisfactorily proved, it will be unnecessary to add *the reason.* Such a student possesses, or would easily acquire, the principles. But let him who possesses neither of these qualifications, hear the sentiments of Hesiod:—

"Far does the man all other men excel,
Who, from his wisdom, thinks in all things well,
Wisely considering, to himself a friend,
All for the present best, and for the end.
Nor is the man without his share of praise,
Who well the dictates of the wise obeys:
But he that is not wise himself, nor can
Hearken to wisdom, is a useless man."

STAGES IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME.

[Mrs. Catherine Crowe, born in 1800, a copious writer of English prose, has written "*The Adventures of Susan Hopley*" (1841), and other stories. Her best known work is "*The Night Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers*" (1848), a collection of remarkable stories founded largely on supernatural events. It is a curious treasury of wonderful dreams, presentiments, second sight, ghosts, etc., well adapted to fascinate lovers of the marvellous. He died in 1876.]

It is in the annals of the doings and sufferings of the good and brave spirits of the earth that we should learn our lessons. It is by these that our hearts are mellowed, our minds exalted, and our souls nerved to go and do likewise. But there are occasionally circumstances connected with the history of great crimes that render them the most impressive of homilies; fitting them to be set aloft as beacons to warn away the frail mortal, tossed on the tempest of his passions, from the destruction that awaits him if he pursues his course; and such instruction we hold may be best derived from those cases in which the subsequent feelings of a criminal are disclosed to us; those cases, in short, in which the chastisement proceeds from within instead of from without; that chastisement that no cunning concealment, no legal subtlety, no eloquent counsel, no indulgent judge can avert. . . .

One of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phasis of human affairs, every advance in civilization, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals, crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes "make quick conveyance" with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and lifelong incarcerations; when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilization advances, it descends to a lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

But we are often struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colours the pages of continental criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrear of the stage we have reached, and, certainly, some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which, in this country, could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have been met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication or imbroglio in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for, enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglio that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilization we have already passed.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried: "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face while she bended her knee.
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see.
And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said: "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

PICTURE OF GREEN HEYS FIELDS, MANCHESTER.

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as "Green Heys Fields," through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields, with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighbourhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of haymaking, ploughing, &c., which are such pleasant mysteries for townspeople to watch; and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life—the lowing of cattle, the milkmaids' call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farm-house is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago, when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks and wallflowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen; but one afternoon—now ten or a dozen years ago—these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds which were blown by a west wind over the dark-blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colours.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens—namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but towards evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged; dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one, and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers had been carried or dragged thus far in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.

MRS. GASKELL.

ON THE STUDY AND USE OF HISTORY.

[HENRY ST. JOHN, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751,) an English author and statesman, was noted for the ingenuity and pleasing flow of his literary compositions, and exerted considerable influence in the first half of the eighteenth century, although his writings are now but little read.]

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us, must affect posterity: this sentiment runs through mankind from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their huntings and their wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows, among civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse: he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels: in riper years he applies himself to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and, even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity it is, my lord, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom? That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful, application of our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to soothe our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen; as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expense of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it should be made the principal, much less the sole object of their application. The true and proper object of this application is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance, is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

Your lordship may very well be ready by this time, and after so much bold censure on my part, to ask me what then is the true use of history? in what it may serve to make us better and wiser? and what method is to be pursued in the study of it for attaining these great ends? I will answer you by quoting what I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius Halicarnassensis, I think, that history is philosophy teaching by examples. We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. "*Pauci prudentia,*" says Tacitus, "*honesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis discernunt: plures aliorum eventis docentur.*" Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though ever so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means; and we are obliged to apply to ourselves what we see may happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the further disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. "*Homines amplius oculis quam oribus credunt: longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.*" The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epistles in confirmation of my own opinion, rests, I think, on this; that when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a piece; which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus forming habits by repetition, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuated. Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual way of commanding, is by example? "*Mitius jubetur exemplo.*" The harshest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is, that so few princes have learned this way of commanding. But again: the force of example is not confined to those alone, who pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggests, have the same effect in their degree, and a habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle, from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example, than by the discourse of Socrates. (But here, by the way, Seneca mistook; for Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle: and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him, as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarcely worth a parenthesis, as it will; he adds that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyænus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows that the citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses: so that, whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even to emulate their great forefathers. The success answered the design. The virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of the commonwealth. Now these are so many instances of the force of remote example; and from all these instances we may conclude, that examples of both kinds are necessary.

The school of example, my lord, is the world: and the masters of this school are history and experience. I am far from contending that the former is preferable to the latter. I think upon the whole otherwise: but this I say, that the former is absolutely necessary to prepare us for the latter, and to accompany us while we are under the discipline of the latter, that is through the whole course of our lives. No doubt some few men may be quoted, to whom Nature gave what art and industry can give to no man. But such examples will prove nothing against me, because I admit that the study of history, without experience, is insufficient; but assert, that experience itself is so without genius. Genius is preferable to the other two; but I will wish to find the three together: for how great soever a genius may be, and how much soever he may acquire new light and heat, as he proceeds in his rapid course, certain it is that he will never shine with the full lustre, nor shed the full influence he is capable of, unless to his own experience he adds the experience of other men and other ages.

Genius, without the improvement, at least of experience, is what comets once were thought to be, a blazing meteor irregular in his course, and dangerous in his approach; of no use to any system, and able to destroy any. Mere sons of earth, if they have experience without any knowledge of the history of the world, are but half scholars in the science of mankind. And if they are conversant in history without experience, they are worse than ignorant; they are pedants, always incapable, sometimes meddling and presuming. The man who has all three, is an honour to his country and a public blessing.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

OLD SONGS.

[IN poetry, as in prose fiction, ladies crowd the arena, and contend for the highest prizes. Among other fair competitors is MISS ELIZA COOK, (born in Southwark, London, about 1818) published a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "*Melaia, and other Poems.*" A great number of small pieces have also been contributed by Miss Cook to periodical works; and in 1849 she established a weekly periodical, "*Eliza Cook's Journal,*" which enjoyed considerable popularity from 1849 until 1854, when ill health compelled Miss Cook to give it up. In 1864 she published a second volume of poems, "*New Echoes, &c.;*" and the same year a pension was settled on the authoress. She died in 1889.]

Old songs! old songs!—what heaps I knew,
From "Chevy Chase" to "Black-eyed Sue;"
From "Flow, thou regal purple stream,"
To Rousseau's melancholy "Dream!"
I loved the pensive "Cabin-boy,"
With earnest truth and real joy;
My warmest feelings wander back
To greet "Tom Bowling" and "Poor Jack;"
And oh, "Will Watch, the smuggler bold,"
My plighted troth thou'lt ever hold.
I doted on the "Auld Scots' Sonnet,"
As though I'd worn the plaid and bonnet;
I went abroad with "Sandy's Ghost,"
I stood with Bannockburn's brave host,

And proudly tossed my curly head
With "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"
I shouted "Coming through the rye"
With restless step and sparkling eye,
And chased away the passing frown,
With "Bonny ran the burnie down."
Old songs! old songs!—my brain has lost
Much that it gained with pain and cost.
I have forgotten all the rules
Of Murray's books and Trimmer's schools;
Detested figures—how I hate
The mere remembrance of a slate!
How have I cast from woman's thought,
Much goodly lore the girl was taught;
But not a word has passed away
Of "Rest thee, babe," or "Robin Gray."
The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song
Sleeping as soundly and as long.
Old songs! old songs!—I should not sigh;
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darkened cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell.
Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs
Is closely mingled with "Old Songs."

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,—
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled!
And I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'T is past, 't is past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

FROM "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL."

[DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, an English artist, one of the originators of what is termed the Pre-Raphaelite style of art, or imitation of the early Italian painters, with their vivid colours, minute details, and careful finish, is known also as a poet and translator. In 1861 Mr. Rossetti published "*The Early Italian Poets from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri* (1100–1200–1300), *in the original metres, together with Dante's Vita Nuova*." In 1870 he issued a volume of "*Poems*," some of which were early productions printed in periodical works. Nearly all of them are in form and colour, subject and style of treatment, similar to the Pre-Raphaelite pictures. The first relates the thoughts and musings of a maiden in heaven while waiting the arrival of her lover from the land of the living. He died in 1882.]

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem,
Nor wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service, meetly worn;
And her hair hanging down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the starry depth,
The which is space begun,
So high that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether like a bridge,
Beneath the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge,
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly some of her new friends
  Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore among themselves
  Their virginal chaste names:
And the souls mounting up to God,
  Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stooped
  Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
  The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep,
  Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
  Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
  Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
  The stars sang in their spheres.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN POWER AND ACTIVITY.

FROM THE SYSTEM OF PHRENOLOGY.

[GEORGE COMBE, (1788–1858). Mr. Combe was a writer to the *Signet* in Edinburgh, but strongly attached to literary and philosophical pursuits. He was much respected by his fellow-citizens, and was known over Europe and America for his speculations in mental science, &c. An interesting Life of Mr. Combe, by Charles Gibbon, was published in 1878. His chief works are—"*Essay on Phrenology*," 1819; "*The Constitution of Man*," 1828; "*System of Phrenology*," 1836; "*Notes on the United States of America*," three vols., 1841; "*Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture;*" and pamphlets on the "*Relation between Science and Religion*," on "*Capital Punishments*," on "*National Education*," the "*Currency Question*," etc.]

As commonly employed, the word power is synonymous with strength, or much power, instead of denoting mere capacity, whether much or little, to act; while by activity is usually understood much quickness of action, and great proneness to act. As it is desirable, however, to avoid every chance of ambiguity, I shall employ the words power and activity in the sense first before explained; and to high degrees of power I shall apply the terms energy, intensity, strength, or vigour; while to great activity I shall apply the terms vivacity, agility, rapidity, or quickness.

In physics, strength is quite distinguishable from quickness. The balance-wheel of a watch moves with much rapidity, but so slight is its impetus, that a hair would suffice to stop it; the beam of a steam-engine progresses slowly and massively through space, but its energy is prodigiously great.

In muscular action these qualities are recognized with equal facility as different. The greyhound bounds over hill and dale with animated agility; but a slight obstacle would counterbalance his momentum, and arrest his progress. The elephant, on the other hand, rolls slowly and heavily along; but the impetus of his motion would sweep away an impediment sufficient to resist fifty greyhounds at the summit of their speed.

In mental manifestations,—considered apart from organization,—the distinction between energy and vivacity is equally palpable. On the stage, Mrs. Siddons and Mr. John Kemble were remarkable for the solemn deliberation of their manner, both in declamation and in action, and yet they were splendidly gifted with energy. They carried captive at once the sympathies and the understanding of the audience, and made every man feel his faculties expanding, and his whole mind becoming greater under the influence of their power. Other performers, again, are remarkable for agility of action and elocution, who, nevertheless, are felt to be feeble and ineffective in rousing an audience to emotion. Vivacity is their distinguishing attribute, with an absence of vigour. At the bar, in the pulpit, and in the senate, the same distinction prevails. Many members of the learned professions display great fluency of elocution and felicity of illustration, surprising us with the quickness of their parts, who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive nor profound. They exhibit acuteness without depth, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness of understanding. This also proceeds from vivacity with little energy. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate—their faculties acting slowly but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain wave. Their words fall like minute-guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power; it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fairly animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and overwhelm and take possession of feebler minds, impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power.

As a general rule, the largest organs in each head have naturally the greatest, and the smallest the least, tendency to act, and to perform their functions with rapidity. The temperaments also indicate the amount of this tendency. The nervous is the most vivacious, next the sanguine, then the bilious, while the lymphatic is characterized by proneness to inaction. In a lymphatic brain, great size may be present and few manifestations occur through sluggishness; but if a strong external stimulus be presented, energy often appears. If the brain be very small, no degree of stimulus, either external or internal, will cause great power to be manifested.

A certain combination of organs—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, Acquisitiveness, and Love of Approbation, all large—is favourable to general vivacity of mind; and another combination—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, and Acquisitiveness, small or moderate, with Veneration and Benevolence large,—is frequently attended with sluggishness of the mental character; but the activity of the whole brain is constitutionally greater in some individuals than in others, as already explained. It may even happen that, in the same individual, one organ is naturally more active than another, without reference to size, just as the optic nerve is sometimes more irritable than the auditory; but this is by no means a common occurrence. Exercise greatly increases activity as well as power, and hence arise the benefits of education. Dr. Spurzheim thinks that "long fibres produce more activity, and thick fibres more intensity."

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wagon through the streets of London, we would prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfrey. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises—to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot—to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad—to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation—to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age—in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakspeare, Milton, or Cromwell—a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various professions of civil life—to cultivate with success the less arduous branches of philosophy—to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression—to acquire extensive erudition and refined manners—a brain of a moderate size is perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element, they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the expansion of their powers. Their mental energies rise in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feebler minds would sink in despair.

THE COMPASSIONATE AFRICAN MATRON.

[Mungo Park was born at Fowlshields, near Selkirk, on the 10th of September, 1771. He studied medicine, and performed a voyage to Bencoolen in the capacity of assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman. The African Association, founded in 1778 for the purpose of promoting discovery in the interior of Africa, had sent out several travellers—John Ledyard, Lucas, and Major Houghton—all of whom had died. Park, however, undeterred by these examples, embraced the society's offer, and set sail in May 1795. On the 21st of June following he arrived at Jillifree, on the banks of the Gambia. He pursued his journey towards the kingdom of

Bambarra, and saw the great object of his mission, the river Niger, flowing toward the east. The sufferings of Park during his journey, the various incidents he encountered, his captivity among the Moors, and his description of the inhabitants, their manners, trade, and customs, constitute a narrative of the deepest interest. The traveller returned to England towards the latter end of the year 1797, when all hope of him had been abandoned, and in 1799 he published his travels. The style is simple and manly, and replete with a fine moral feeling. One of his adventures—which had the honour of being turned into verse by the Duchess of Devonshire—is thus related. The traveller had reached the town of Sego, the capital of Bambarra, and wished to cross the river towards the residence of the king.]

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of a chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: "The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he, &c." Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

THE TRAVELLER'S PIOUS FORTITUDE.

After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like those would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me; for they said they never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding.

Mungo Park.

ROUSSEAU (1712–1778).

[Louis Simond, a French author, who, by familiarity with our language and country, wrote in English as well as in his native tongue, published in 1822 a work in 2 volumes—"*Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country in the years* 1817, 1818 *and* 1819." M. Simond had previously written a similar work on Great Britain, during the years 1810 and 1811, which was well received and favourably reviewed by Southey, Jeffrey, and other critics. M. Simond resided twenty years in America. We subjoin his character sketch of Rousseau.]

Rousseau, from his garret, governed an empire—that of the mind; the founder of a new religion in politics, and to his enthusiastic followers a prophet—he said and they believed! The disciples of Voltaire might be more numerous, but they were bound to him by far weaker ties. Those of Rousseau made the French Revolution, and perished *for* it; while Voltaire, miscalculating its chances, perished *by* it. Both perhaps deserved their fate; but the former certainly acted the nobler part, and went to battle with the best weapons too—for in the deadly encounter of all the passions, of the most opposite principles and irreconcilable prejudices, cold-hearted wit is of little avail. Heroes and martyrs do not care for epigrams; and he must have enthusiasm who pretends to lead the enthusiastic or to cope with them. *Une intime persuasion*, Rousseau has somewhere said, *m'a toujours tenu lieu d'éloquence!* And well it might; for the first requisite to command belief is to believe yourself. Nor is it easy to impose on mankind in this respect. There is no eloquence, no ascendency over the minds of others, without this intimate persuasion, in yourself. Rousseau's might only be a sort of poetical persuasion lasting but as long as the occasion; yet it was thus powerful, only because it was true, though but for a quarter of an hour perhaps, in the heart of this inspired writer.

Mr. M——, son of the friend of Rousseau, to whom he left his manuscripts, and especially his *Confessions*, to be published after his death, had the goodness to shew them to me. I observed a fair copy written by himself in a small hand like print, very neat and correct; not a blot or an erasure to be seen. The most curious of these papers, however, were several sketch-books, or memoranda, half-filled, where the same hand is no longer discernible; but the same genius, and the same wayward temper and perverse intellect, in every fugitive thought which is there put down. Rousseau's composition, like Montesquieu's, was laborious and slow; his ideas flowed rapidly, but were not readily brought into proper order; they did not appear to have come in consequence of a previous plan; but the plan itself, formed afterwards, came in aid of the ideas, and served as a sort of frame for them, instead of being a system to which they were subservient. Very possibly some of the fundamental opinions he defended so earnestly, and for which his disciples would willingly have suffered martyrdom, were originally adopted because a bright thought, caught as it flew, was entered in his common-place book.

These loose notes of Rousseau afford a curious insight into his taste in composition. You find him perpetually retrenching epithets—reducing his thoughts to their simplest expression—giving words a peculiar energy by the new application of their original meaning—going back to the *naïveté* of old language; and, in the artificial process of simplicity, carefully effacing the trace of each laborious footstep as he advanced; each idea, each image, coming out at last, as if cast entire at a single throw, original, energetic, and clear. Although Mr. M—— had promised to Rousseau that he would publish his *Confessions* as they were, yet he took upon himself to suppress a passage explaining certain circumstances of his abjurations at Anneci, affording a curious but frightfully disgusting picture of monkish manners at the time. It is a pity that Mr. M—— did not break his word in regard to some few more passages of that most admirable and most vile of all the productions of genius.

MADAME DE STAËL (1766-1817).

I had seen Madame de Staël a child; and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel that I must remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard, as it were, her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this, may be deemed something like those of posterity.

Madame de Staël lived for conversation: she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the society of Paris was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself. It was the best mirror she could get—and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been born noble and a beauty. Yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so entirely void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labor, but all pleasure. Conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things, and the deep things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure, the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was, every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted.

LOUIS SIMOND.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S PROTEST AGAINST PHARISAISM.

FROM PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION OF "JANE EYRE."

[CHARLOTTE BRONTE, one of the best English novelists, was born at Thornton, Yorkshire, in 1816. She was the third daughter of six remarkable children, five girls and a boy. Their father, the Rev. Patrick Bronte, bestowed on them a careful education, although he made the mistake of sending the three eldest to school where they were harshly treated. When 38 years of age she married her father's curate, the Rev. Mr. Nicholls, and died the following year. Her novels are, "*The Professors*," "*Shirley*," "*Villette*," and "*Jane Eyre*." The last named, (like "*David Copperfield*," by Dickens), being largely a picture of her own life.]

To that class in whose eyes whatever is unusual is wrong; whose ears detect in each protest against bigotry—that parent of crime—an insult to piety, that regent of God on earth, I would suggest to such doubters certain obvious distinctions; I would remind them of certain simple truths.

Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the crown of thorns. These things and deeds are diametrically opposed; they are as distinct as vice from virtue. Men too often confound them: they should not be confounded: appearance should not be mistaken for truth; narrow human doctrines, that only tend to elate and magnify a few, should not be substituted for the world-redeeming creed of Christ. There is—I repeat it—a difference; and it is a good, and not a bad action to mark broadly and clearly the line of separation between them.

The world may not like to see these ideas dissevered, for it has been accustomed to blend them; finding it convenient to make external show pass for sterling worth—to let white-washed walls vouch for clean shrines. It may hate him who dares to scrutinize and expose—to raise the gilding, and shew base metal under it—to penetrate the sepulchre, and reveal charnel relics: but hate as it will, it is indebted to him.

Ahab did not like Micaiah, because he never prophesied good concerning him, but evil: probably he liked the sycophant son of Chenaanah better; yet might Ahab have escaped a bloody death, had he but stopped his ears to flattery, and opened them to faithful counsel.

There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is the satirist of "*Vanity Fair*" admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek-fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, were to take his warnings in time—they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

FROM "JANE EYRE."

My feet they are sore, and my limbs they are weary;
Long is the way, and the mountains are wild;
Soon will the twilight close moonless and dreary
Over the path of the poor orphan child.

Why did they send me so far and so lonely,
Up where the moors spread and gray rocks are piled?
Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only
Watch o'er the steps of a poor orphan child.

Yet distant and soft the night-breeze is blowing,
Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild;
God in his mercy protection is shewing,
Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child.

Ev'n should I fall o'er the broken bridge passing,
Or stray in the marshes, by false lights beguiled,
Still will my Father, with promise and blessings,
Take to his bosom the poor orphan child.

There is a thought that for strength should avail me,
Though both of shelter and kindred despoiled;
Heaven is a home, and a rest will not fail me;
God is a friend to the poor orphan child.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans-Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat — generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horses "between the ears," say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror" (*portaient au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*). Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr. Moore. "He speaks a great deal," continues the doctor; "yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection" . . . The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his history—especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the Destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking out of that formidable Explosion and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations; wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic—especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage-heroism in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror, and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

THOMAS CARLYLE

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success?" Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all for ever. What kind of success is that? It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden any more to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies, indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there, and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!" Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

[JOHN COLLINS, of whom we can learn nothing except that he was one of the proprietors of the *Birmingham Daily Chronicle*, and died in 1808.]

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
  May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
  And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
  While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
  Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
  As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
  With a barn for the use of the flail:

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill :
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
And this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD

OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

[Herbert Knowles, a native of Canterbury (1798–1817), produced, when a youth of eighteen, the following fine religious stanzas, which, being published in an article by Southey in the *Quarterly Review*, soon obtained general circulation and celebrity : they have much of the steady faith and devotional earnestness of Cowper.]

Lord, it is good for us to be here : if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles ; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.—*Matthew*, xvii. 4.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom ?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah no !
Affrighted, he shrinketh away ;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah no ! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before ;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud,
Alas ! they are all laid aside,
And here 's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches ? Alas ! 'tis in vain ;
Who hid, in their turns have been hid ;
The treasures are squandered again ;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
Ah no ! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow ?—the dead cannot grieve ;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear ;
Peace ! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah no ! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow !
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise !
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled ;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

LETTER TO MONSIEUR DE COULANGES.

[Marie de Rabutin–Chantal, *Marquise de Sévigné*, was born in 1626, in Paris, and died in 1696. She received a fine education, married a nobleman at eighteen, and was greatly admired in society for her wit and beauty. The Duchesses de Longueville and Chevreuse were among her intimate friends. Her chief distinction rests upon her letters to her daughter, Madame de Grignan,—not intended for publication,—many of which are admirable specimens of vivacious and piquant epistolary style.]

Paris, Monday, Dec. 15, 1670.

I am going to tell you a thing, the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable;—in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one either; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris; how, then, will it gain credence at Lyons? a thing which makes everybody cry, "Lord have mercy upon us!" a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses; a thing which, though it is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will not be finished on Monday. I can not bring myself to tell you; guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog? Well, then, I find I must tell you. Monsieur de Lauzun is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, to ——— pray guess to whom! I give you four times to do it in,—I give you six,—I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges:—"It is really very hard to guess; perhaps it is Madame de la Vallière."

Indeed, madam, it is not. "It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then." No, nor she either; you are extremely provincial. "Lord bless me," say you, "what stupid wretches we are! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while." Nay, now you are still further from the mark. "Why, then, it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Crequy." You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de ——, Mademoiselle —guess, pray guess her name; he is to be married to Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur; Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henry the IVth; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, the king's cousin-german,—Mademoiselle, destined to the throne,—Mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur. What glorious matter for talk! If you should burst forth like a bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is, without wit or invention; in short, if you abuse us, we shall think you are quite in the right; for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell, you will find by the letters you receive this post, whether we tell you truth or not.

DESCRIPTION OF A FUNERAL CEREMONY.

Paris, Friday, May 6, 1672.

My Dear Child:—I must return to narration, it is a folly I can never resist. Prepare, therefore, for a description. I was yesterday at a service performed in honour of the Chancellor Segnier at the Oratory. Painting, sculpture, music, rhetoric, in a word, the four liberal arts, were at the expense of it. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the decorations; they were finely imagined, and designed by Le Brun. The mausoleum reached to the top of the dome, adorned with a thousand lamps, and a variety of figures characteristic of him in whose honour it was erected. Beneath were four figures of Death, bearing the marks of his several dignities, as having taken away his honours with his life. One of them held his helmet, another his ducal coronet, another the ensigns of his order, another his chancellor's mace. The four sister arts, painting, music, eloquence, and sculpture were represented in deep distress, bewailing the loss of their protector. The first representation was supported by the four virtues, fortitude, temperance, justice, and religion. Above these, four angels, or genii, received the soul of the deceased, and seemed pruning their purple wings to bear their precious charge to heaven. The mausoleum was adorned with a variety of little seraphs, who supported an illuminated shrine, which was fixed to the top of the cupola. Nothing so magnificent or so well imagined was ever seen; it is Le Brun's master-piece. The whole church was adorned with pictures, devices, and emblems, which all bore some relation to the life, or office, of the chancellor; and some of his noblest actions were represented in painting. Madame de Verneuil offered to purchase all the decoration at a great price; but it was unanimously resolved by those who had contributed to it, to adorn a gallery with it, and to consecrate it as an everlasting monument of their gratitude and magnificence. The assembly was grand and numerous, but without confusion. I sat next to Monsieur de Tulle, Madame Colbert and the Duke of Monmouth, who is as handsome as when we saw him at the palais royal. (Let me tell you in a parenthesis, that he is going to the army to join the king.) A young father of the Oratory came to speak the funeral oration. I desired Monsieur de Tulle to bid him come down, and to mount the pulpit in his place; since nothing could sustain the beauty of the spectacle, and the excellence of the music, but the force of his eloquence. My child, this young man trembled when he began, and we all trembled for him. Our ears were at first struck with a provincial accent; he is of Marseilles, and called Lené. But as he recovered from his confusion, he became so brilliant; established himself so well; gave so just a measure of praise to the deceased; touched with so much address and delicacy all the passages in his life where delicacy was required; placed in so true a light all that was most worthy of admiration; employed all the charms of expression, all the masterly strokes of eloquence, with so much propriety and so much grace, that every one present, without exception, burst into applause, charmed with so perfect, so finished a performance. He is twenty-eight years of age, the intimate friend of M. de Tulle, who accompanied him when he left the assembly. We were for naming him the Chevalier Mascaron, and I think he will even surpass his friend. As for the music, it was fine beyond all description. Baptiste exerted himself to the utmost, and was assisted by all the king's musicians. There was an addition made to that fine *Miserere;* and there was a *Libera*, which filled the eyes of the whole assembly with tears; I do not think the music in heaven could exceed it. There were several prelates present. I desired Guitaut to look for the good Bishop of Marseilles, but we could not see him. I whispered him, that if it had been the funeral oration of any person living, to whom he might have made his court by it, he would not have failed to have been there. This little pleasantry made us laugh, in spite of the solemnity of the ceremony. My dear child, what a strange letter is this? I fancy I have almost lost my senses! What is this long account to you? To tell the truth, I have satisfied my love of description.

Madame De Sévigné.

LETTER TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

Lambesc, Tuesday morning,
10 o'clock, 1672.

When we reckon without Providence, we must frequently reckon twice. I was dressed from head to foot by eight o'clock; I had drank my coffee, heard mass, taken leave of everybody, the mules were loaded, and the tinkling of their bells gave me notice that it was time to mount my litter; my room was full of people, entreating me not to think of setting out on account of the heavy rain which had fallen incessantly for several days, and was then pouring more violently than ever; but I resisted all their arguments, resolving to abide by the promise I made you in my letter of yesterday, of being with you by Thursday, at farthest: at that very instant, in came M. de Grignan in his night-gown and slippers, and talked to me very gravely of the rashness of such an undertaking, saying that the muleteer would not be able to follow the litter; that my mules would fall into some ditch on the road; that my people would be so wet and fatigued, that they would not be able to lend me assistance; so that I changed my mind in a moment, and yielded to his sage remonstrances: and now, my dear child, the trunks are brought back, the mules are unharnessed, the footmen and maids are drying themselves by the fire, for they were wet through in only crossing the courtyard; and I dispatch you this messenger, knowing your goodness will make you uneasy, and wishing to lessen my own uneasiness, being very anxious about your health; for this man will either bring me word here, or meet one on the road. In short, my dear, he will be with you at Grignan on Thursday instead of me; and I shall set out the first moment it pleases God and M. de Grignan, who is become absolute master of me, and well knows my reasons for wishing so much to be at Grignan. I should be glad if this affair could be kept a secret from M. de la Garde, for he will take a most unmerciful pleasure in finding everything turn out as he foretold; but let him take care, and not grow vain upon this pretended gift of prophecy.

Madame De Sévigné.

DURANDARTE AND BELERMA.

[Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of "*The Monk,*" was born in London in the year 1775, died 1816. His father was deputy-secretary in the War-office. When a child, Lewis had pored over "*Glanville on Witches,*" and other books on diablerie; and in Germany he found abundant food of the same description. Romance and the drama were his favourite studies; and while resident abroad, he composed his story of "*The Monk*," a work more extravagant in its use of supernatural machinery than any previous English tale of modern times, and disfigured with licentious passages. The novel was published in 1795, and attracted much attention. A prosecution, it is said, was threatened on account of the peccant scenes and descriptions; to avert which, Lewis pledged himself to recall the printed copies, and to recast the work in another edition. The author continued through life the same strain of marvellous and terrific composition—now clothing it in verse, now infusing it into the scenes of a drama, and at other times expanding it into regular tales. His "*Tales of Terror*" (1799), "*Tales of Wonder*" (to which Sir Walter Scott contributed), "*Romantic Tales*" (1808), "*The Bravo of Venice*" (1804), and "*Feudal Tyrants*" (1806), both translated from the German, with numerous dramas, all bespeak the same parentage as "*The Monk*," and none of them excels it. His best poetry, as well as prose, is to be found in this novel; for like Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis introduced poetical compositions into his tales; and his ballads (which we give) of "*Alonzo the Brave*" and "*Durandarte*" were as attractive as any of the adventures of Ambrosio the monk.]

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight:
On those fatal plains of glory
Perished many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte; never
Verse a nobler chieftain named;
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaimed:

"Oh, Belerma! oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born;
Seven long years I served thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

"And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

"Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die!

"Oh! my cousin, Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear.

"When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

"Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say, my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death:

"Twice a week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin, say;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

"Montesinos, now the hour
Marked by fate is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power;
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

"Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hie;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

"Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore—
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

"So shall Jesus, still attending,
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow."

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain.
Greatly joyed the Moorish party
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took from him his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast,
That Belerma, wretched lady!
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he
Felt distress his bosom rend.
"Oh! my cousin, Durandarte,
Woe is me to view thy end!

"Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light.

"Cousin, lo! my tears bedew thee;
How shall I thy loss survive?
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?"

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!"

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

"If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled: "I pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His visor he slowly unclosed;
O God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one, behold me!" he cried;
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

CHARACTER AND CAREER OF FRANCIS XAVIER.

[Sir JAMES STEPHEN, born in London 1789, died at Coblentz 1859, was educated a barrister, appointed counsel to the Board of Trade, and under-Secretary of State, knighted in 1847, and became professor of modern history at Cambridge in 1849. He wrote many articles for the Edinburgh Review, marked by great eloquence and acumen. His "*Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*," (from one of which we quote), appeared in 1849, and have passed through four editions. His "*Lectures on the History of France*," 2 vols., appeared in 1851.]

Weak and frail he may have been, but from the days of Paul of Tarsus to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and assassination, and pursued his mission of love with ever increasing ardour, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the island of Moro (one of the group of the Moluccas), he took his stand at the foot of a volcano; and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by falling rocks and peals of unintermitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings and river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd which clung to him for safety, to repent, and to obey the truth; but he also taught them that the sounds which racked their ears were the groans of the infernal world, and the sights which blasted their eyes an outbreak from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of mass, to an edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled; but Xavier, standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice, with a faith, at least in this instance, enviable in the real presence, rejoicing, as he says in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the island thus winged their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion. There is no schoolboy of our days who could not teach much unsuspected by Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and the spiritual worlds. But we have not many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created; for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and most learned of ordinary men.

* * * * * * *

But his earthly toils and projects were now to cease forever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital power. It was an agony and a solitude for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance. It was a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith, and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal prison-house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a brief moment irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix; and exclaiming, *In te, Domine speravi—non confundar in æternum!* he bowed his head and died.

* * *

He lived among men as if to show how little the grandeur of the human soul depends on mere intellectual power. It was his to demonstrate with what vivific rays a heart imbued with the love of God and man may warm and kindle the nations, however dense may be the exhalations through which the giant pursues his course from the one end of heaven to the other. Scholars criticised, wits ridiculed, prudent men admonished, and kings opposed him; but on moved Francis Xavier, borne onward by an impulse which crushed and scattered to the winds all such puny obstacles. In ten short years, as if mercy had lent him wings and faith an impenetrable armour, he traversed oceans, islands and continents, through a track equal to more than twice the circumference of our globe; everywhere preaching, disputing, baptizing, and founding Christian churches. There is at least one well-authenticated miracle in Xavier's story. It is, that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did; and have sustained them, too, not merely with composure, but as if in obedience to some indestructible exigency of his nature. "The Father Master Francis (the words are those of his associate, Melchior Nunez), when laboring for the salvation of idolaters, seemed to act, not by any acquired power, but as by some natural instinct; for he could take neither pleasure nor even exist except in such employments. They were his repose; and when he was leading men to the knowledge and the love of God, however much he exerted himself, he never appeared to be making any effort."

Seven hundred thousand converts, (for in these matters Xavier's eulogists are not parsimonious), are numbered as the fruits of his mission; nor is the extravagance so extreme if the word "conversion" be understood in the sense in which they used it. Kings, Rajahs, and Princes were always, when possible, the first object of his care. Some such conquests he certainly made; and as the flocks would often follow their shepherds, and as the gate into the Christian fold was not made very strait, it may have been entered by many thousands and tens of thousands. But if Xavier taught the mighty of the earth, it was for the sake of the poor and miserable, and with them he chiefly dwelt. * * * * * * * *

No man, however abject his condition, disgusting his maladies, or hateful his crimes, ever turned to Xavier without learning that there was at least one human heart on which he might repose with all the confidence of a brother's love. To his eye the meanest and the lowest reflected the image of Him whom he followed and adored; nor did he suppose that he could ever serve the Saviour of mankind so acceptably as by ministering to their sorrows and recalling them into the way of peace. It is easy to smile at his visions, to detect his errors, to ridicule the extravagant austerities of his life, and even to show how much his misguided zeal eventually counteracted his own designs. But with our philosophy, our luxuries, and our wider experience, it is not easy for us to estimate or to comprehend the career of such a man. Between his thoughts and our thoughts there is but little in common. Of our wisdom he knew nothing, and would have despised it if he had. Philanthropy was his passion; reckless daring his delight, and faith, glowing in meridian splendour, the sunshine in which he walked. He judged or felt (and who shall say that he judged or felt erroneously?) that the Church demanded an illustrious sacrifice, and that he was to be the victim; —that a voice which had been dumb for fifteen centuries must at length be raised again, and that to him that voice had been imparted;—that a new Apostle must go forth to break up the incrustations of man's long-hardened heart, and that to him that apostolate had been committed. So judging, or so feeling, he obeyed the summons of him whom he regarded as Christ's vicar on earth, and the echoes from no sublunary region, which the summons seemed to awaken in his bosom. In holding up to reverential admiration such self-sacrifices as his, slight, indeed, is the danger of stimulating an enthusiastic imitation. Enthusiasm! our pulpits distil their bland rhetoric against it; but where is it to be found? Do not our share markets, thronged even by the devout, overlay it—and our rich benefices extinguish it—and our pentecosts, in the dazzling month of May, dissipate it—and our stipendiary missions, and our mitres, decked, even in heathen lands, with jewels and with lordly titles—do they not, as so many lightning conductors, effectually divert it? There is indeed the lackadaisical enthusiasm of devotional experiences, and the sentimental enthusiasm of religious bazars, and the oratorical enthusiasm of charitable platforms, and the tractarian enthusiasm of certain well-beneficed ascetics; but in what, except the name, do they resemble the "God-in-us" enthusiasm of Francis Xavier—of Xavier the magnanimous, the holy, and the gay; the canonized saint, not of Rome only, but of universal Christendom; who, if at this hour there remained not a solitary Christian to claim and to rejoice in his spiritual ancestry, should yet live in hallowed and everlasting remembrance; as the man who has bequeathed to these later ages, at once the clearest proof and the most illustrious example, that even amidst the enervating arts of our modern civilization, the apostolic energy may still burn with all its primæval ardour in the human soul, when animated and directed by a power more than human.

SONG OF THE BELL.

[TRANSLATED BY S. A. ELIOT.]

Fastened deep in firmest earth,
  Stands the mould of well-burnt clay.
Now we'll give the bell its birth;
  Quick, my friends, no more delay!
    From the heated brow
    Sweat must freely flow,
If to your master praise be given:
But the blessing comes from Heaven.

To the work we now prepare
A serious thought is surely due;
And cheerfully the toil we'll share,
If cheerful words be mingled too.
Then let us still with care observe
What from our strength, yet weakness, springs
For he respect can ne'er deserve
Who hands alone to labor brings.
'Tis only this which honors man;
His mind with heavenly fire was warmed,
That he with deepest thought might scan
The work which his own hand has formed.

With splinters of the dryest pine
Now feed the fire below;
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the brass within,
Quickly add the tin;
That the thick metallic mass
Rightly to the mould may pass.

What with the aid of fire's dread power
We in the dark, deep pit now hide,
Shall, on some lofty, sacred tower,
Tell of our skill and form our pride.
And it shall last to days remote,
Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sorrow's mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace,
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth,
That rings from out this metal crown.

See, the boiling surface, whitening,
Shows the whole is mixing well;
Add the salts the metal brightening,
Ere flows out the liquid bell.
Clear from foam or scum
Must the mixture come,
That with a rich metallic note
The sound aloft in air may float.

Now with joy and festive mirth
Salute that loved and lovely child,
Whose earliest moments on the earth
Are passed in sleep's dominion mild.
While on Time's lap he rests his head,
The fatal sisters spin their thread;
A mother's love, with softest rays,
Gilds o'er the morning of his days.—
But years with arrowy haste are fled,
His nursery bonds he proudly spurns;
He rushes to the world without;
After long wandering, home he turns,
Arrives a stranger and in doubt.
There, lovely in her beauty's youth,
A form of heavenly mould he meets,
Of modest air and simple truth;
The blushing maid he bashful greets.
A nameless feeling seizes strong
On his young heart. He walks alone;
To his moist eyes emotions throng;
His joy in ruder sports has flown,
He follows, blushing, where she goes;
And should her smile but welcome him,
The fairest flower, the dewy rose,
To deck her beauty seems too dim.
O tenderest passion! Sweetest hope!
The golden hours of earliest love!
Heaven's self to him appears to ope;
He feels a bliss this earth above.
O, that it could eternal last!
That youthful love were never past!

See how brown the liquid turns!
Now this rod I thrust within;
If it's glazed before it burns,
Then the casting may begin.
Quick, my lads, and steady,
If the mixture's ready!
When the strong and weaker blend,
Then we hope a happy end:
Whenever strength with softness joins,
When with the rough the mild combines,
Then all is union sweet and strong.
Consider, ye who join your hands,
If hearts are twined in mutual bands;
For passion's brief, repentance long.
How lovely in the maiden's hair
The bridal garland plays!
And merry bells invite us there,
Where mingle festive lays.
Alas! that all life's brightest hours
Are ended with its earliest May!
That from those sacred nuptial bowers
The dear deceit should pass away!
Though passion may fly,
Yet love will endure
The flower must die,
The fruit to insure.
The man must without,
Into struggling life;
With toiling and strife;
He must plan and contrive;
Must be prudent to thrive;
With boldness must dare,
Good fortune to share.
'Tis by means such as these, that abundance is poured
In a full, endless stream, to increase all his hoard,
While his house to a palace spreads out.

Within doors governs
The modest, careful wife,
The children's kind mother;
And wise is the rule
Of her household school.
She teaches the girls,

And she warns the boys;
She directs all the bands
Of diligent hands,
And increases their gain
By her orderly reign.
And she fills with her treasures her sweet-scented chests;
From the toil of her spinning-wheel scarcely she rests;
And she gathers in order, so cleanly and bright,
The softest of wool, and the linen snow-white:
The useful and pleasant she mingles ever,
And is slothful never.
The father, cheerful, from the door,
His wide-extended homestead eyes;
Tells all his smiling fortunes o'er;
The future columns in his trees,
His barn's well furnished stock he sees,
His granaries e'en now o'erflowing,
While yet the waving corn is growing.
He boasts with swelling pride,
"Firm as the mountain's side
Against the shock of fate
Is now my happy state,"
Who can discern futurity?
Who can insure prosperity?
Quick misfortune's arrow flies.

Now we may begin to cast;
All is right and well prepared:
Yet, ere the anxious moment's past,
A pious hope by all be shared.
Strike the stopper clear!
God preserve us here!
Sparkling, to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold,
How useful is the power of flame,
If human skill control and tame!
And much of all that man can boast,
Without this child of Heaven, were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien,
When, bursting from her bonds, she's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.
Woe to those whom then she meets!
Against her fury who can stand?
Along the thickly peopled streets
She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
From the clouds
Falls amain
The blessed rain:
From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.
Ringing loud the fearful knell,
Sounds the bell.
Dark blood-red
Are all the skies;
But no dawning light is spread.
What wild cries
From the streets arise!
Smoke dims the eyes.
Flickering mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row,
Fast as fiercest winds can blow.
Bright, as with a furnace glare,
And scorching, is the heated air;
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures moaning, crushed and dying—
All is uproar, hurry, flight,
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager living lane,
Though all in vain,
Speeds the bucket. The engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens still threatening lower!
The winds rush roaring to the flame.
Cinders on the store-house frame,
And its drier stores, fall thick;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on the earth is found
Scatter wide in ruin round,
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
With giant size.
Hope now dies.
Man must yield to Heaven's decrees.
Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep.

All burnt over
Is the place,
The storm's wild home. How changed its face!
In the empty, ruined wall
Dwells dark horror;
While heaven's clouds in shadow fall
Deep within.

One look,
In memory sad,
Of all he had,
The unhappy sufferer took,—
Then found his heart might yet be glad.
However hard his lot to bear,
His choicest treasures still remain;
He calls for each with anxious pain,
And every loved one's with him there

To the earth it's now committed.
With success the mould is filled.
To skill and care alone's permitted
A perfect work with toil to build.
Is the casting right?
Is the mould yet tight?
Ah! while now with hope we wait,
Mischance, perhaps, attends its fate.
To the dark lap of mother earth

We now confide what we have made;
As in earth too the seed is laid,
In hope the seasons will give birth
To fruits that soon may be displayed.
And yet more precious seed we sow
With sorrow in the world's wide field;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
A flower of heavenly hue 'twill yield.

Slow and heavy
Hear it swell!
'Tis the solemn
Passing bell!
Sad we follow, with these sounds of woe,
Those who on this last, long journey go.
Alas! the wife,—it is the dear one,—
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the shadowy king of fear
Tears from all that life holds dear;—
From the husband,—from the young,
The tender blossoms, that have sprung
From their mutual, faithful love,
'Twas hers to nourish, guide, improve.
Ah! the chain which bound them all
Is for ever broken now;
She cannot hear her tender call,
Nor see them in affliction bow.
Her true affection guards no more;
Her watchful care wakes not again:
O'er all the once loved orphan's store
The indifferent stranger now must reign.

Till the bell is safely cold,
May our heavy labor rest;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
Each may do what pleases best.
With approaching night,
Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play;
The master's toils end not with day.

Cheerful in the forest gloom,
The wanderer turns his weary steps
To his loved, though lowly home.
Bleating flocks draw near the fold;
And the herds,
Wide-horned, and smooth, slow-pacing come
Lowing from the hill,
The accustomed stall to fill.
Heavy rolls
Along the wagon,
Richly loaded.
On the sheaves,
With gayest leaves
They form the wreath;
And the youthful reapers dance
Upon the heath.
Street and market all are quiet,
And round each domestic light
Gathers now a circle fond,
While shuts the creaking city-gate.
Darkness hovers
O'er the earth.
Safety still each sleeper covers
As with light,
That the deeds of crime discovers;
For wakes the law's protecting might.

Holy Order! rich with all
The gifts of Heaven, that best we call,—
Freedom, peace, and equal laws,—
Of common good the happy cause!
She the savage man has taught
What the arts of life have wrought;
Changed the rude hut to comfort, splendor,
And filled fierce hearts with feelings tender
And yet a dearer bond she wove,—
Our home, our country, taught to love.

A thousand active hands, combined
For mutual aid, with zealous heart,
In well apportioned labor find
Their power increasing with their art.
Master and workmen all agree,
Under sweet Freedom's holy care,
And each, content in his degree,
Warns every scorner to beware.
Labor is the poor man's pride,—
Success by toil alone is won.
Kings glory in possessions wide,—
We glory in our work well done.

Gentle peace!
Sweet union!
Linger, linger,
Kindly over this our home!
Never may the day appear,
When the hordes of cruel war
Through this quiet vale shall rush;
When the sky,
With the evening's softened air,
Blushing red,
Shall reflect the frightful glare
Of burning towns in ruin dread.

Now break up the useless mould:
Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
A work to prove us not unskilled.
Wield the hammer, wield,
Till the frame shall yield!
That the bell to light may rise,
The form in thousand fragments flies.

The master may destroy the mould
With careful hand, and judgment wise
But, woe!—in streams of fire, if rolled,
The glowing metal seek the skies!
Loud bursting with the crash of thunder,
It throws aloft the broken ground;
Like a volcano rends asunder,

And spreads in burning ruin round.
When reckless power by force prevails,
The reign of peace and art is o'er;
And when a mob e'en wrong assails,
The public welfare is no more.

Alas! when in the peaceful state
Conspiracies are darkly forming;
The oppressed no longer patient wait;
With fury every breast is storming.
Then whirls the bell with frequent clang;
And Uproar, with her howling voice,
Has changed the note, that peaceful rang,
To wild confusion's dreadful noise.

Freedom and equal rights they call,—
And peace gives way to sudden war;
The street is crowded, and the hall,—
And crime is unrestrained by law:
E'en woman to a fury turning,
But mocks at every dreadful deed;
Against the hated madly burning,
With horrid joy she sees them bleed.
Now naught is sacred;—broken lies
Each holy law of honest worth;
The bad man rules, the good man flies,
And every vice walks boldly forth,

There's danger in the lion's wrath,
Destruction in the tiger's jaw;
But worse than death to cross the path
Of man, when passion is his law.
Woe, woe to those who strive to light
The torch of truth by passion's fire!
It guides not;—it but glares through night
To kindle freedom's funeral pyre.

God has given us joy to-night!
See how, like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
The shining metal now is ta'en!
From top to well formed rim,
Not a spot is dim;
E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.

Around, around,
Companions all, take your ground,
And name the bell with joy profound!
Concordia is the word we've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound,
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send.
High over every meaner thing,
In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
A neighbour to the stars be given.
Let its clear voice above proclaim,
With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
While round each circling season runs
To solemn thoughts of heart-felt power
Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
Of hastening time's unceasing flight.
Still let it mark the course of fate;
Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
Of human passions, griefs, and joys.
And as the mighty sound it gives
Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
Must change, and fade, and disappear.

Now, lads, join your strength around!
Lift the bell to upper air!
And in the kingdom wide of sound
Once placed, we'll leave it there.
All together! heave!
Its birth-place see it leave!—
Joy to all within its bound!
Peace its first, its latest sound!

Friederich von Schiller.

ALGERNON SIDNEY ON GOVERNMENT.

[Algernon Sidney, English author and statesman, born about 1622, executed at London, 1683, a son of the Earl of Leicester, and grand-nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. He became distinguished both in civil and in military life, fighting gallantly at Marston Moor, entering Parliament, and being made governor of Dublin and of Dover. He was one of the judges of King Charles I, but did not sign the warrant of execution. A republican in principle, he remained in voluntary exile for years till 1677, when he was permitted to return to England. He was arrested and thrown into the Tower in 1683, charged with complicity in the Ryehouse plot, and conspiracy against the king's life. Of this no legal evidence was produced, but the infamous Judge Jeffreys, with a subservient jury, upon garbled extracts from his work on Government, yet unpublished, but found among his papers, convicted him of high treason. Sidney met the barbarous death by the headsman's axe with the fortitude of a stoic, leaving an eloquent vindication of his principles in an address to his countrymen, who have enshrined him among the most illustrious martyrs of English liberty. From his "*Discourses on Government*," a work written in refutation of Sir Robert Filmer's Defence of Absolute Monarchy, we quote a few passages:]

Our author's cavils concerning I know not what vulgar opinions that democracies were introduced to curb tyranny, deserve no answer; for our question is, whether one form of government be prescribed to us by God and nature, or we are left according to our own understanding, to constitute such as seem best to ourselves. As for democracy, he may say what pleases him of it; and I believe it can suit only with the convenience of a small town, accompanied with such circumstances as are seldom found. But this no way obliges men to run into the other extreme, inasmuch as the variety of forms between mere democracy and absolute monarchy is almost infinite; and if I should undertake to say, there never was a good government in the world that did not consist of the three simple species of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, I think I might make it good. This, at the least, is certain, that the government of the Hebrews, instituted by God, had a judge, the great sanhedrim, and general assemblies of the people. Sparta had two kings, a senate of twenty-eight chosen men, and the like assemblies; all the Dorian cities had a chief magistrate, a senate, and occasional assemblies. The Ionian, Athens, and others, had an archon, the areopagi; and all judgments concerning matters of the greatest importance, as well as the election of magistrates, were referred to the people. Rome, in the beginning, had a king and a senate, whilst the election of kings, and judgments upon appeals, remained in the people; afterwards consuls, representing kings, and vested with equal power, a more numerous senate, and more frequent meetings of the people. Venice has at this day a duke, the senate of the "pregadi," and the great assembly of the nobility, which is the whole city, the rest of the inhabitants being only "incolæ," not "cives;" and those of the other cities or countries are their subjects, and do not participate in the government. Genoa is governed in like manner: Luca not unlike to them. Germany is at this day governed by an emperor, the princes or great lords in their several precincts, the cities by their own magistrates, and by general diets, in which the whole power of the nation resides, and where the emperor, princes, nobility, and cities have their places in person, or by their deputies. All the northern nations, which, upon the dissolution of the Roman empire, possessed the best provinces that had composed it, were under that form which is usually called the Gothic polity: they had kings, lords, commons, diets, assemblies of estates, cortez, and parliaments, in which the sovereign powers of those nations did reside, and by which they were exercised. The like was practised in Hungary, Bohemia, Sweden, Denmark, Poland; and if things are changed in some of these places within few years, they must give better proofs of having gained by the change than are yet seen in the world, before I think myself obliged to change my opinion.

Some nations, not liking the name of king, have given such a power as kings enjoyed in other places to one or more magistrates, either limited to a certain time, or left to be perpetual, as best pleased themselves: others, approving the name, made the dignity purely elective. Some have in their elections principally regarded one family as long as it lasted: others considered nothing but the fitness of the person, and reserved to themselves a liberty of taking when they pleased. Some have permitted the crown to be hereditary, as to its ordinary course; but restrained the power and instituted officers to inspect the proceedings of kings, and to take care that the laws were not violated: of this sort were the ephori of Sparta, the maires du palais, and afterwards the constable of France; the justicia in Arragon; rijckshofmeister in Denmark; the high-steward in England; and in all places such assemblies as are before-mentioned under several names, who had the power of the whole nation. Some have continued long and it may be always in the same form; others have changed it; some, being incensed against their kings, as the Romans, exasperated by the villanies of Tarquin, and the Tuscans by the cruelties of Mezentius, abolished the name of king: others, as Athens, Sicyon, Argos, Corinth, Thebes, and the Latins, did not stay for such extremities; but set up other governments when they thought it best for themselves, and by this conduct prevented the evils that usually fall upon nations, when their kings degenerate into tyrants, and a nation is brought to enter into a war by which all may be lost, and nothing can be gained which was not their own before. The Romans took not this salutary course; the mischief was grown up before they perceived, or set themselves against it; and when the effects of pride, avarice, cruelty, and lust, were grown to such a height that they could no longer be endured, they could not free themselves without a war: and whereas upon other occasions their victories had brought them increase of strength, territory, and glory; the only reward of their virtue in this was, to be delivered from a plague they had unadvisedly suffered to grow up among them. I confess this was most of all to be esteemed; for if they had been overthrown, their condition under Tarquin would have been more intolerable than if they had fallen under the power of Pyrrhus or Hannibal; and all their following prosperity was the fruit of their recovered liberty: but it had been much better to have reformed the state after the death of one of their good kings, than to be brought to fight for their lives against that abominable tyrant. Our author, in pursuance of his aversion to all that is good, disapproves this; and, wanting reasons to justify his dislike, according to the custom of impostors and cheats, hath recourse to the ugly terms of a "backdoor sedition," and "faction:" as if it were not as just for a people to lay aside their kings when they receive nothing but evil, and can rationally hope for no benefit by them, as for others to set them up in expectation of good from them. But if the truth be examined, nothing will be found more orderly than the changes of government, or of the persons and races of those that governed, which have been made by many nations.

* * *

It may be said that some princes are so full of virtue and goodness, as not to desire more power than the laws allow, and are not obliged to chuse ill men, because they desire nothing but what the best are willing to do. This may be, and sometimes is: the nation is happy that has such a king: but he is hard to find, and, more than a human power is required to keep him in so good a way. The strength of his own affections will ever be against him: wives, children, and servants will always join with those enemies that arise in his own breast to pervert him: if he has any weak side, any lust unsubdued, they will gain the victory. He has not searched into the nature of man, who thinks that any one can resist where he is thus on all sides assaulted: nothing but the wonderful and immediate power of God's Spirit can preserve him; and to allege it, will be nothing to the purpose, unless it can be proved, that all princes are blessed with such an assistance, or that God hath promised it to them and their successors for ever, by what means soever they came to the crowns they enjoy.

Nothing is farther from my intention than to speak irreverently of kings; and I presume no wise man will think I do so, if I profess that, having observed, as well as I can, what history, and daily experience, teach us concerning the virtues and religions that are or have been from the beginning of the world encouraged and supported by monarchs, the methods they have followed since they have gone under the name of Christians, their moral as well as their theological graces, together with what the scriptures tell us of those who in the last days will principally support the throne of antichrist; I cannot be confident, that they are generally in an extraordinary manner preserved by the hand of God from the vices and frailties to which the rest of mankind is subject. If no man can shew that I am in this mistaken I may conclude, that as they are more than any other men in the world exposed to temptations and snares, they are more than any in danger of being corrupted, and made instruments of corrupting others, if they are no otherwise defended than the rest of men.

This being the state of the matter on both sides, we easily collect, that all governments are subject to corruption and decay; but with this difference, that absolute monarchy is by principle led unto, or rooted in it; whereas mixed or popular governments are only in a possibility of falling into it: as the first cannot subsist, unless the prevailing part of the people be corrupted; the other must certainly perish, unless they be preserved in a great measure free from vices: and I doubt whether any better reason can be given, why there have been and are more monarchies than popular governments in the world, than that nations are more easily drawn into corruption than defended from it; and I think that monarchy can be said to be natural in no other sense, than that our depraved nature is most inclined to that which is worst.

To avoid unnecessary disputes, I give the name popular governments to those of Rome, Athens, Sparta, and the like, though improperly unless the same may be also given to many that are usually called monarchies, since there is nothing of violence in either; the power is conferred upon the chief magistrates of both by the free consent of a willing people, and such a part as they think fit is still retained and executed in their own assemblies; and in this sense it is that our author seems to speak against them. As to popular government in the strictest sense (that is pure democracy, where the people in themselves, and by themselves, perform all that belongs to government) I know of no such thing; and if it be in the world have nothing to say for it. In asserting the liberty, generally, as I suppose granted by God to all mankind, I neither deny, that so many as think fit to enter into a society, may give so much of their power as they please to one or more men, for a time, or perpetually, to them and to their heirs, according to such rules as they prescribe; nor approve the disorders that must arise if they keep it entirely in their own hands: and looking upon the several governments, which, under different forms and names, have been regularly constituted by nations, as so many undeniable testimonies that they thought it good for themselves, and their posterity, so to do, I infer, that as there is no man who would not rather chuse to be governed by such as are just, industrious, valiant, and wise, than by those that are wicked, slothful, cowardly, and foolish; and to live in society with such as are qualified like those of the first sort, rather than with those who will ever be ready to commit all manner of villanies, or want experience, strength, or courage, to join in repelling the injuries that are offered by others: so there are none who do not according to the measure of understanding they have, endeavour to set up those who seem to be best qualified, and to prevent the introduction of those vices, which render the faith of the magistrate suspected, or make him unable to perform his duty, in providing for the execution of justice, and the public defence of the state, against foreign and domestic enemies. For as no man who is not absolutely mad, will commit the care of a flock to a villain, that has neither skill, diligence, or courage, to defend them, or perhaps is maliciously set to destroy them, rather than to a stout, faithful, and wise shepherd; it is less to be imagined, that any would commit the same error in relation to that society which comprehends himself, with his children, friends, and all that is dear to him.

The same considerations are of equal force in relation to the body of every nation: for since the magistrate, though the most perfect in his kind, cannot perform his duty, if the people be so base, vicious, effeminate and cowardly, as not to second his good intentions; those who expect good from him, cannot desire so to corrupt their companions that are to help him, as to render it impossible for him to accomplish it. Though I believe there have been in all ages bad men in every nation; yet I doubt whether there was one in Rome, except a Catiline or a Cæsar, who designed to make themselves tyrants, that would not rather have wished the whole people as brave and virtuous as in the times of the Carthaginian wars, than vile and base as in the days of Nero and Domitian. But it is madness to think, that the whole body would not rather wish to be as it was when virtue flourished, and nothing upon earth was able to resist their power, than weak, miserable, base, slavish, and trampled under foot by any that would invade them; and forced as a chattel to become a prey to those that were strongest. Which is sufficient to shew, that a people acting according to the liberty of their own will, never advance unworthy men, unless it be by mistake, nor willingly suffer the introduction of vices: whereas the absolute monarch always prefers the worst of those who are addicted to him, and cannot subsist unless the prevailing part of the people be base and vicious. * * * *

That our author's book may appear to be a heap of incongruities and contradictions, it is not amiss to add to what has already been observed, that having asserted absolute monarchy to be "the only natural government," he now says, "that the nature of all people is to desire liberty without restraint." But if monarchy be that power which above all restrains liberty, and subjects all to the will of one; this is as much as to say that all people naturally desire that which is against nature: and by wonderful excess of extravagance and folly to assert contrary propositions, that on both sides are equally absurd and false. For, as we have already proved that no government is imposed upon men by God or nature, it is no less evident that man being a rational creature, nothing can be universally natural to him, that is not rational. But this liberty without restraint, being inconsistent with any government, and the good which man naturally desires for himself, children, and friends, we find no place in the world where the inhabitants do not enter into some kind of society or government to restrain it: and to say that all men desire liberty without restraint, and yet that all restrain it is ridiculous. The truth is, man is hereunto led by reason, which is his nature. Every one sees they cannot well live asunder, nor many together, without some rule to which all must submit. This submission is a restraint of liberty, but could be of no effect as to the good intended, unless it were general; nor general, unless it were natural. When all are born to the same freedom, some will not resign that which is their own, unless others do the like. This general consent of all to resign such a part of their liberty as seems to be for the good of all, is the voice of nature, and the act of men (according to natural reason), seeking their own good: and if all go not in the same way, according to the same form, it is an evident testimony that no one is directed by nature; but as a few or many may join together, and frame smaller and greater societies, so those societies may institute such an order or form of government as best pleases themselves; and if the ends of government are obtained, all equally follow the voice of nature in constituting them.

Again, if man were by nature so tenacious of his liberty without restraint, he must be rationally so. The creation of absolute monarchies, which entirely extinguishes it, must necessarily be most contrary to it, though the people were willing, for they thereby abjure their own nature. The usurpation of them can be no less than the most abominable and outrageous violation of the laws of nature that can be imagined: the laws of God must be in the like measure broken; and of all governments, democracy, in which every man's liberty is least restrained, because every man hath an equal part, would certainly prove to be the most just, rational, and natural.

ARIADNE DESERTED BY THESEUS.

[Valerius Catullus, the Roman poet, the friend and contemporary of Julius Cæsar, was born at Verona B. C., 87, and died B. C., 53. His works have a looseness and *abandon* generally characteristic of the age and country in which he lived, but a grace and beauty of diction bespeaking the true poet.]

There, upon Dia's ever-echoing shore,
Sweet Ariadne stood, in fond dismay,
With wild eyes watching the swift fleet, that bore
Her loved one far away.

And still she gazed incredulous; and still,
Like one awaking from beguiling sleep,
Found herself standing on the beachy hill,
Left there alone to weep.

But the quick oars upon the waters flashed,
And Theseus fled, and not a thought behin
He left; but all his promises were dashed
Into the wandering wind.

Far off she strains her melancholy eyes;
And like a Mænad sculptured there in sto
Stands as in act to shout, for she espies
Him she once called her own.

Dark waves of care swayed o'er her tender sou
The fine wove turban from her golden hair
Had fallen; the light robe no longer stole
Over her bosom bare.

Loose dropped the well-wrought girdle from her breast,
That wildly struggled to be free: they lay
About her feet, and many a briny crest
Kissed them in careless play.

But nought she recked of turban then, and nought
Of silken garments flowing gracefully.
O Theseus! far away in heart and thought
And soul, she hung on thee!

Ay me! that hour did cruel love prepare
A never-ending thread of wildering woe;
And twining round that heart rude briars of care,
Bade them take root and grow.

What time, from old Piræus's curved strand,
A ship put forth towards the south, to bring
Chivalrous-hearted Theseus to the land
Of the unrighteous king.

Translated by A. C. Auchmur

STORMING THE TEMPLE OF MEXICO.

Cortés, having cleared a way for the assault, sprung up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of

Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams and burning rafters, which, thundering along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace, where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation, that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the *teocalli.*

Cortés and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aërial battle-field, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the *teocalli,* was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants. It was paved with broad, flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet, at the further extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortés himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortés was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated, but not by contemporary history.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than by superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armour of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed toward the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopotchli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the *teocalli.* They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.

[Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, died 1720, was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton, maid of honor to the Duchess of York, and wife to Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea. A collection of her poems was printed in 1713; several still remain unpublished.]

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, hallooing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heavens' mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose;
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the fox-glove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odors which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear;
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed;
Or pleasures seldom reached again pursued.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR (31 B. C.—14 A. D.)

[CHARLES MERIVALE, an English historian, born in 1808, was educated at Cambridge, becoming an eminent preacher. His "*History of the Romans under the Empire,*" (7 vols., 1850–62,) "*Conversion of the Roman Empire,*" (1864,) and "*General History of Rome,*" (1875,) are his principal works.]

In stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, and his eyes blue and piercing; he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness. It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he laboured; the weakness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapydæ in early life; he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind,—especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress. As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle the dictator and of Antonius his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero: he had not the vivacity and animal spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs; and, although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest therefore with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery; but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra; he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasions he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised; he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognized, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Licinius Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the Forum; which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine, of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurious fashion of many patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was plain and simple. Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would he relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals, in public as well as in private. These stories are not without their importance, as shewing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely different the ideas of the nation were, with regard to the position occupied by the Cæsar and his family, from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step-son of the emperor, and participating in the eminent functions of the tribunitian power, by a declaimer in the schools at Rhodes: but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterized the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having squandered his patrimony. The accused proved that he had, on the contrary, augmented it. "Well," answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, "but you are at all events living in celibacy, contrary to recent enactments." The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children; and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud: "Another time, Cæsar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your informants are honest themselves." Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.

FATAL VISIT OF THE INCA

TO PIZARRO AND HIS FOLLOWERS IN THE CITY OF CAXAMALCA.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chessboard; others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted in admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place Atahuallpa halted, and turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the cruc fixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied: "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. As for my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains —"my god still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed: "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time: "Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once; I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphureous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay, which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not do so in the present instance, is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash, and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice: "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph shewed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

Wm. H. Prescott.

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

[Dr. John Wolcot (1738–1819) was a lively satirist, who, under the name of "Peter Pindar," published a variety of effusions on the topics and public men of his times, which were eagerly read and widely circulated. Many of them were in ridicule of the reigning sovereign, George III., who was a good subject for the poet; though the latter, as he himself acknowledged, was a bad subject to the king. Wolcot was born at Dodbrooke, a village in Devonshire, in the year 1738. His uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary at Fowey, took charge of his education, intending that he should become his own assistant and successor in business. Wolcot was instructed in medicine, and "walked the hospitals" in London, after which he proceeded to Jamaica with Sir William Trelawney, governor of that island, who had engaged him as his medical attendant. The social habits of the doctor rendered him a favourite in Jamaica; but his time being only partly employed by his professional avocations, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a living in the church, which happened to be then vacant. The bishop of London ordained the graceless neophyte, and Wolcot entered upon his sacred duties. His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was very limited. Sometimes not a single person came, and Wolcot and his clerk—the latter being an excellent shot—used at such times, after waiting for ten minutes, to proceed to the sea-side, to enjoy the sport of shooting ring-tailed pigeons! The death of Sir William Trelawney cut off all further hopes of preferment, and every inducement to a longer residence in the island. Bidding adieu to Jamaica and the church, Wolcot accompanied Lady

Trelawney to England, and established himself as a physician at Truro, in Cornwall. He inherited about £2,000 by the death of his uncle. While resident at Truro, Wolcot discovered the talents of Opie—

> The Cornish boy in tin-mines bred—

whose genius as an artist afterwards became so distinguished.

He wrote "*Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat;*" "*Peter's Pension;*" "*Peter's Prophecy;*" "*Epistle to a Fallen Minister;*" "*Epistle to James Bruce, Esq., the Abyssinian Traveller;*" "*Odes to Mr. Paine;*" "*Odes to Kien Long, Emperor of China;*" "*Ode to the Livery of London,*" and *brochures* of a kindred description on most of the celebrated events of the day. From 1778 to 1808, above sixty of these poetical pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he considered, that the ministry, as he alleged, endeavoured to bribe him to silence. He also boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. In 1795, he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works. This handsome allowance he enjoyed, to the heavy loss of the other parties, for upwards of twenty years. In the following terse and lively lines, we have a good caricature sketch of Dr. Johnson's style:

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat?
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck—
The horse and rider wet as muck—
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke; "What's this? what's this? what, what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple: he cried
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?" The dame replied,
Low curtsying: "Please your majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king.
"'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?";
"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she; "I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew;*"
"No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired.
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labour one whole week to shew
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

Dr. John Wolcot.

WHITBREAD'S BREWERY VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame;
Quoth he unto the queen: "My dear, my dear,
Whitbread has got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brew-house seen!"
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen. . . . .

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks,
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make the apprentices and draymen fine:
Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat

In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street;
But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree show
And fixed all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes:
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs. . . .

Thus was the brew-house filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves—a pretty luncheon—
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon:
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep:
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop;
And lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
"What's this? hae hae? What's that? What's this?
What's that?"
So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small*:
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledge the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried:
"What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?"
To whom with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of Cask
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.
A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potates.

Mem.
'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.
Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.
To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

Mem.
To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

Mem.
Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me, away.

Now having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his ass's-skin.
To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say:
"Whitbread are all your horses fond of hay?"
"Yes, please your majesty," in humble notes
The brewer answered. "Also, sire, of oats;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an't please your majesty, are grains."

"Grains, grains," said majesty, "to fill their crops?
Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops,
hops?"
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
"Sire," cried the humble brewer, "give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt."

"True," said the cautious monarch with a smile,
"From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
"Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
"An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure."
"Yes," answered majesty, with quick reply,
"I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I." . . . .

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out—how very proper!—
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye—
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty—
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs:
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;
On which the brewer swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: "O heavens! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?"
To which the king assented with a nod;
On which the brewer bowed, and said: "Good God!"
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way:
"Whitbread, d' ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hae, Whitbread, when d' ye think to leave off trade?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

"D' ye hunt?—hae, hunt? No—no, you are too old;
You 'll be lord-mayor—lord-mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I 've heard so; yes, yes, so I 'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I 'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

"Whitbread d' ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that 's cheapest; yes, that 's best, that 's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?
Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your nest.
What, what 's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said: "May I be cursed
If I know what to answer first."
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT.

XENOPHON'S ADDRESS

TO THE ARMY AFTER THE BETRAYED GRECIAN GENERALS HAD BEEN SLAIN BY THE PERSIANS.

[GEORGE GROTE, the most eminent historian of Greece whom this century has produced, born in Kent, 1794, of German ancestry, died in London, 1871. Mr. Grote was a banker and member of parliament, and from 1823 to the close of his life, an enthusiastic student of Greek history, literature, philosophy and art. A pronounced Liberal in politics, his great history of Greece, (12 vols. 1846–56,) does justice to democratic principles, and throws a flood of light upon the once obscure annals of that marvellous country. Grote also published "*Plato and the other companions of Socrates, Aristotle,* (1872,) *and Minor Works,* (*posthumous,*) 1873."]

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man within it was a prey to the most agonizing apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the midst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness seized upon all; few came to the evening muster; few lighted fires to cook their suppers; every man lay down to rest where he was; yet no man could sleep, for fear, anguish, and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold.

Amidst the many causes of despondency which weighed down this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact that not a single man among them had now either authority to command, or obligation to take the initiative. Nor was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretensions, at a moment when the post promised nothing but the maximum of difficulty as well as of hazard. A new, self-kindled light, and self-originated stimulus, was required to vivify the embers of suspended hope and action in a mass paralyzed for the moment, but every way capable of effort; and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher.

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. Taking up the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin; but that, if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word, one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze; immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver; and Xenophon, taking up the accident, continued: "Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who agrees with me hold up his hand." All held up their hands: all then joined in the vow, and shouted the pæan.

This accident, so dexterously turned to profit by the rhetorical skill of Xenophon, was eminently beneficial in raising the army out of the depression which weighed them down, and in disposing them to listen to his animated appeal. Repeating his assurance that the gods were on their side, and hostile to their perjured enemy, he recalled to their memory the great invasions of Greece by Darius and Xerxes—how the vast hosts of Persia had been disgracefully repelled. The army had shewn themselves on the field of Kunaxa worthy of such forefathers; and they would, for the future, be yet bolder, knowing by that battle of what stuff the Persians were made. As for Ariæus and his troops, alike traitors and cowards, their desertion was rather a gain than a loss. The enemy were superior in horsemen: but men on horseback were, after all, only men, half occupied in the fear of losing their seats, incapable of prevailing against infantry firm on the ground, and only better able to run away. Now that the satrap refused to furnish them with provisions to buy, they on their side were released from their covenant, and would take provisions without buying. Then as to the rivers; those were indeed difficult to be crossed, in the middle of their course; but the army would march up to their sources, and could then pass them without wetting the knee. Or, indeed, the Greeks might renounce the idea of retreat, and establish themselves permanently in the king's own country, defying all his force, like the Mysians and Pisidians. "If," said Xenophon, "we plant ourselves here at our ease in a rich country, with these tall, stately, and beautiful Median and Persian women for our companions, we shall be only too ready, like the Lotophagi, to forget our way home. We ought first to go back to Greece, and tell our countrymen that if they remain poor, it is their own fault, when there are rich settlements in this country awaiting all who choose to come, and who have courage to seize them. Let us burn our baggage-wagons and tents, and carry with us nothing but what is of the strictest necessity. Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline, and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of safety depends. Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any disobedient individuals; and let us thus shew the enemy that we have ten thousand persons like Klearchus, instead of that one whom they so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has anything better to suggest, let him come forward and state it; for we have all but one object—the common safety."

It appears that no one else desired to say a word, and that the speech of Xenophon gave unqualified satisfaction; for when Cheirisophus put the question, that the meeting should sanction his recommendations, and finally elect the new generals proposed—every man held up his hand. Xenophon then moved that the army should break up immediately, and march to some well-stored villages, rather more than two miles distant; that the march should be in a hollow oblong, with the baggage in the centre; that Cheirisophus, as a Lacedæmonian, should lead the van; while Kleanor and the other senior officers would command on each flank; and himself with Timasion, as the two youngest of the generals, would lead the rear-guard.

CHARACTER OF DION.

Apart from wealth and high position, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. He was of an energetic temper, great bravery, and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature was haughty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion, his ambition was by no means purely self-seeking and egotistic, like that of the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity and submission of individual will to fixed laws, which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

Born about the year 408 B. C., Dion was twenty years of age in 387 B. C., when the elder Dionysius, having dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks. Standing high in the favour of his brother-in-law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired; as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato appeared alike surprising and repulsive. That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B. C. He was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans; the remnant of the Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions, and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfall, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves.

With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy. Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch in his life.

The mystic turn of imagination, the sententious brevity, and the mathematical researches of the Pythagoreans, produced doubtless an imposing effect upon Dion; just as Lysis, a member of that brotherhood, had acquired the attachment and influenced the sentiments of Epaminondas at Thebes. But Plato's power of working upon the minds of young men was far more impressive and irresistible. He possessed a large range of practical experience, a mastery of political and social topics, and a charm of eloquence, to which the Pythagoreans were strangers. The stirring effects of the Socratic talk, as well as of the democratical atmosphere in which Plato had been brought up, had developed all the communicative aptitude of his mind; and great as that aptitude appears in his remaining dialogues, there is ground for believing that it was far greater in his conversation. Brought up as Dion had been at the court of Dionysius—accustomed to see around him only slavish deference and luxurious enjoyment—unused to open speech or large philosophical discussion—he found in Plato a new man exhibited, and a new world opened before him.

As the stimulus from the teacher was here put forth with consummate efficacy, so the predisposition of the learner enabled it to take full effect. Dion became an altered man both in public sentiment and in individual behaviour. He recollected that, twenty years before, his country, Syracuse, had been as free as Athens. He learned to abhor the iniquity of the despotism by which her liberty had been overthrown, and by which subsequently the liberties of so many other Greeks in Italy and Sicily had been trodden down also. He was made to remark that Sicily had been half barbarized through the foreign mercenaries imported as the despot's instruments. He conceived the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering. It was his first wish to cleanse Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom, yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitutional polity, originated by himself, with laws which not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralize the citizens. The function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotic legislator Lycurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred upon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system, which, when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fashioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence.

George Grote.

THE VOYAGE.

[Heinrich Heine, a German poet and critic, of very trenchant though unequal powers, born at Düsseldorf in 1797, died at Paris in 1856. Heine's *Werke* have been collected in seven volumes, Philadelphia, 1857. His best productions are the "*Reisebilde* or *Pictures of Travel*," and his songs. His style is often brilliant and witty, with a persistent undercurrent of melancholy, and traces of suffering and disappointment.]

As at times the moonbeam pierces
Through the thickest cloudy rack,
So to me, through days so dreary,
One bright image struggles back.

Seated all on deck, we floated
Down the Rhine's majestic stream;
On its borders, summer-laden,
Slept the peaceful evening gleam.

Brooding, at the feet I laid me
Of a fair and gentle one,
On whose placid, pallid features
Played the ruddy-golden sun.

Lutes were ringing, youths were singing,
Swelled my heart with feelings strange;
Bluer grew the heaven above us,
Wider grew the spirit's range.

Fairy-like beside us flitted
Rock and ruin, wood and plain;
And I gazed on all reflected
In my loved one's eyes again.

THE LORE-LEI.

I know not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine,
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
As she combs her golden hair:

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above;

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lore-lei has done!

Heinrich Heine.

THE EMIGRANTS.

[Ferdinand Freiligrath, a German poet and republican, born at Detmold, 1810, died in 1876. His early poems, full of the spirit of liberty, brought him prosecution, and a long exile, spent in London. Returning in 1848, he shared in the revolution which ran over Europe in that year. He was imprisoned, tried, and though acquitted, forced to leave his native country. Besides his own poems, many of which have a fine Oriental coloring, and exhibit rich imagination, he has made fine translations of Victor Hugo's poems, of Burns, and a selection of the American poets.]

I cannot take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band!
Your little all to see you lay
Each, in the waiting seaman's hand!

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket, on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown
By German wives, on German hearth!

And you, with braided queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you:
On far Missouri's silent banks,
Shall these the scenes of home renew.—

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
That as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles;
The hearth and its familliar seat;
The mantle and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
Soon, many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned
grace.

O, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home,
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by!
Like some unearthly, mystic tale,
'T will stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace;
God bless ye, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!

A NIGHT-PIECE—THE CHURCHYARD.

[**Thomas Parnell**, born in Ireland, 1679, a brilliant wit and poet, educated in Dublin, and after a distinguished career in London, determined to revisit Ireland, but died at Chester on his way to Ireland, and was interred there (as the register of Trinity Church states) on the 18th of October, 1718. Parnell was an accomplished scholar and a delightful companion. His Life was written by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished countryman, considering him the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients. Parnell's works are of a miscellaneous nature—translations, songs, hymns, epistles, etc. His most celebrated piece is "*The Hermit*," familiar to most readers from their infancy. Pope pronounced it to be "very good;" and its sweetness of diction and picturesque solemnity of style must always please. His "*Night-piece on Death*," was indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's celebrated "*Elegy*;" but few men of taste or feeling will subscribe to such an opinion. In the "*Night-piece*," Parnell meditates among the tombs. Tired with poring over the pages of schoolmen and sages, he sallies out at midnight to the churchyard.]

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread,
Above the venerable dead.
"Time was, like thee, they life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest."
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame—
Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away—
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right—
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew—
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,

And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
And, "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet stiil the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down,
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner shewed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast—
'Twas then his threshold first received a guest—
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine—
Each hardly granted—served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so pure and rude;
And why should such—within himself he cried—
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face.
When, from his vest, the young companion bore

That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
  But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
  "Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!"
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died!
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
  Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant shewed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'eer
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
  While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all its majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his word suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends;
But silence here the beauteous angel broke—
The voice of music ravished as he spoke!
  "Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world He made:
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends,
On using second means to work his ends
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high;
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great vain man who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost,
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow.
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God—
Child of his age—for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God to save the father took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky.
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

THOMAS PARNELL.

THE LADY ROHESIA.

The Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed! So said the doctor, and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Dr. Butts was the court physician.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Gray.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. He was the Lady Rohesia's husband; he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head. He looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour glass; its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "*Ars longa, vita brevis!*" said Dr. Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri. Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall, but he was no scholar.

"Alas! my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas! my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed; his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor——?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Dr. Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady. He pointed to the horologe; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer—the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church," suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hackett, pertly, as she tripped down-stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic; "in the pantry, I warrant me."

The bower woman was not wont to be in the wrong; in the pantry was the holy man discovered—at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis!*" retorted Dr. Butts. He was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin, and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had it been a Bishop, indeed, or even a mitred abbot—but a miserable Franciscan.

"*Benedicite!*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa!*" returned the leech.

Dr. Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short, sad-coloured cloak closer around him; and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment. Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose. As he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing-bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia; she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, "A thousand marks to the Priory of St. Mary Rounceval."

Now, the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said——"

"If she did, I'll be shot," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"A thousand marks," continued the confessor, fixing his cold, grey eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption; "a thousand marks, and as many aves and paters shall be duly said, as soon as the money is paid down."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for extreme unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down-stairs.

"A thousand thanks," said the latter.

"A thousand marks," said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded. His brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed: his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast; his eyes were filled with tears; the dim rays of the fading watchlight gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head, for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much; his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

"Bim! bome"! went the bell. The knight groaned audibly. Beatrice Grey wiped her eyes with her little square apron of lace de Malines; there was a moment's pause,—a moment of intense affliction; she let it fall, all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy; drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud. "So kind a lady!" said Beatrice Grey. "So excellent a wife!" responded Sir Guy. "So good!" said the damsel. "So dear!" said the knight. "So pious!" said she. "So humble!" said he. "So good to the poor!" "So capital a manager!" "So punctual at matins!" "Dinner dished to a moment!" "So devout!" said Beatrice. "So fond of me!" said Sir Guy. "And of Father Francis!" "What on earth do you mean by that?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady like the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellences came under review. She would drown a witch, drink lamb's wool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dump's boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday. A low moan from the subject of these eulogies seemed to intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

"She was too good for earth," continued Sir Guy.

"Ye—ye—yes!" sobbed Beatrice.

"I did not deserve her," said the knight.

"No—o—o—o!" cried the damsel.

"Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?"

"Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world!" responded Beatrice Grey—

"that is, not just such another." Her voice still faltered, but her accents, on the whole, were more articulate. She dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word, "Another!" fell from his lips like a distant echo. It is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is necessary.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour. He began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

"Beatrice Grey," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, "what's to be done? What's to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery? and the servants? And what—what's to become of me, Beatrice Grey?" There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. "I'll turn monk myself," said Sir Guy.

"Monk!" said Beatrice.

"I'll be a Carthusian," repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured. He relapsed into a reverie. Shave his head! He did not so much mind that—he was getting rather bald already; but beans for dinner—and those without butter! and, then, a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided. His eye roamed gloomily around the apartment; it paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance. It rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased, but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil's tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round, he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hands beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged—man that I am! No one to comfort, no one to care for me!"

Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips.

"'Pon my life!" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow!"

"Oh, don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice; "you know there's—there's Master Everard, and—Father Francis——"

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy, testily.

Another pause ensued: the knight had released her chin, and taken her hand. It was a pretty little hand, with long, taper fingers and filbert-formed nails; and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the knight, thoughtfully; "you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child." Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand, but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bedpost.

Now this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of one holds the right hand of the other. In such an attitude, what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed, a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing—"if, indeed, I could find such another!" He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him—

"There's Madame Fitzfoozle."

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager——"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight; "stop one moment." He paused: he was all on the tremble: something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp and swallowed it. "Beatrice," said he, "what think you of"—his voice sank into a seductive softness—"what think you of—'Beatrice Grey?'"

The murder was out—the knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously, and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice. The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables. They were, "Oh, Sir Guy!" The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met: Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically. When the eyes met—at least, as theirs met—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss. Nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Dr. Butts and his "*repetatur haustus*"—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him. He was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu.*

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's pericranium, from which his locks had gradually receded—a sort of oasis, or, rather, a Mont Blanc in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by art and nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe; it was a "whack."

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers, but a single glance to the rear reversed her position; she fell upon her knees and screamed. The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone. It was she—the all but defunct Rohesia. There she sat bolt upright! Her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating, like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff, a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for awhile like a man distraught: this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband ofttimes makes the best physician," says the proverb: he was a living personification of its truth. Still, it was whispered he had been content with Dr. Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led!

Years rolled on. The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the porte-cochère of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat-full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Kemyss, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble:—it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age—

"Praie for ye sowle of ye Lady Royse,
And for alle Christen sowles."

The date is illegible; but it appears that she survived King Henry VIII., and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rounceval her thousand marks.

R. H. Barham.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

[Joseph R. Drake. Born at New York, 7th August, 1795. Educated at Columbia College. Adopted the profession of medicine, but died of consumption at the early age of twenty-six, September, 1820.]

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve,
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry:
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)—
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way,
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb-hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain on the scoop of the rock,
With glittering rising stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlit glade:
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,

And drink the dew from the buttercup:
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his festal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away;
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.
The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
And on pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy,
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke,
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:—

"Fairy, fairy, list and mark!
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain;
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high;
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above—
Gentle, and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love.
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings,
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings,
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell,
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your gaoler a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand,
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirit's charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might;
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime can be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must re-illume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far;
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soilèd wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake:
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he threads the bramble-bush,
Till its points are died in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the briar,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak;
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back.
He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist,
He lashed her sides with an osier thong,
And now through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright

With snowy shell and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

The Elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode.
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
Above his head his arms he threw,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprang the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves,
With snail-plate armor, snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste.
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailèd shrimp or the prickly prong;
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sidling soldier-crab,
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings;
They cut the wave with a living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlit shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;
He spreads his arm like a swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise;
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career,
And hem him round on every side.
On his side the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin.
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
He howls with rage, he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain:
Hopeless is the unequal fight:
Fairy! nought is left but flight.

He turned him round and fled amain,
With hurry and dash, to the beach again.
He twisted over from side to side,
He laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet;
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and to work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.

Oh! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree.
Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmèd line,
And he banned the water-goblin's spite,
For he saw around, in the sweet moonshine,
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might,
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb-lint he stanched the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,
It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus root;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.
Wrapped in musing stands the sprite;
'Tis the middle wane of night;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right,
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot-wheels of light;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land;
He must work with a human hand.

He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt anew his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple mussel-shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within.
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
Then sprang to his seat with lightsome leap.
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep

The imps of the river yell and rave;
They had no power above the wave;

But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She wimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momently athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And spatter the water about the boat;
But he baled her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim:
Around him were the goblin train;
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprang above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel framed with light,
With azure wings and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.
A moment, and its lustre fell;
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew.
Joy to the Fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won;
Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

He turns, and lo! on either side
The ripples on his path divide,
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half-swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleaming wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And as he lightly leaped to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gaily kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the Fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer;
Then spread his wings of gilded blue.
And on to the elfin court he flew.
As e'er ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far through ether driven,
It mingles with the dews of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night—
So rose from earth the lovely Fay,
So vanished far in heaven away!

Up, Fairy! quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour;
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies.
Up! thy charmèd armor don,
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistledown;
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of the butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on the ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue,
He drove his spurs of cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.
The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone,
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone;
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead.
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.
Many a time on a summer's night,

When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard of the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing;
And now they deemed the courier Ouphe
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground,
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.
Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast,
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
But the shapes of the air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played;
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage and shrieks of fear
Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest;
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare;
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind.
Howling, the misty spectres flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.
Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-rock rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is passed;
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet in the clear moonlight
To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven:
But the Elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way,
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall.
Around the Fay they weave the dance,
They step before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein.
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphide queen.
In spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon
The white and feathery fleece of moon.
But oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright!
She seemed to the entrancèd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily soon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes two beamlets from the moon
Set floating in the welkin blue;
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

She raised her eyes to the wandering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles, for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face,
Long with his butterfly cloak she played,
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told, in accents low,
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes;
And "Oh, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide,
In the land of everlasting light;
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim,
And all the jewels of the sky

Around thy brow shall brightly beam;
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbèd moon.
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt.
Their harps are of the umber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray.

And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground.

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the Elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there.
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love;
For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek.
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his reverie,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven and earth beside.
"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy-knight,
To do my sentence task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again:
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."

Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud,
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky;
For by its wane and wavering light,
There was a star would fall to-night.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain,
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
And quenched in its rayless beam,
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance,
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shots flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky;
As swift as the wind, in its trail behind
The Elfin gallops along,
The fiends of the cloud are bellowing loud,
But the sylphide charm is strong.
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays;
But he drove his steed to the lightning speed,
And caught a glimmering spark,
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve, and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither wend your way.
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree,
Hail the wanderer again,
With dance and song and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea,
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face.
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay;
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry-elf his call has made;
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight flit and fade;
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed—and the Fays are gone.

A. HYNAIS, PINX

GEBBIE &

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC

LANGSYNE.

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loath to part!—
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we freak and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm;
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry school-boy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne! ah, where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blythe!
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bow'd beneath the scythe
Of Death; while others scatter'd far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless trust;
Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell! there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

D. M. Moir.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
  Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
  Ruffles the wind but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey;
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears,
  From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
  The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.[1]

'Tis I that mingle in sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
  With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
  To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
Can as downy, soft, and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a
    breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
  When Music has reached her inward soul,
Like the silent Stars, that wink and listen
  While heaven's eternal Melodies roll.

Thomas Moore.

A SUMMER DAY.

There was not on that day a speck to stain
The azure heaven: the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd rejoicing in the fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the line of bending shore,
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory: all the flocks
Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves:
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling; even the insect swarms,
From the dark nooks and coverts issued forth
To sport through one day of existence more.
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as if it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rock and shores,
The forests, and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in the joyful sunshine; they partook
The universal blessing.

Robert Southey.

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[1] "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See *Brown's Illustr. Tab.* 19.

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.[1]

[**Bayard Taylor** is one of the most prominent of modern American writers. In the *Poets and Poetry of America*, Dr. Griswold says of him: "Eminent as he is as a writer of travels, his highest and most enduring distinction will be from his poetry. . . . His travels will hereafter be to his poems no more than those of Smollett are to his extraordinary novels." Since that verdict was pronounced, Mr. Taylor has won equal distinction as a novelist. Besides many short tales—from the latest collection of which we quote the following story—he has produced *Hannah Thurston; John Godfrey's Fortunes; The Story of Kennet; Joseph and his Friend,* etc. See note in *Library*, vol. i., page 109. Born 1825, died 1878.]

If there ever was a man crushed out of all courage, all self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been, neither he nor any one else could have explained; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school, his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refinements of torture which boys seem to get by the direct inspiration of the devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not experience. He was born under a fading or falling star,—the inheritor of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast colour to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighbourhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy; and thus the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbours believed, had been unhappily married, and, though the mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the 1st of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest upon a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in vain for a neighbour-smoke when they began to grow warm of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill there was a log tenant-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who, in the course of years had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incomings and outgoings of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake, and there was no sharp eye to criticize her sweeping, dusting, and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

[There was only one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease—Mrs. Ann Pardon, the wife of a neighbouring farmer: and, for her sister, Becky Morton, he felt something which might have developed into love. But Becky flouted him like the rest, mocked at the poverty of his father's farm, saying it was covered with as much as it would bear, and at a merry meeting of lads and lasses said she would dance with Jacob "after he came back from his journey." That was the cruellest sting of all to his sensitive nature.]

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his first generous confidence: "When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place!"

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenue of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighbourhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more keenly than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke (as the people supposed it to be) had been perpetuated, until "Jake Flint's Journey" was a synonym for any absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive; for almost any other man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against himself, and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. "He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark!

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[1] From *Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home.* By Bayard Taylor; New York: Putnam's Sons.

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building, just touched by the moonlight behind the swaying shadows of the weeping-willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

"If I knew what to do!" he said to himself, rocking backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped over his knees,—"if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax: he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror; but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand upon Jacob's knee, and said with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what it is that troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly burst forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I didn't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father, almost deprecatingly. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends? devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "Oh, what have I done—what is there so dreadful about me that I should always be laughed at, and despised, and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father: what do you see in me? Tell me what it is, and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon his heart, as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke, but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I couldn't sleep," he said; "I got up again and came out o' doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the cornfield. I thought it was that, maybe, but still your—your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once—"

Here he paused, and was silent for a minute. Then he said, in a grave, commanding tone: "Just let me know the whole story. I have that much right yet."

Jacob related the history of the evening, somewhat awkwardly and confusedly, it is true; but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of "Whitney's place," a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face."

"Do you love Becky Morton?" he asked bluntly, when all had been told.

"I don't know," Jacob stammered; "I think not; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her."

"It's lucky that you're not sure of it!" exclaimed the old man with energy; "because you should never have her."

"No," said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence, "I can never have her, or any other one."

"But you shall—and will! when I help you. It's true I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like; but this I say: I'll not stand by and see you spit upon! 'Covered with as much as it'll bear!' *That's* a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into *my* doors. But first of all you must make your journey!"

"My journey!" repeated Jacob.

"Weren't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump? A little more, and you'd have gone clean off, I reckon."

Jacob was silent, and hung his head.

"Never mind! I've no right to think hard of it. In a week we'll have finished our haying, and then it's a fortnight to wheat; but, for that matter, Harry and I can manage the wheat by ourselves. You may take a month, two months, if anything comes of it. Under a month I don't mean that you shall come back. I'll give you twenty dollars for a start;

if you want more you must earn it on the road, any way you please. And, mark you, Jacob! since you *are* poor, don't let anybody suppose you are rich. For my part, I shall not expect you to buy Whitney's place; all I ask is that you'll tell me, fair and square, just what things and what people you've got acquainted with. Get to bed now—the matter's settled; I will have it so."

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the new prospect suddenly opened to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterwards he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk-handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider which course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untried hazards; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle, denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow, and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighbourhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods, an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft, graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the squirrels, over the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech-tree and tried to think; but the thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured: all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon men and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon, he stopped at a farm-house by the roadside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at that moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with good-will, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in five minutes," said she; "won't you stay and have something?"

Jacob stayed and brake bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw that they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Towards night he reached an old country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there was anything which Jacob understood to the extent of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer, "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's best graces. The latter said, "Well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed he was surprised on reflecting that he had not only been talking for a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and help look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that now nobody knew him as "Jake Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech, he saw, nevertheless, that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him, but he soon hit upon answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another, deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation. He seemed to be very far from home—about forty miles, in fact, —and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the opposite side. There was but one house in view—a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside in the rear. A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay clear before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him, a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing-machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off, a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay-cart, drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin on his shirted arms, leaned on the fence, and watched the haymakers. As the woman came down the nearer side she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round, she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who, leaving his team, met her half-way. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow, directly towards him.

When within a few paces of the fence, she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you!"

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh, girlish face, that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed, he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"You are a stranger, I see," she added.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said, at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he coloured a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I'll tell you at once we want help. Our hay *must* be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you, at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please?" said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day, and found?"

"All right!" and with the words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"'Jake!' Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could have expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her. I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl, detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them, and led the other to the barn. At the supper table the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily answered. "I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob, I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer; "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and blushed a little, with a smile on his face which it was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least as a stranger; they discussed their family interests and troubles and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked. How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the hay-mow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But ah! the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer, finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor and can't afford it. Perhaps you could—"

He hesitated; but Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "Oh, yes, I can; I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe."

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried. "I like—all of you!"

"We *do* seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family. And that reminds me, we've not heard your family name yet."

"Flint."

"Jacob *Flint!*" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scared and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories? Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot, summer days, came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarce knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so for ever.

They were in the wheat-field, busy with the last sheaves, she raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but when they had reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here."

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I'm very sorry to go."

"I—*we* don't want you to go if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could—" he brought out, and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with the oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll be welcome! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word?"

"I do indeed," said she, looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at the time; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made, yet, if any of the neighbours had seen him, they would never have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son; but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, "And so you love this Susan Meadows?"

"I'd—I'd do anything to be with her."

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No!" Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

"Ah, well!" said the old man, lifting his eyes, and speaking in the air, "all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test." Then he was silent for some time.

"I have it!" he finally exclaimed. "Jacob, you must go back for the oats harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But,—pay attention to my words!—you must tell her that you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father, but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so."

"But, father,"—Jacob began.

"Not a word! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage, if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her."

"I am afraid," said Jacob, "that she could not leave her home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor."

"Tell them that both your wages, for the first year, shall go to them. It'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her—must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back!"

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan as she had stood before him in the wheat-field was continually present to his eyes, and ere long he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook, and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlour. Enough; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm, but the younger children recognized him in the dusk, and their cry of, "Oh, here's Jacob!" brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said,—even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this, and her eyes seemed to answer, "I said nothing, but I knew you would come." Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning, before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come down-stairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He waylaid her, took the pails in his hand and said in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy, sweet consent seemed to run through her heart. "O Jacob!" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said, presently, "I am a poor man—only a farm hand, and must work for my living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me, too, at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told her the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy as she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing vision. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw fulfilment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighbour cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not commenced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlour. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labour together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise was over, all gradually became cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties somehow resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding, —at home on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half-way on their journey to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farm-house in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So, this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as your husband does."

"I'll do my best, sir," said she; "but you must have patience with me for a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name.

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is, Jacob and I are a sort of relations."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of a week the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken, when Susan burst into the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we didn't expect them, you know, for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence; then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, "Lucy Meadows, now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes. "Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said: "my son has married your daughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel, turning to Susan's father, said: "And this is your husband, Lucy. I am glad to make his acquaintance."

"Your father, Jacob!" Susan cried; "what does it all mean?"

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. "I think we shall all feel better when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlour, which had already been transformed by Susan's care, so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated, and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

"Three of us here are old people," he began, "and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it cannot be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart, and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows, and that everybody talks about except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so too, for a while," said she, very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man, who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me from my first love, and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I kept the knowledge of the injury to myself; I quickly got rid of the money which had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this, the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighbourhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me: she was, if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done (I learned all that too late), and she never complained, though the change in me slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to *him* there was one way to make amends. 'I will help him to a wife,' I said, 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake.' I forced him, against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place, and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan, I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you,—Lucy first, for she has most cause; Jacob next; and Susan,—that will be easier; and you, Friend Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's, and said in a broken voice: "Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and I ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan, dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide to his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick, intelligent sympathy. The Pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighbourhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer so lonely; the nearest neighbours began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up, and they got a fair view of his face, they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October, the Whitney place, which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had outlived his local attachments, and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and, when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former: "Of course *you*'ve come to buy, Jacob." But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered: "I'm afraid I can't do that; but I've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

"Jake's no fool, after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slacking off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighbouring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, whom nobody knew. After the usual long pauses and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, "What name?"

"Jacob Flint!"

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumbfoundered as the rest.

The stranger walked coolly through the midst of the crowd to Samuel Flint, and said, "When shall I have the papers drawn up?"

"As soon as you can," the old man replied; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words, "Let's go home now!" he hurried him on.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighbourhood ever makes use of the phrase "Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence, and shrewdness.

TO A RICH MAN.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
  Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;
  Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor;
  Then this must follow of necessity—
  Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content;
Content hath all, and who hath all is rich:
  Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
  If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:
Then thus thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver:
  Little my debt, when little is my store:
  The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

But seeing God himself descended down
T' enrich the poor by his rich poverty;
His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,
Yet all is his from all eternity:
  Let me be like my Head, whom I adore;
  Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and poor.

Phineas Fletcher.

THE RETURN.

> Oh! bid him reverence, in his manhood's prime,
> His youth's bright morning dream.
>
> Don Carlos.

"Art thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
—So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain wind.

"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
Whispered my native streams,
"Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls;

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,
As I answered—"O ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades!

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O bright rejoicing streams!
Light after light in my soul hath died,
The early glorious dreams!

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled, I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears
To soften and atone:
And, O ye scenes of those blessed years!
They shall make me again your own!"

Mrs. Hemans.

GIBRALTAR:

A NIGHT AT THE RAGGED-STAFF.

[William Leggett, born in New York, 1802; died 1840. He served four years in the United States navy; then became editor of the *Critic*, and subsequently of other periodicals, winning for himself considerable reputation as a political and miscellaneous writer. In 1840 the then president of the United States appointed him diplomatic agent to the republic of Guatemala; but he died whilst making preparations to enter upon his new duties. His chief collected works are: *Leisure Hours at Sea* (poems); *Naval Stories; Tales by a Country Schoolmaster;* and *Political Writings*, edited by Theodore Sedgwick.]

The first time I ever saw the famous rock of Gibraltar was on a glorious afternoon in the month of October, when the sun diffused just sufficient heat to give an agreeable temperature to the air, and shed a soft and mellow light through the somewhat hazy atmosphere, which enabled us to see the scenery of the Straits to the best advantage.

We had a rough and stormy, but uncommonly short passage; for the wind, though tempestuous, had blown from the right quarter; and our gallant frigate dashed and bounded over the waves, "like a steed that knows his rider." I could not then say, with the poet from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "welcome to their roar!" for I was a novice on the ocean in those days, and had not yet entirely recovered from certain uneasy sensations about the region of the epigastrium, which by no means rendered the noise of rushing waters the most agreeable sound to my ears, or the rolling of the vessel the most pleasant motion for my body. Never did old sea-dog of a sailor, in the horse latitudes, pray more sincerely for a wind, than I did for a calm during that boisterous passage—and never, I may add, did the selfish prayer of a sinner prove more unavailing. The gale, like Othello's revenge, "kept due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont," and it blew so hard that it sometimes seemed to lift our old craft almost out of the water.

When we came out of port, we had our dashy fair-weather spars aloft, with skysail yards athwart, a moonsail to the main, and hoist enough for the broad blue to show itself to good advantage above that. But before the pilot left us, our top-gallant poles were under the boom cover, and storm-stumps in their places; and the first watch was scarcely relieved, when the boatswain's call—repeated by four mates, whose lungs seemed formed on purpose to out-roar a tempest—rang through the ship, "All hands to house top-gallant masts, ahoy!" From that time till we made the land the gale continued to rage with unintermitted violence, to the great delight of the old tars, and the manifest annoyance of the green reefers, of whom we had rather an unusual number on board. If my pen were endued with the slightest portion of the quality which distinguished Hogarth's pencil, I might here give a description of a man-of-war's steerage in a storm, which could not but force a smile from the most saturnine reader. I must own I did not much relish the humour of the scene then—*pars magna fui*—that is, I was sea-sick myself; but

Quod fuit durum pati—meminisse dulce est;

and I have often since, sometimes in my hammock, sometimes during a cold mid watch on deck, burst into a hearty laugh, as the memory of our grotesque distresses, and of the odd figures we cut during that passage, has glanced across my mind.

But the longest day must have an end, and the stiffest breeze cannot last for ever. The wind, which for a fortnight had been blowing as hard as a trumpeter for a wager, blew itself out at last. About dawn on the morning of the day I have alluded to it began to lull, and by the time the sun was fairly out of the water it fell flat calm. It was my morning watch, and what with sea-sickness, fatiguing duty, and being cabined, cribbed, confined for so long a time in my narrow and unaccustomed lodgings, I felt worn out and in no mood to exult in the choice I had made of a profession. I stood holding by one of the belaying-pins of the main fife-rail (for I had not yet, as the sailors phrase it, got my sea-legs aboard), and looking, I suppose, as melancholy as a sick monkey on a lee backstay, when a cry from the foretopsail-yard reached my ear that instantly thrilled to my heart, and set the blood running in a lively current through my veins.

"Land, oh!" cried the jack-tar on the lookout, in a cable-tier voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his stomach.

I have heard many delightful sounds in my time, but few which seemed to me more pleasant than the rough voice of that vigilant sailor. I do verily believe, that not seven bells (grog time of day) to a thirsty tar, the dinner-bell to a hungry alderman, or the passing-bell of some rich old curmudgeon to an anxious heir, ever gave greater rapture. The how-d'ye-do of a friend, the good-bye of a country cousin, the song of *the* Signorina, and Paganini's fiddle, may all have music in them; but the cry of land to a sea-sick midshipman is sweeter than them all.

We made what, in nautical language, is termed a good land-fall—so good, indeed, that it was well for us the night and the wind both ceased when they did; for had they lasted another hour, we should have found ourselves *landed*, and in a way that even I, much as I wished to set my foot once more on terra firma, should not have felt particularly pleased with. On its becoming light enough to ascertain our whereabout, it was discovered that we were within the very jaws of the Straits, completely landlocked by the "steepy shore," where

Europe and Afric on each other gaze,

and already beginning to feel the influence of the strong and ceaseless easterly current which rushes into the Mediterranean through that passage with a velocity of four or five knots an hour. A gentle land-breeze sprung up in the course of the morning watch, which, though not exactly fair, yet coming from the land of the "dusky Moor," had enough of something in it to enable us to get along at a very tolerable rate, beating with a long and short leg through the Straits.

It would be uncharitable to require that the reader should arrive at the rock by the same sort of zigzag course which we were obliged to pursue; so therefore let him at once suppose himself riding at anchor in the beautiful but unsafe bay of Gibraltar, directly opposite and almost within the very shadow of the grand and gigantic fortress which nature and art seem to have vied with each other in rendering impregnable. No one who has looked on that vast and forted rock, with its huge granite outline shown in bold relief against the clear sky of the south of Europe—its towering and ruin-crowned peaks—its enormous crags, caverns, and precipices—and its rich historical associations, which shed a powerful though vague interest over every feature—can easily forget the strong impression which the first sight of that imposing and magnificent spectacle creates.

The flinty mass rising abruptly to an elevation of 1500 feet, and surrounded on every side by the waters of the Mediterranean, save a narrow slip of level sand which stretches from its northern end and connects it with the mainland, has, added to its other claims to admiration, the strong interest of utter isolation. For a while the spectator gazes on the "stupendous whole" with an expression of pleased wonder at its height, extent, and strength, and without becoming conscious of the various opposite features which make up its grand effect of sublimity and beauty. He sees only the giant rock spreading its vast dark mass against the sky, its broken and wavy ridge, its beetling projections, and its dizzy precipices of a thousand feet perpendicular descent. After a time, his eye becoming in some degree familiarized with the main and sterner features of the scene, he perceives that the granite mountain is variegated by here and there some picturesque work of art, or spot of green beauty, that shines with greater loveliness from contrast with the savage roughness by which it is surrounded. Dotted about at long intervals over the steep sides of the craggy mass, are seen the humble cottages of the soldiers' wives: or, perched on the very edges of the cliffs, the guard-houses of the garrison, before which, ever and anon, may be descried the vigilant sentry, dwindled to a pigmy, walking to and fro on his allotted and dangerous post. Now and then the eye detects a more sumptuous edifice, half hid in a grove of acacias, orange and almond trees, as if they clustered around to shut from the view of its inhabitant, in his eyre-like abode, the scene of desolate grandeur above, beneath him, and on every side.

At the foot of the rock, on a small and narrow slip less precipitous than the rest, stands the town of Gibraltar, which, as seen from the bay, with its dark-coloured houses, built in the Spanish style, and rising one above another in amphitheatrical order: the ruins of the Moorish castle and defences in the rear: and the high massive walks which surround it at the water's edge, and which, thick planted with cannon, seemed formed to "laugh a siege to scorn," has a highly picturesque and imposing effect. The military works of Gibraltar are on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the natural grandeur of the scene. Its walls, its batteries, and its moles, which, bristling with cannon, stretch far out into the bay, and against whose solid structures the waves spend their fury in vain, are all works of art planned with great genius, and executed with consummate skill. An indefinite sensation of awe mixes with the stranger's feelings, as, gazing upon the defences which everywhere meet his eye, he remembers that the strength of Gibraltar consists not in its visible works alone, but that, hewn in the centre of the vast and perpendicular rock, there are long galleries and ample chambers where the engines of war are kept always ready, and from whence the fires of death may at any moment be poured down upon an assailant.

Though the rock is the chief feature of interest in the Bay of Gibraltar, yet, when fatigued by long gazing on its barren and solitary grandeur, there are not wanting others on which the eye of the stranger may repose with pleasure. The green shores of Andalusia, encircling the bay in their semicircular sweep, besides the attraction which verdant hills and valleys always possess, have the superadded charm of being linked with many classical and romantic associations—the picturesque towns of St. Roque and Algesiras, the one crowning a smooth eminence at some distance from the shore, and the other occupying a gentle declivity that sinks gradually down to the sparkling waters of the bay—the mountains of Spain, fringed with cork forests in the back-ground—the dimly-seen coast of Morocco across the Straits, with the white walls of Ceuta just discernible on one of its promontories—the towering form of Abila, which not even the unromantic modern name of Apes Hill can divest of all its interest as one of "the trophies of great Hercules"—these are all features in the natural landscape which, combined, render it a scene of exceeding beauty.

The clear blue waters of the bay itself commonly present an appearance of variety and animation which very materially increases the picturesqueness of the general effect. Here may at all times be seen, moored closely together, a numerous fleet of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, of every fashion of structure, and manned by beings of every creed and colour. The flags and pennons which float from their masts, the sounds which rise from their decks, and the appearance and employments of the moving throngs upon them, all tend to heighten the charm of novelty and variety. In one place may be seen a shattered and dismantled hulk, on board of which some exiled Spanish patriot, with his family, has taken refuge, dwelling there full in the sight of his native land, which yet he can scarcely hope ever to tread again; in another—on the high latticed stern of a tall, dark-looking craft, whose raking masts, black bends, and trig, warlike appearance, excite a doubt whether she be merchantman or pirate—a group of Turks in their national and beautiful costume, smoking their long chibouques with an air of gravity as great as if they were engaged in a matter on which their lives depended. Beside them, perhaps, lies a heavy, clumsy dogger, on board of which a company of industrious. slow-moving Dutchmen are engaged in trafficking away their cargo of cheese, butter, Bologna sausages, and real Schiedam; and not far away from these, a crew of light-hearted Genoese sailors are stretched at length along the deck of their polacca, chanting, in voices made musical by distance, one of the rich melodies with which their language abounds. Boats are continually passing hither and thither between the vessels and the shore: and every now and then a long and slender felucca, with its slanting yards and graceful lateen sails, glides across the bay, laden with the products of the fruitful soil of Andalusia, which are destined to supply the tables of the pent-up inhabitants of the garrison.

I have mentioned that it was on a fine day in October that we arrived at Gibraltar, and I have accordingly attempted to describe the rock, and the adjacent scenery, as they appeared to me through the mellow light of that pleasant afternoon. To one viewing the scene from any other point than that which I occupied, our own gallant frigate would have presented no unattractive feature in the glorious landscape. During the time that we were beating through the Straits, the gunner's crew had been employed in blacking the bends, somewhat rusty from the constant attrition of a stormy sea, and we had embraced the opportunity of the gentle land-breeze to replace the storm topgallant-masts with our taut fair-weather poles, and to bend and send aloft the topgallant-sails, royals, and skysails, for which we had not before had any recent occasion. Thus renewed, and all a-tauto, with our glossy sides glistening in the sun, our flags flying, and the broad blue pennant streaming at the main, there were few objects in all that gay and animated bay on which the eye could rest with greater pleasure than on that noble vessel. The bustle consequent upon coming to anchor was, among our active and well-disciplined crew, but of brief duration. In a very few minutes every yard was squared with the nicest precision; every rope hauled taut and laid down in a handsome Flemish coil upon the deck, and the vast symmetrical bulk, with nothing to indicate its recent buffetings from the storm, lay floating as quietly on the bright surface as if it were part of a mimic scene, the creation of some painter's pencil.

Though I had been on duty ever since the previous midnight, yet I felt no disposition to go below; but for more than an hour after the boatswain had piped down, I remained on deck gazing with unsated eyes on the various and attractive novelties around me. A part of the fascination of the scene was doubtless owing to that feeling of young romance which invests every scene with the colours of the imagination; and a part, to its contrast with the dull monotony of the prospect to which I had lately been confined, till my heart fluttered like a caged bird, to be once more among the green trees and the rustling grass—to see fields covered with golden grain, and swelling away in their fine undulations—to scent the pleasant odour of the meadows, and be free to range at will through those leafy forests which, I began to think, were ill exchanged for the narrow and heaving deck of a forty-four. Thoughts of this kind mingled with my musings as I leaned over the tafferel, with my eyes bent on the verdant hills and slopes of Spain; and so absorbed was I in contemplation, that I heard not my name pronounced, till it was repeated a second or third time by the officer of the deck.

"Mr. Transom!" cried he, in a quick and impatient voice, "are you deaf or asleep, sir? Here, jump into the first cutter alongside! Would you keep the commodore waiting all day for you, sir?"

I felt my cheek redden at this speech of the lieutenant—one of those popinjays who, dressed in a little brief authority, think to show their own consequence by playing off impertinent airs upon those of inferior station. I had seen enough of naval service, however, to know that no good comes of replying to the insolence of a superior; so, suppressing the answer that rose to my lips, I sprang down the side into the boat, in the stern-sheets of which my commander, who had preceded me, was already seated.

"Shove off, sir," said he.

"Let fall, give way!" cried I to the men, who sprang to their oars with alacrity, making the boat skim through the water lightly and fleetly as a swallow through the air. In less than five minutes we were floating alongside the stone quay at the Water-port—as the principal and strongly fortified entrance to the garrison from the bay is called.

"You will wait here for me," said the commodore, as he stepped out of the boat; "and should I not return before the gate is closed, pull round to the Ragged-staff" (the name of the other landing-place), "and wait there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, though not very well pleased at the prospect of a long and tedious piece of service, fatigued as I already was with my vigil of the previous night, and the active duties of the day. The old commodore in the meanwhile stepped quickly over the drawbridge which connects the quay with the fortress, and presently disappeared under the massive archway of the gate.

For a while the scene which presented itself at the Water-port was of a kind from which an observant mind could not fail to draw abundant amusement. The quay, beside which our boat was lying, is a small octangular wharf constructed of huge blocks of granite, strongly cemented together. It is the only place which boats, except those belonging to the garrison, or national vessels in the harbour, are permitted to approach; and though of but a few yards square in extent, is enfiladed in several directions by frowning batteries of granite, mounted with guns, which by a single discharge might shiver the whole structure to atoms. Merchant vessels lying in the bay are unloaded by means of lighters, which, with the boats of passage continually plying between the shipping and the shore, and the market boats from the adjacent coast of Spain, all crowd round this narrow quay, rendering it a place of singular business and bustle. As the sunset hour approaches, the activity and confusion increase. Crowds of people of all nations, and every variety of costume and language, jostle each other as they hurry through the gate. The stately Greek, in his embroidered jacket, rich purple cap, and flowing capote, strides carelessly along. The Jew, with his bent head, shaven crown, and coarse though not unpicturesque gaberdine, glides with a noiseless step through the crowd, turning from side to side, as he walks, quick wary glances from underneath his downcast brows. The Moor, wrapped close in his white bernoose, stalks sullenly apart, as if he alone had no business in the bustling scene; while the noisy Spaniard by his side wages an obstreperous argument, or shouts in loud guttural sounds for his boat. French, English, and Americans, officers, merchants, and sailors, are all intermingled in the motley mass, each engaged in his own business, and each adding his part to the confused and Babel-like clamour of tongues. High on the walls, the sentinels, with their arms glistening in the sun, are seen walking to and fro on their posts, and looking down with indifference or abstraction on the scene of hurry and turmoil beneath them.

Among the various striking features that attracted my attention, from time to time, as I reclined in the stern-sheets of the cutter, gazing on the shifting throng before me, there was one whose appearance and manners awakened peculiar interest. He was a tall, muscular, dark-looking Spaniard, whose large frame and strong and well-proportioned limbs were set off to good advantage by the national dress of the peasantry of his country. His sombrero, slouched in a studied manner over his eyes, as if to conceal their fierce rolling balls, shaded a face, the dark sunburned hue of which showed that it had not always been so carefully protected. From the crimson sash which was bound round his waist, concealing the connection of his embroidered velvet jacket with his nether garments, a long knife depended: and this, together with a sinister expression of countenance, and an indescribable something in the general air and bearing of the man, created an impression which caused me to shrink involuntarily from him whenever he approached the boat. He himself seemed to be actuated by similar feelings. On first meeting my eye, he drew his sombrero deeper over his brow, and hastily retired to another part of the quay: but every now and then I could see his dark face above a group of the intervening throng, and his keen black eyes seemed always directed towards me, till, perceiving that I noticed him, he would turn away, and mix for a while among the remoter portion of the crowd.

My eyes were endeavouring to follow this singular figure in one of his windings through the multitude when my attention was drawn in another direction by a loud long call from a bugle, sounded within the walls, and in an instant after, repeated with a clearer and louder blast from their summit. This signal seemed to give new motion and animation to the crowd. A few hurried from the quay into the garrison, but a greater number poured from the interior upon the quay, and all appeared anxious to depart. Boat after boat was drawn up, received its burden, and darted off, while others took their places, and were in turn soon filled by the retiring crowd. Soldiers from the garrison appeared on the quay to urge the tardy into quicker motion; mingled shouts, calls, and curses resounded on every side; and for a few minutes confusion seemed worse confounded. But in a short time the last loiterer was hurried away—the last felucca shoved off, and was seen gliding on its course, the sound of its oars almost drowned in the noisy gabble of its Andalusian crew.

As soon as the quay became entirely deserted the military returned within the walls, and a pause of silence ensued—then pealed the sunset gun from the summit of the rock—the drawbridge, by some unseen agency, was rolled slowly back, till it disappeared within the arched passage—the ponderous gates turned on their enormous hinges—and Gibraltar was closed for the night with a security which might defy the efforts of the combined world to invade it.

Thus shut out at the Water-port I directed the boat's crew, in compliance with the orders I had received, to pull round to the Ragged-staff. The wall at this place is of great height, and near its top is left a small gate, at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet above the quay which projects into the bay beneath. It is attained by a spiral staircase, erected about twenty feet from the wall, and communicating with it at the top by means of a drawbridge. This gate is little used, except for the egress of those who are permitted to leave the garrison after nightfall. On reaching the quay I sprang ashore, and, walking to a favourable position, endeavoured to amuse myself once more by contemplating the hills and distant mountains of Spain. But the charm was now fled. Night was fast stealing over the landscape, and rendering its features misty and indistinct: a change, too, had taken place in my own feelings, since, a few hours before, I had found so much pleasure in dwelling on the scene around me. I was now cold, fatigued, and hungry; my eyes had been fed with novelties until they were weary with gazing; and my mind crowded with a succession of new images, until its vigour was exhausted.

I cast my eyes up to the rock, but it appeared cold and desolate in the deepening twilight, and I turned from its steep flinty sides and dreadful precipices with a shudder. The waves and ripples of the bay, which the increasing wind had roughened, broke against the quay where I was standing with a sound that created a chilly sensation at my heart; and even the watch-dog's bark, from on board some vessel in the bay, gave me no pleasure as it was borne faintly to my ear by the eastern breeze; for it was associated with sounds of home, and awakened me to a painful consciousness of the distance I had wandered, and the fatigues and perils to which I was exposed. A train of sombre thoughts, despite my efforts to drive them away, took possession of my mind. At length, yielding to their influence, I climbed to the top of a rude heap of stones which had been piled on the end of the quay, and seating myself where my eye could embrace every portion of the shadowy landscape, I yielded the full reign to melancholy fancies. My wandering thoughts roamed over a thousand topics; but one topic predominated over all the rest. My memory recalled many images; but one image it presented with the vividness of life, and dwelt upon with the partiality of love. It was the image of one who had been the object of my childhood's love, whom I had loved in my boyhood, and whom now in opening manhood I still loved with a passionate and daily-increasing affection. Linked with the memory of that sweet being, came thoughts of one who had sought to rival me in her affections, and who, foiled in his purposes, had conceived and avowed the bitterest enmity against me:—and from him my mind reverted, by some strange association, to the tall and singular-looking Spaniard whom I had seen at the Water-port. In this way my vagrant thoughts ranged about from topic to topic, with all that wildness of transition which is sometimes produced by the excitement of opium.

While thus engaged in these desultory meditations, I know not how long a time slipped by; but at length my thoughts began to grow less distinct, and my eyes to feel heavy: and had I not been restrained by a sense of shame and duty as an officer, I should have been glad to resign myself to sleep. My eyelids, in despite of me, did once or twice close for an instant or two; and it was in an effort to arouse myself from one of these little attacks of somnolency that I saw an object before me, the appearance of whom in that place struck me with surprise.

The moon had risen, and was just shedding a thin and feeble glimmer over the top of the rock, the broad deep shadow of which extended almost to the spot where I was sitting. Emerging from this shadow, with his long peculiar step, I saw approaching me the identical Spaniard whose malign expression of countenance and general appearance had so strongly attracted my attention at the Water-port. That it was the same I could not doubt, for his height, his dress, his air, all corresponded exactly. He still wore the same large sombrero, which, as before, was drawn deep over his brows; the same long and glistening knife was thrust through his sash, and the same fantastically stamped leather gaiters covered his legs. He approached close to me, and in a voice which, though hardly above a whisper, thrilled me to the bone, informed me that the commodore had sent for me; on delivering which laconic message he turned away, and walked towards the garrison.

Shall I own it, gentle reader? I felt a sensation of fear at the idea that I was to follow this herculean and sinister-looking Spaniard, and I had some faint misgivings whether I ought to obey his summons. But I reflected that he was probably a servant or messenger of some officer or family where the commodore was visiting; that he could have no motive to mislead me; and that were I to neglect obeying the order through fear of its bearer, because he was tall, had whiskers, and wore a sombrero, I should deservedly bring down upon myself the ridicule of every midshipman in the Mediterranean. Besides, thought I, how foolish I should feel if it should turn out, as is very likely, that this is some ball or party to which the commodore has been urged to stay, and, unwilling to keep me waiting for him so long in this dreary place, he has sent to invite me to join him. This last reflection turned the scale; so, slipping down from my perch, I followed towards the gate.

The tall dark form of the stranger had already disappeared in the shadow of the rock; but on reaching the foot of the spiral staircase, I could hear his heavy foot ascending the steps. Directly after, the gate was unbarred, the drawbridge lowered, and a footstep crossing it announced that the Spaniard was within the walls. I followed as rapidly as I could, and got within the gate just in time to see the form of my conductor disappear round one of the angles of the fortifications; but, accelerating my pace, I overtook him as he reached the foot of the path which seemed to ascend towards the southern end of the rock.

"This way lies the town," said I, pointing in the opposite direction; "you surely have mistaken the route."

The Spaniard made no answer, but pointing with his hand up the difficult and narrow path, and beckoning me to follow him, he began the ascent. The moon shone on his countenance for a moment as he turned towards me, and I thought I could perceive the same sinister expression upon it which had been one of the first things that drew my attention to him. I continued to follow, however, and struggled hard to overtake him; but without much effect. I became fatigued, exhausted, almost ready to drop, but was unable to diminish the interval between us.

The ascent soon became very steep—so steep, indeed, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from sliding back faster than I advanced. My feet were blistered, and I toiled along on my hands and knees, till my flesh was torn and penetrated with the sharp points and edges of the rock. After thus slowly and painfully groping my way for a considerable distance, we at length reached a place where the path pursued a level course—but what a path! what a place! A narrow ledge, scarce two feet wide, had been formed, partly by nature, partly by art, at the height of a thousand feet above the water, around a sweep of the rock where it rose perpendicularly from its base to its extreme summit. This ledge was covered with loose stones, which, at ever footstep, fell rattling and thundering down the mighty precipice, till the sound died away in the immense depths below.

I could not conjecture whither the Spaniard was leading me; but I had now gone too far to think of retreating. Every step I now made was at the hazard of life. The ledge on which we were walking was so narrow, the loose stones which covered it rolled so easily from under our feet, and my knees trembled so violently from fear and fatigue, that I could scarcely hope to continue much further in safety over such a pathway. At last we reached a broader spot. I sunk down exhausted, yet with a feeling of joy that I had escaped from the perilous path I had just been treading. The Spaniard stood beside me, and I thought a malign smile played round his lips as he looked down upon me, panting at his feet. He suffered me to rest but for a moment, when he motioned me to rise. I obeyed the signal, as if it were the behest of my evil genius.

"Look round," said he, "and tell me what you behold?"

I glanced my eyes round, and, shuddering, withdrew them instantly from the fearful prospect. The ledge or platform on which we were standing was but a few feet square; behind it a large and gloomy cavern opened its black jaws; and in front, the rock rose from the sea with so perpendicular an ascent, that a stone, dropped from the edge, would have fallen without interruption straight down into the waves.

"Are you ready to make the leap?" said the Spaniard, in a smooth, sneering tone, seeing, and seeming to enjoy the terror depicted on my countenance.

"For Heaven's sake," cried I, "who are you, and why am I made your victim?"

"Look!" cried he, throwing the sombrero from his head and approaching close to me. "Look! know you not these features? They are those of one whose path you have crossed once, but shall never cross again!"

He seized hold of me as he spoke with a fiendish grasp, and strove to hurl me headlong from the rock. I struggled with all the energy of desperation, and for a moment baffled the design. He released his hold round my body, and stepping back, stood for an instant gazing on me with the glaring eyeballs of a tiger about to spring upon his prey; then darting towards me, he grasped me with both hands round the throat, and dragged me, despite my vain struggling, to the very verge of the precipice. With a powerful exertion of strength, which I was no longer able to resist, he dashed my body over the dreadful edge, and held me out at arm's-length above the dread abyss.

The agony of years of wretchedness compressed into a single second could not have exceeded the horror of the moment I remained suspended. There was a small tree or bush which grew out of a cleft just beneath the ledge. In my frenzied struggle I caught by a branch of it just at the critical instant when the Spaniard relaxed his hold, intending to precipitate me down the fearful gulf. His purpose was again baffled for another moment of horror. He gnashed his teeth as he saw me swing off upon the fragile branch, which cracked and bent beneath my weight, and which, at most, could save me from his fury but for a fleeting moment. That moment seemed too long for his impatient hate. He sprang to the very verge of the ledge, and placing his foot firmly on the tree, pressed it down with all his strength. In vain, with chattering teeth and horror-choked voice, I implored him to desist. He answered not, but stamped furiously on the tree. The root began to give way—the loosened dirt fell from around it—the trunk snapped, cracked, and separated—and the fiend set up an inhuman laugh, which rung in my ears like the mocking of a demon, as down—down—down I fell, through the chill, thick, pitchy air, till, striking with a mighty force on the rocks beneath—I waked, and lo, it was a dream!

It was broad daylight. In my sleep I had rolled from the heap of stones which had furnished me with my evening seat of meditation, and which, during my sleep, had supplied my imagination with an abundance of materials for horrid precipices and "deep-down gulfs." The laugh of the infernal Spaniard turned out to be only a burst of innocent merriment at my plight from little Paul Messenger, a rosy, curly-haired midshipman, and one of the finest little fellows in the world. The matter was soon explained. The commodore returning to the boat, and seeing me, as he expressed it, sleeping so comfortably on a bed of my own choosing, thought it would be a pity to disturb me; so shoving off, he left me to my slumbers; but on reaching the ship, gave the officer of the deck directions to send a boat for me at daylight. Little Paul, always ready to do a kind act, asked to go officer of her; and we returned together to the frigate, laughing over my story of the imaginary adventures of the night.

JEANIE MORRISON.

[**William Motherwell**, born at Glasgow, 13th October, 1797; died in that city, 1st November, 1835. His parents removed to Edinburgh, and at school there, Motherwell met the heroine of his song. He was taken to Paisley at the age of twelve, and never afterwards met the lady[1] with whose name his reputation as a lyrical poet is most popularly associated. He entered a lawyer's office, and in 1819 was appointed sheriff-clerk depute for the county of Renfrew, which post he retained for ten years. He contributed verse and prose to various local publications; in 1830 he was appointed editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, and continued to fulfil the duties of that office until his death. He edited the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of songs by various writers; and rendered good service to Scotch ballad literature by the publication of his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, with an historical introduction and notes. It was in 1832 he first collected his own poems; a fuller edition, with sundry posthumous lyrics, was published after his death, accompanied by an affectionate memoir written by Dr. James M'Conechy. Of his merits as a poet Allan Cunningham said: "His lyrics are forceful and flowing—with more of the strength of Burns than of his simplicity and passion." Christopher North: "He has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements, masculine."]

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
  The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
  May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
  Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
  And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
  And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
  The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
  'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
  Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
  To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
  Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
  When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
  What our wee heads could think?

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[1] Miss Morrison became the wife of a Mr. Murdoch, a merchant. She was unconscious of the passion with which she had inspired the poet

When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
  Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
  My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
  How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
  We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
  (The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
  The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
  My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
  O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
  Oh lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
  Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
  The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
  And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
  The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
  The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
  The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
  Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
  For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
  Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
  Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
  When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
  Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
  Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
  As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
  Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
  Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
  Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
  The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
  The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
  And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
  O' bygane days and me!

A MUSICAL ENIGMA.

[**Rev. C. P. Cranch,** born in Alexandria, D. C., 1813. The son of an eminent judge in the United States, and the author of many interesting sketches, poems and tales, notably: *The Last of the Huggermuggers*, and a sequel to that work, entitled *Kobboltozo*. Of the fantastic humour in which Mr. Cranch's talent shows to advantage the following is an example.]

One chilly, windy evening in the month of December, 1831, three young men sat around a tall office-stove in Mr. Simon Shrowdwell's establishment, No. 307 Dyer Street, in the town of Boggsville.

Mr. Simon Shrowdwell was a model undertaker, about fifty years of age, and the most exemplary and polite of sextons in the old Dutch church just round the corner. He was a musical man, too, and led the choir, and sang in the choruses of oratorios that were sometimes given in the town-hall. He was a smooth-shaven, sleek man, dressed in decorous black, wore a white cravat, and looked not unlike a second-hand copy of the clergyman. He had the fixed, pleasant expression customary to a profession whose business it was to look sympathetic on grief, especially in rich men's houses. Still it was a kind expression; and the rest of his features indicated that he did not lack firmness in emergencies. During the cholera season of the year aforesaid he had done a thriving business, and had considerably enlarged his store and his supply of ready-made mortuary furnishings. His rooms were spacious and neat. Rows of handsome coffins, of various sizes, stood around the walls in shining array, some of them studded with silver-headed nails; and everything about the establishment looked as cheerful as the nature of his business permitted.

On this December evening Mr. Shrowdwell and his wife, whose quarters were on the floor above, happened to be out visiting some friends. His young man, William Spindles, and two of his friends who had come in to keep him company, sat by the ruddy stove, smoking their pipes, and chatting as cheerily as if these cases for the dead that surrounded them were simply ornamental panels. Gas, at that time, hadn't been introduced into the town of Boggsville; but a cheerful argand-lamp did its best to light up the shop.

Their talk was gay and airy, about all sorts of small matters; and people who passed the street-window looked in and smiled to see the contrast between the social smoking and chatting of these youngsters, and the grim but neat proprieties of their environment.

One of the young men had smoked out his pipe, and rapped it three times on the stove, to knock out the ashes.

There was an answering knocking—somewhere near; but it didn't seem to come from the street-door. They were a little startled, and Spindles called out:—

"Come in!"

Again came the rapping, in another part of the room.

"Come in!" roared Spindles, getting up and laying his pipe down.

The street-door slowly opened, and in glided a tall, thin man. He was a stranger. He wore a tall, broad-brimmed hat, and a long, dark, old-fashioned cloak. His eyes were sunken, his face cadaverous, his hands long and bony.

He came forward. "I wish to see Mr. Shrowdwell."

"He is out," said Spindles. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I would rather see Mr. Shrowdwell," said the stranger.

"He will not be home till late this evening. If you have any message, I can deliver it; or you will find him here in the morning."

The stranger hesitated. "Perhaps you can do it as well as Shrowdwell. . . . I want a coffin."

"All right," said Spindles; "step this way, please. Is it for a grown person or a child? Perhaps you can find something here that will suit you. For some relative, I presume?"

"No, no, no! I have no relatives," said the stranger. Then in a hoarse whisper, "*It's for myself!*"

Spindles started back, and looked at his friends. He had been used to customers ordering coffins; but this was something new. He looked hard at the pale stranger. A queer, uncomfortable chill crept over him. As he glanced around, the lamp seemed to be burning very dimly.

"You don't mean to say you are in earnest?" he stammered. And yet, he thought, this isn't a business to joke about. . . . He looked at the mysterious stranger again, and said to himself: "Perhaps he's deranged—poor man!"

Meanwhile the visitor was looking around at the rows of coffins shining gloomily in the lamplight. But he soon turned about, and said:—

"These won't do. They are not the right shape or size. . . . *You must measure me for one!*"

"You don't mean—" gasped Spindles. "Come, this is carrying a joke too far."

"I am not joking," said the stranger; "I never joke. I want you to take my measure. . . . And I want it made of a particular shape."

Spindles looked toward the stove. His companions had heard part of the conversation, and, gazing nervously at each other, they had put on their hats and overcoats, pocketed their pipes, and taken French leave.

Spindles found himself alone with the cadaverous stranger, and feeling very queer. He began to say that the gentleman had better come in the morning, when Mr. Shrowdwell was in—Shrowdwell understood this business. But the stranger fixed his cold black eyes on him, and whispered:

"I can't wait. *You* must do it—to-night. . . . Come, take my measure!"

Spindles was held by a sort of fascination, and mechanically set about taking his measure, as a tailor would have done for a coat and trowsers.

"Have you finished?" said the stranger.

"Y—y—es, sir; that will do," said Spindles. "What name did you say, sir?"

"No matter about my name. I have no name. Yet I might have had one, if the fates had permitted. Now for the style of the coffin I want."

And taking a pencil and card from his pocket, he made a rough draught of what he wanted. And the lines of the drawing appeared to burn in the dark like phosphorus.

"I must have a lid and hinges—so, you see—and a lock *on the inside*, and plenty of room for my arms."

"All r—r—ight," said Spindles; "we'll make it. But it's not exactly in our line—to m—m—ake co—co—coffins in this style." And the youth stared at the drawing. It was for all the world like a violoncello-case.

"When can I have it?" said the stranger, paying no attention to Spindles' remark.

"Day after to-morrow, I sup—p—ose. But I—will have to—ask Shrowdwell—about it."

"I want it three days from now. I'll call for it about this time Friday evening. But as you don't know me, I'll pay in advance. This will cover all expenses, I think," producing a bank-note.

"Certainly," stammered Spindles.

"I want you to be particular about the lid and the locks. I was buried once before, you see; and this time I want to have my own way. I have one coffin, but it's too small for me. I keep it under my bed, and use it for a trunk. Good evening. Friday night—remember!"

Spindles thought there would be little danger of his forgetting it. But he didn't relish the idea of seeing him again, especially at night. "However, Shrowdwell will be here then," he said.

When the mysterious stranger had gone, Spindles put the bank-bill in his pocket-book, paced up and down, looked out of the window, and wished Shrowdwell would come home.

"After all," he said, "it's only a crazy man. And yet what made the lamp burn so dim? And what strange raps those were before he entered! And that drawing with a phosphoric pencil! And how like a dead man he looked! Pshaw! I'll smoke another pipe."

And he sat down by the stove, with his back to the coffins. At last the town-clock struck nine, and he shut up the shop, glad to get away and go home.

Next morning he told Shrowdwell the story, handed him the bank-bill as corroboration, and showed him the drawing, the lines of which were very faint by daylight. Shrowdwell took the money gleefully, and locked it in his safe.

"What do you think of this affair, Mr. Shrowdwell?" Spindles asked.

"This is some poor deranged gentleman, Spindles. I have made coffins for deranged men—but this is something unusual—ha! ha!—for a man to come and order his own coffin, and be measured for it! This is a new and interesting case, Spindles—one that I think has never come within my experience. But let me see that drawing again. How faint it is. I must put on my specs. Why, it is nothing but a big fiddle-case—a double-bass box. He's probably some poor distracted musician, and has taken this strange fancy into his head—perhaps imagines himself a big fiddle—eh, Spindles?" And he laughed softly at his own conceit. "'Pon my soul, this is a queer case—and a fiddle-case, too—ha! ha! But we must set about fulfilling his order."

By Friday noon the coffin of the new pattern was finished. All the workmen were mystified about it, and nearly all cracked jokes at its queer shape. But Spindles was very grave. As the hour approached when the stranger was to call for it he became more and more agitated. He would have liked to be away, and yet his curiosity got the better of his nervousness. He asked his two friends to come in, and they agreed to do so, on Spindles' promise to go first to an oyster-saloon and order something hot to fortify their courage. They didn't say anything about this to Shrowdwell, for he was a temperance man and a sexton.

They sat around the blazing stove, all four of them, waiting for the insane man to appear. It wanted a few minutes of eight.

"What's the matter with that lamp?" said Shrowdwell. "How dim it burns! It wants oil."

"I filled it to-day," said Spindles.

"I feel a chill all down my back," said Barker.

"And there's that rapping again," said O'Brien.

There *was* a rapping, as if underneath the floor. Then it seemed to come from the coffins on the other side of the room; then it was at the window-panes, and at last at the door. They all looked bewildered, and thought it very strange.

Presently the street-door opened slowly. They saw no one, but heard a deep sigh.

"Pshaw, it's only the wind," said Shrowdwell, and rose to shut the door—when right before them stood the cadaverous stranger. They were all so startled that not a word was spoken.

"I have come for my coffin," the stranger said, in a sepulchral whisper. "Is it done?"

"Yes, sir," said Shrowdwell. "It's all ready. Where shall we send it?"

"I take it with me," said the stranger in the same whisper. "Where is it?"

"But it's too heavy for you to carry," said the undertaker.

"That's my affair," he answered.

"Well, of course you are the best judge whether you can carry it or not. But perhaps you have a cart outside, or a porter?"

All this while the lamp had burned so dim that they couldn't see the features of the unknown. But suddenly, as he drew nearer, it flared up with a sudden blaze, as if possessed, and they saw that his face was like the face of a corpse. At the same instant an old cat which had been purring quietly by the stove—usually the most grave and decorous of tabbies—started up and glared, and then sprang to the farthest part of the room, her tail puffed out to twice its ordinary size.

They said nothing, but drew back and let him pass toward the strange-looking coffin. He glided toward it, and taking it under his arm, as if it were no heavier than a small basket, moved toward the door, which seemed to open of its own accord, and he vanished into the street.

"Let's follow him," said the undertaker, "and see where he's going. You know I don't believe in ghosts. I've seen too many dead bodies for that. This is some crazy gentleman, depend on it; and we ought to see that he doesn't do himself any harm. Come!"

The three young men didn't like the idea of following this stranger in the dark, whether he were living or dead. And yet they liked no better being left in the dimly-lighted room among the coffins. So they all sallied out, and caught a glimpse of the visitor just turning the corner.

They walked quickly in that direction.

"He's going to the church," said Spindles. "No, he's turning toward the graveyard. See, he has gone right through the iron gate! And yet it was locked! He has disappeared among the trees!"

"We'll wait here at this corner, and watch," said Shrowdwell.

They waited fifteen or twenty minutes, but saw no more of him. They then advanced and peered through the iron railings of the cemetery. The moon was hidden in clouds, which drifted in great masses across the sky, into which rose the tall, dim church-steeple. The wind blew drearily among the leafless trees of the burial-ground. They thought they saw a dark figure moving down toward the north-west corner. Then they heard some of the vault-doors creak open and shut with a heavy thud.

"Those are the tombs of the musicians," whispered the undertaker. "I have seen several of our Handel-and-Haydn Society buried there—two of them, you remember, were taken off by cholera last summer. Ah, well, in the midst of life we are in death; we none of us know when we shall be taken. I have a lot there myself, and expect to lay my bones in it some day."

Presently strange sounds were heard, seeming to come from the corner spoken of. They were like the confused tuning of an orchestra before a concert—with discords and chromatic runs, up and down, from at least twenty instruments, but all muffled and pent in, as if under ground.

Yet, thought the undertaker, this may be only the wind in the trees. "I wish the moon would come out," he said, "so we could see something. Anyhow, I think it's a Christian duty to go in there, and see after that poor man. He may have taken a notion, you know, to shut himself up in his big fiddle-case, and we ought to see that he don't do himself any injury. Come, will you go?"

"Not I, thank you—nor I—nor I," said they all. "We are going home—we've had enough of this."

"Very well," said the undertaker. "As you please; I'll go alone."

Mr. Shrowdwell was a veritable Sadducee. He believed in death firmly. The only resurrection he acknowledged was the resurrection of a tangible body at some far-off judgment-day. He had no fear of ghosts. But this was not so much a matter of reasoning with him, as temperament, and the constant contact with lifeless bodies.

"When a man's dead," said Shrowdwell, "he's dead, I take it. *I* never see a man or woman come to life again. Don't the Scriptures say, 'Dust to dust?' It's true that with the Lord nothing is impossible, and at the last day he will summon his elect to meet him in the clouds; but that's a mystery."

And yet he couldn't account for this mysterious visitor passing through the tall iron railings of the gate—if he really *did* pass—for after all it may have been an ocular illusion.

But he determined to go in and see what he could see. He had the key of the cemetery in his pocket. He opened the iron gate and passed in, while the other men stood at a distance. They knew the sexton was proof against spirits of all sorts, airy or liquid; and after waiting a little, they concluded to go home, for the night was cold and dreary—and ghost or no ghost, they couldn't do much good there.

As Shrowdwell approached the north-west corner of the graveyard, he heard those singular musical sounds again. They seemed to come from the vaults and graves, but they mingled so with the rush and moaning of the wind, that he still thought he might be mistaken.

In the farthest corner there stood a large old family vault. It had belonged to a family with an Italian name, the last member of which had been buried there many years ago—and since then had not been opened. The vines and shrubbery had grown around and over it, partly concealing it.

As he approached it, Shrowdwell observed with amazement that the door was open, and a dense phosphorescent light lit up the interior.

"Oh," he said, "the poor insane gentleman has contrived somehow to get a key to this vault, and has gone in there to commit suicide, and bury himself in his queer coffin—and save the expense of having an undertaker. I must save him, if possible, from such a fate."

As he stood deliberating, he heard the musical sounds again. They came not only from the vault, but from all around. There was the hoarse groaning of a double-bass, answered now and then by a low muffled wail of horns and a scream of flutes, mingled with the pathetic complainings of a violin. Shrowdwell began to think he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes and his ears to see if he were awake. After considerable tuning and running up and down the scales, the instruments fell into an accompaniment to the double-bass in Beethoven's celebrated song—

"In questa temba oscura
Lasciarmi riposer!
Quando vivevo, ingrata,
Dovevi a me pensar.
Lascia che l'ombra ignade
Godansi in pace almer—
E non bagnar mie cenere
D'inutile vellen!"

The tone was as if the air were played on the harmonic intervals of the instrument, and yet was so weirdly and so wonderfully like a human voice, that Shrowdwell felt as if he had got into some enchanted circle. As the solo drew to its conclusion, the voice that seemed to be in it broke into sobs, and ended in a deep groan.

But the undertaker summoned up his courage, and determined to probe this mystery to the bottom. Coming nearer the vault and looking in, what should he see but the big musical coffin of the cadaverous stranger lying just inside the entrance of the tomb.

The undertaker was convinced that the strange gentleman was the performer of the solo. But where was the instrument? He mustered courage to speak, and was about to offer some comforting and encouraging words. But at the first sound of his voice the lid of the musical coffin, which had been open, slammed to, so suddenly, that the sexton jumped back three feet, and came near tumbling over a tombstone behind him. At the same time the dim phosphorescent light in the vault was extinguished, and there was another groan from the double-bass in the coffin. The sexton determined to open the case. He stooped over it and listened. He thought he heard inside a sound like putting a key into a padlock. "He mustn't lock himself in," he said, and instantly wrenched open the cover.

Immediately there was a noise like the snapping of strings and the cracking of light wood—then a strange sizzling sound—and then a loud explosion. And the undertaker lay senseless on the ground.

Mrs. Shrowdwell waited for her husband till a late hour, but he did not return. She grew very anxious, and at last determined to put on her bonnet and shawl and step over to Mr. Spindles' boarding-house to know where he could be. That young gentleman was just about retiring, in a very nervous state, after having taken a strong nipper of brandy and water to restore his equanimity. Mrs. Shrowdwell stated her anxieties, and Spindles told her something of the occurrences of the evening. She then urged him to go at once to a police-station and obtain two or three of the town watchmen to visit the graveyard with lanterns and pistols; which, after some delay and demurring on the part of the guardians of the night, and a promise of a reward on the part of Mrs. Shrowdwell, they consented to do.

After some searching the watchmen found the vault, and in front of it poor Shrowdwell lying on his back in a senseless state. They sent for a physician, who administered some stimulants, and gradually brought him to his senses, and upon his legs. He couldn't give any clear account of the adventure. The vault door was closed, and the moonlight lay calm upon the white stones, and no sounds were heard but the wind, now softly purring among the pines and cedars.

They got him home, and, to his wife's joy, found him uninjured. He made light of the affair—told her of the bank-note he had received for the musical coffin, and soon fell soundly asleep.

Next morning he went to his iron safe to reassure himself about the bank-note—for he had an uncanny dream about it. To his amazement and grief it was gone, and in its place was a piece of charred paper.

The undertaker lost himself in endless speculations about this strange adventure, and began to think there was diabolical witchcraft in the whole business, after all.

One day, however, looking over the parish record, he came upon some facts with regard to the Italian family who had owned that vault. On comparing these notes with the reminiscences of one or two of the older inhabitants of Boggsville, he made out something like the following history:—

Signor Domerico Pietri, an Italian exile of noble family, had lived in that town some fifty years since. He was of an unsocial, morose disposition, and very proud. His income was small, and his only son Ludovico, who had decided musical talent, determined to seek his fortune in the larger cities, as a performer on the double-bass. It was said his execution on the *harmonic notes* was something marvellous. But his father opposed his course, either from motives of family pride, or wishing him to engage in commerce; and one day, during an angry dispute with him, banished him from his house.

Very little was known of Ludovico Pietri. He lived a wandering life, and suffered from poverty. Finally all trace was lost of him. The old man died, and was buried, along with other relatives, in the Italian vault. The authorities of the Dutch church had permitted this, on Signor Domerico's renouncing Romanism, and joining the Protestants.

But there was a story told of a performer on the double-bass, who played such wild, passionate music, and with such skill, that in his lonely garret, one night, the devil appeared, and offered him a great bag of gold for his big fiddle—proposing at the same time that he should sign a contract that he would not play any more *during his lifetime*—except at his (the fiend's) bidding. The musician, being very poor, accepted the offer and signed the contract, and the devil vanished with his big fiddle. But afterward the poor musician repented the step he had taken, and took it so to heart that he became insane and died.

Now, whether this strange visitor to Mr. Shrowdwell's coffin establishment, who walked the earth in this unhappy frame of mind, was a live man, or the ghost of the poor maniac, was a question which could not be satisfactorily settled.

Some hopeless unbelievers said that the strange big fiddle-case was a box of nitroglycerine or fulminating powder, or an infernal machine; while others as firmly believed that there was something supernatural and uncanny about the affair, but ventured no philosophical theory in the case.

And as for the undertaker, he was such a hopeless sceptic all his life, that he at last came to the conclusion that he must have been dreaming when he had that adventure in the graveyard; and this notwithstanding William Spindles' repeated declarations, and those of the two other young men (none of whom accompanied Shrowdwell in this visit), that everything happened just as I have related it.

Putnam's Magazine (New York).

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

You remember the maid with her dark-brown hair
And her brow where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamp'd it there,
Till it made adoration a duty!
And you have not forgot how we watched with delight
Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from heaven!

And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back,
With a sigh and a tear, to the hours
When we gaz'd on her form, as she follow'd the track
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;—
When, in her young joy, she would smile with delight
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free—and look'd after its flight,
To see if it enter'd the skies!

But she wander'd away from the home of her youth,
One spring, ere the roses were blown!
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own!—
She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
And she follow'd it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
For a home—and they gave her a grave!

There was one whom she loved, though she breathed it to none,
For love of her soul was a part;—
And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
With the worm of despair in her heart!
And, oh! with what anguish we counted, each day,
The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck!

She never complain'd—but she loved to the last!
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
And the youth who had left her to die!
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the palm-tree sighs o'er her at even;
And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,
Is the tear of a far-foreign heaven!

T. K. Hervey.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

Ruins and romance have a poetical affinity, which, to the observer, although sometimes sad, is always pleasing. Nowhere is this affinity more perfect than in the precincts of the fine ruins of Bothwell Castle and the old Priory of Blantyre on the Clyde. Wood and water, landscape and memorable associations, combine to endow the place with present beauty and the shadows of past glories. We stand in the midst of a smooth-shaven lawn, the river flowing at our feet; we lift our eyes and, through the surrounding foliage, catch glimpses of the fantastic films of distant smoke—all indicative of the taste, business, and progress of our own day: we take a few steps and stand amidst the tombstones of dead centuries, the mind filled with vague visions of the men and events associated with them in history or fable.

There was the first Master of Bothwell, Walter Olifard, who, ever so long ago, when the second Alexander was King of Scots, dealt out justice in his own rough, and, let us hope, fairly honest way to the inhabitants of the Lothians. After him came the family of the Murrays; and they were succeeded by the English Edward's doughty knight, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. It was he who held sway in the stirring times when Wallace was struggling for the liberties of his country, and earning all the undying fame which can be given by a nation's love and a nation's song and legend. In this same castle, says the story, De Valence opened negotiations with the faithless Sir John Menteith for the betrayal of his friend and chief, Wallace. For his share in this conspiracy tradition visited De Valence with a heavy punishment, for it tells us that "this earl (Pembroke) seemed to have a divine interdict depending over him;" he never prospered after, and he fell in a tournament on his bridal morning, thus leaving his unhappy lady "maid, bride, and widow." It is amusing to note, however, that he had been wed twice before.

Then came the triumph of Bruce, and he gave the castle to his sister Christian's husband, Andrew Murray, Lord Bothwell. With their granddaughter the castle passed to the hands of Archibald, the Grim Douglas, and remained with that family until forfeited by them in the time of James II. Lord Crichton was the next Master of Bothwell; and now the lands begin to be divided, for his lordship parted with the moor and forest to Lord Hamilton in exchange for the lands of Kingswell. After Crichton appears Lord Monipenny, he enjoyed possession for a space during the minority of the third James, who, upon attaining his majority, altered his mind about the destination of Bothwell, took it from the then owner and gave it to his favourite, Sir John Ramsay. The latter was the same John Ramsay who, when the king's favourites were hung at Lauder, saved his neck by clinging to the king's knees and crying for mercy: his youth, his abject terror, and the king's supplication, induced the fierce barons to spare his life. Ramsay was subsequently involved in some very ugly-looking transactions with the English court, threatening the life of the Scottish monarch. Be that as it may, the fourth James gave the castle to Adam Hepburn, the forebear of the most famous or infamous of the Earls of Bothwell—he who bears the blame of Darnley's murder, and who married Darnley's unfortunate widow. Francis Stewart, son of the Abbot of Kelso (the latter was a natural son of James V.), became the next possessor; but he, too, forfeited the estate, which was bestowed upon the Lairds of Buccleugh and Roxburgh, from whom the Marquis of Hamilton acquired the superiority and patronage of the lordship. The Earl of Angus obtained the castle and a third of the lordship in exchange for the lordship of Liddisdale; and he and his son Archibald, early in the seventeenth century, began to dispose of part of the land in feus, retaining, however, the castle and mains of Bothwell. For a short time Archibald, Earl of Forfar—who died of wounds received at Sherriffmuir—enjoyed possession of the castle and mains as his patrimonial portion; but on his death they reverted to the Douglas family.

What vicissitudes, what tragedies and comedies, what petty speculations, and what grand passions lie under this list of the changes of years! What a gay time there must have been in the castle during the twenty-six days spent there by Edward III.; and what a commotion when, two years later, the Scots besieged the place and took it from the English. As a contrast we have the Marquis of Montrose, showing his respect for learning, sitting there in the midst of turmoil, and burdened with the anxieties of his high enterprise, calmly writing a pass for Drummond of Hawthornden, so that the poet might move in safety throughout his camp. It would be curious to compare the impression the scene made upon the poet of the seventeenth century with the experiences of the poet of our own century. Here is what Wordsworth thought of Bothwell and its surroundings:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which no doubt it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle-wall along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of adorning such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion; its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life . . . We sat upon a bench under the high trees and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm-trees grow out of the walls and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace to his captivity."

In a sonnet written during a tour in Scotland, Wordsworth says:—

"Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have
In mind the landscape as if still in sight:
The river glides, the woods before me wave.
. . . .
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!"

The real force of these last lines will be realized best by the light of the pretty story so quaintly told by old Richard Verstegan in his book published at Antwerp in 1605, and entitled *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation.* This is the story:—

"So fell it out of late years that an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard by chance a woman, sitting at the door dandling her child, to sing—

"'On the blythe Beltane, as I went
By myself attour the green bent,
Wharby the glancand waves of Clyde
Through haughs and hangand hazels glide,
There, sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

"'Oh Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fu' sair;
For a' beneath thy holts sae green
My love and I wad sit at e'en;
While primroses and daisies, mixed
With blue-bells, in my locks he fixed.

"'But he left me ae dreary day,
And haply now sleeps in the clay;
Without ae sich his death to roun,
Without ae flouir his grave to croun!
Oh, Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.'

"The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him, and said—She was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle; and told him that she was a Scotch woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither; where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk, who being at that instant absent and very soon to return, she entreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did; and she, for country's sake, to show herself more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband at his home-coming that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very kindly, and at his departure gave him divers things of good value." Mr. Robert Chambers very aptly commented upon the song and anecdote, that the traveller could never have enjoyed such privileges "had not Bothwell bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate."

BOTHWELL BRIGG.

BY JAMES HOGG.

"Oh what is become o' your leal goodman,
That now you are a' your lane?
If he has join'd wi' the rebel gang,
You will never see him again."

"O say nae 'the rebel gang,' ladye;
It's a term nae heart can thole,
For them wha rebel against their God,
It is justice to control.

"When rank oppression rends the heart,
And rules wi' stroke o' death,
Wha wadna spend their dear heart's blood
For the tenets o' their faith?

"Then sae nae 'the rebel gang,' ladye,
For it gies me muckle pain;
My John went away with Earlston,
And I'll never see either again."

"O wae is my heart for thee, Janet,
O sair is my heart for thee!
These Covenant men were ill advised;
They are fools, you may credit me.

"Where's a' their boastfu' preaching now,
Against their king and law,
When mony a head in death lies low,
And mony mae maun fa'?"

"Ay, but death lasts no for aye, ladye,
For the grave maun yield its prey;
And when we meet on the verge of heaven,
We'll see wha are fools that day:

"We'll see wha looks in their Saviour's face
With holiest joy and pride,
Whether they who shed his servants' blood,
Or those that for him died.

"I wadna be the highest dame
That ever this country knew,
And take my chance to share the doom
Of that persecuting crew.

"Then ca' us na 'rebel gang,' ladye,
Nor take us fools to be,
For there isna ane of a' that gang
Wad change his state wi' thee."

"O weel may you be, my poor Janet,
May blessings on you combine!
The better you are in either state,
The less shall I repine;

"But wi' your fightings and your faith,
Your ravings and your rage,
There you have lost a leal helpmate,
In the blossom of his age.

"And what's to come o' ye, my poor Janet,
Wi' these twa babies sweet?
Ye hae naebody now to work for them,
Or bring you a meal o' meat!

"It is that which makes my heart sae wae
And gars me, while scarce aware,
Whiles say the things I wadna say
Of them that can err nae mair."

Poor Janet kiss'd her youngest babe,
And the tears fell on his cheek,
And they fell upon his swaddling-bands,
For her heart was like to break.

"Oh little do I ken, my dear, dear babes,
What misery's to be mine!
But for the cause we hae espoused,
I will yield my life and thine.

"Oh had I a friend, as I hae nane,—
For nane dare own me now,—
That I might send to Bothwell Brigg,
If the killers wad but allow,

"To lift the corpse of my brave John:
I ken where they will him find,—
He wad meet his God's foes face to face,
And he'll hae nae wound behind."

"But I went to Bothwell Brigg, Janet,—
There was nane durst hinder me,—
For I wantit to hear a' I could hear,
And to see what I could see;

"And there I found your brave husband,
As viewing the dead my lane;
He was lying in the very foremost rank,
In the midst of a heap o' slain."

Then Janet held up her hands to heaven,
And she grat, and she tore her hair,
"O sweet ladye, O dear ladye,
Dinna tell me ony mair!

"There is a hope will linger within,
When earthly hope is vain,
But, when ane kens the very worst,
It turns the heart to stane!"

"'Oh wae is my heart, John Carr,' said I,
'That I this sight should see!'
But when I said these waefu' words,
He lifted his een to me.

"'O art thou there, my kind ladye,
The best o' this warld's breed,
And are you ganging your leefu' lane
Amang the hapless dead?'

"'I hae servants within my ca', John Carr,
And a chariot in the dell,
And if there is ony hope o' life,
I will carry you hame mysell.'

"'O lady, there is nae hope o' life;
And what were life to me?
Wad ye save me frae the death of a man,
To hang on a gallows-tree?

"'I hae nae hame to fly to now,
Nae country, and nae kin;
There is not a door in fair Scotland
Durst open to let me in.

"'But I hae a loving wife at hame,
And twa babies, dear to me;
They hae naebody now that dares favour them,
And of hunger they a' maun dee.

"'Oh for the sake of thy Saviour dear,
Whose mercy thou hopest to share,
Dear lady, take the sackless things
A wee beneath thy care!

"'A lang farewell, my kind ladye!
O'er weel I ken thy worth.
Gae send me a drink o' the water o' Clyde,
For my last drink on earth.'"

"O dinna tell me ony mair, ladye,
For my heart is cauld as clay;
There is a spear that pierces here,
Frae every word ye say."

"He wasna feared to dee, Janet,—
For he gloried in his death,
And wish'd to be laid with those who had bled
For the same endearing faith.

"There were three wounds in his buirdly breast,
And his limb was broke in twain,
And the sweat ran down wi' his red heart's blood,
Wrung out by the deadly pain.

"I row'd my apron round his head,
For fear my men should tell,
And I hid him in my lord's castle,
And I nursed him there mysell.

"And the best leeches in a' the land
Have tended him as he lay,
And he never has lack'd my helping hand
By night nor yet by day.

"I durstna tell you before, Janet,
For I fear'd his life was gane,
But now he's sae weel, ye may visit him,
And ye'se meet by yoursells alane."

Then Janet she fell at her lady's feet,
And she claspit them fervently,
And she steepit them a' wi' the tears o' joy,
Till the good lady wept to see.

"Oh ye are an angel sent frae heaven,
To lighten calamity!
For, in distress, a friend or foe
Is a' the same to thee.

"If good deeds count in heaven, ladye,
Eternal bliss to share,
Ye hae done a deed will save your soul,
Though ye should never do mair."

"Get up, get up, my kind Janet,
But never trow tongue or pen,
That a' the warld are lost to good,
Except the Covenant men."

Wha wadna hae shared that lady's joy
When watching the wounded hind,
Rather than those of the feast and the dance,
Which her kind heart resign'd?

Wha wadna rather share that lady's fate,
When the stars shall melt away,
Than that of the sternest anchorite,
That can naething but graen and pray?

THE LOVERS' MOUNTAIN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.[1]

We think the scene was in Switzerland: but the mountain, though enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

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[1] The story forms the subject of Mr. Moir's poem of Genevieve.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (though a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task: and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant, before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stoops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slowlier than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top: he stoops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top: he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him—see at last: he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both hands, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

REMEMBRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

When back I venture to this sacred spot,
I thought to suffer, while I hoped to weep;
Thou dearest of all graves, yet minded not,
Where only memories sleep.

What feared ye then, friends, of this solitude?
Why sought ye thus to take me by the hand,
Just when old habit and old charm renewed
Led me to where I stand?

I know them in their bloom, the hills and heath;
The silver footfalls on the silent ground;
The quiet walks, sweetened by lovers' breath,
Where her arm clasped me round;

I know the fir-trees in their sombre green;
My giant-friends that, murmuring along
The careless by-ways of the deep ravine,
Once lulled me with their song;

The copses, where my whole youth as I pass
Wakes like a flight of birds to melody;
Sweet scenes, fair desert where my mistress was,
Have ye not looked for me?

Oh, let them flow; I love them as they rise
From my yet bleeding heart, the welcome tears;
Seek not to dry them; leave upon mine eyes
This veil of the dead years!

Yet will I with no vain lament alarm
These echoing woods that in my joys had part;
Proud is the forest in its tranquil charm,
And proud, too, is my heart.

In idle moan let others waste the hours,
Who kneel and pray beside some loved one's bier;
All in this place breathes life; the churchyard flowers
Grow not nor blossom here.

Athwart the leafy shade, bright moon, I see thee;
Thy face is clouded yet, fair queen of night;
But from the dark horizon thou dost free thee,
Widening into light.

As 'neath thy rays, from earth yet moist with rain,
The perfumes of the day together roll,
So pure and calm springs my old love again
From out my softened soul.

The troubles of my life are past and gone;
And age and youth in fancy reconciled;
This friendly valley I but look upon,
And am once more a child.

O mighty Time! O light years lightly fled!
Ye bear away all tears and griefs of ours;
But ye are pitiful, and never tread
Upon our faded flowers.

All blessings wait upon your healing wing:
I had not thought that wound like mine would wear
So keen an edge, and that the suffering
Could be so sweet to bear.

Hence, all ye idle names for frivolous woes,
And formal sorrow's customary pall,
Paraded over bygone loves by those
Who never loved at all.

Dante, why saidst thou that no grief is worse
Than to remember happiness in woe?
What spite dictated thee that bitter verse,
Insulting misery so?

Is it less true that there is light on high—
Forget we day—soon as night's wings are spread?
Is 't thou, great soul, sorrowing immortally,
Is 't thou who thus hast said?

Nay, by yon torch whose splendour lighteth me,
Ne'er did thy heart such blasphemy profess;
A happy memory on earth may be
More real than happiness.

H. C. Merivale.

LAST NIGHT.

I sat with one I love last night,
I heard a sweet, an olden strain,
In other days it woke delight,—
Last night but pain!

Last night I saw the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimm'd the ether blue,
And when we sought each other's eyes,
Tears dimm'd them too.

We paced along our favourite walk,
But paced in silence broken-hearted,
Of old we used to smile and talk—
Last night we parted!

Oh! grief can give the blight of years,
The stony impress of the dead,
We look'd farewell through blinding tears,
And then hope fled!

Miss Jewsbury.

THE WOW O' RIVVEN.

[**George Mac Donald, LL.D.**, born at Huntly, 1825; poet and novelist. *Within and Without* a dramatic poem, first appeared in 1855, and since that date Mr. Mac Donald has won distinction as a writer who is always earnest and elevated in thought and purpose. A few of his most popular works are: *Alec Forbes of Howglen; David Elginbrod; Robert Falconer; At the Back of the North Wind; Malcolm; Sir Gibbie* (the last in 1879); &c. &c. His works display delicate perception of character and poetical sympathy with nature; but above all, and foremost evidently in the writer's thought, is the earnest aspiration to reveal the conditions and beauties of a pure, spiritual life. Strahan & Co. have published, in ten volumes, his *Works of Fancy and Imagination.* From this edition we take the following tale.]

Elsie Scott had let her work fall on her knees, and her hands on her work, and was looking out of the wide, low window of her room, which was on one of the ground-floors of the village street. Through a gap in the household shrubbery of fuchsias and myrtles filling the window-sill, one passing on the foot-pavement might get a momentary glimpse of her pale face, lighted up with two blue eyes, over which some inward trouble had spread a faint, gauze-like haziness. But almost before her thoughts had had time to wander back to this trouble, a shout of children's voices, at the other end of the street, reached her ear. She listened a moment. A shadow of displeasure and pain crossed her countenance; and rising hastily, she betook herself to an inner apartment, and closed the door behind her.

Meantime the sounds drew nearer; and by-and-by an old man, whose strange appearance and dress showed that he had little capacity either for good or evil, passed the window. His clothes were comfortable enough in quality and condition, for they were the annual gift of a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood; but, being made to accommodate his taste, both known and traditional, they were somewhat peculiar in cut and adornment. Both coat and trowsers were of a dark gray cloth; but the former, which in its shape partook of the military, had a straight collar of yellow, and narrow cuffs of the same; while upon both sleeves, about the place where a corporal wears his stripes, was expressed, in the same yellow cloth, a somewhat singular device. It was as close an imitation of a bell, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, as the tailor's skill could produce from a single piece of cloth. The origin of the military cut of his coat was well known. His preference for it arose in the time of the wars of the first Napoleon, when the threatened invasion of the country caused the organization of many volunteer regiments. The martial show and exercises captivated the poor man's fancy; and from that time forward nothing pleased his vanity, and consequently conciliated his good-will more, than to style him by his favourite title—the *Colonel.* But the badge on his arm had a deeper origin, which will be partially manifest in the course of the story—if story it can be called. It was, indeed, the baptism of the fool, the outward and visible sign of his relation to the infinite and unseen. His countenance, however, although the features were not of any peculiarly low or animal type, showed no corresponding sign of the consciousness of such a relation, being as vacant as human countenance could well be.

The cause of Elsie's annoyance was that the fool was annoyed; he was followed by a troop of boys, who turned his rank into scorn, and assailed him with epithets hateful to him. Although the most harmless of creatures when let alone, he was dangerous when roused; and now he stooped repeatedly to pick up stones and hurl them at his tormentors, who took care, while abusing him, to keep at a considerable distance, lest he should get hold of them. Amidst the sounds of derision that followed him, might be heard the words frequently repeated—"*Come hame, come hame.*" But in a few minutes the noise ceased, either from the interference of some friendly inhabitant, or that the boys grew weary, and departed in search of other amusement. By-and-by Elsie might be seen again at her work in the window; but the cloud over her eyes was deeper, and her whole face more sad.

Indeed, so much did the persecution of this poor man affect her, that an onlooker would have been compelled to seek the cause in some yet deeper sympathy than that commonly felt for the oppressed, even by women. And such a sympathy existed, strange as it may seem, between the beautiful girl (for many called her *a bonnie lassie*) and this "tatter of humanity." Nothing would have been further from the thoughts of those that knew them, than the supposition of any correspondence or connection between them; yet this sympathy sprang in part from a real similarity in their history and present condition.

All the facts that were known about *Feel Jock's* origin were these: that seventy years ago, a man who had gone with his horse and cart some miles from the village, to fetch home a load of peat from a desolate *moss*, had heard, while toiling along as rough a road on as lonely a hill-side as any in Scotland, the cry of a child; and, searching about, had found the infant, hardly wrapped in rags, and untended, as if the earth herself had just given him birth,—that desert moor, wide and dismal, broken and watery, the only bosom for him to lie upon, and the cold, clear night-heaven his only covering. The man had brought him home, and the parish had taken parish-care of him. He had grown up, and proved what he now was—almost an idiot. Many of the townspeople were kind to him, and employed him in fetching water for them from the river or wells in the neighbourhood, paying him for his trouble in victuals, or whisky, of which he was very fond. He seldom spoke; and the sentences he could utter were few; yet the tone, and even the words of his limited vocabulary, were sufficient to express gratitude and some measure of love towards those who were kind to him, and hatred of those who teased and insulted him. He lived a life without aim, and apparently to no purpose; in this resembling most of his more gifted fellow-men, who, with all the tools and materials necessary for building a noble mansion, are yet content with a clay hut.

Elsie, on the contrary, had been born in a comfortable farm-house, amidst homeliness and abundance. But at a very early age she had lost both father and mother; not so early, however, but that she had faint memories of warm soft times on her mother's bosom, and of refuge in her mother's arms from the attacks of geese, and the pursuit of pigs. Therefore, in after-times, when she looked forward to heaven, it was as much a reverting to the old heavenly times of childhood and mother's love, as an anticipation of something yet to be revealed. Indeed, without some such memory, how should we ever picture to ourselves a perfect rest? But sometimes it would seem as if the more a heart was made capable of loving, the less it had to love; and poor Elsie, in passing from a mother's to a brother's guardianship, felt a change of spiritual temperature too keen. He was not a bad man, or incapable of benevolence when touched by the sight of want in anything of which he would himself have felt the privation; but he was so coarsely made, that only the purest animal necessities affected him, and a hard word, or unfeeling speech, could never have reached the quick of his nature, through the hide that inclosed it. Elsie, on the contrary, was excessively and painfully sensitive, as if her nature constantly protended an invisible multitude of half-spiritual, half-nervous antennæ, which shrank and trembled in every current of air at all below their own temperature. The effect of this upon her behaviour was such that she was called odd; and the poor girl felt she was not like other people, yet could not help it. Her brother, too, laughed at her without the slightest idea of the pain he occasioned, or the remotest feeling of curiosity as to what the inward and consistent causes of the outward abnormal condition might be. Tenderness was the divine comforting she needed; and it was altogether absent from her brother's character and behaviour.

Her neighbours looked on her with some interest, but they rather shunned than courted her acquaintance; especially after the return of certain nervous attacks to which she had been subject in childhood, and which were again brought on by the events I must relate. It is curious how certain diseases repel, by a kind of awe, the sympathies of the neighbours: as if, by the fact of being subject to them, the patient were removed into another realm of existence, from which, like the dead with the living, she can hold communion with those around her only partially, and with a mixture of dread pervading the intercourse. Thus some of the deepest, purest wells of spiritual life, are, like those in old castles, choked up by the decay of the outer walls. But what tended more than anything, perhaps, to keep up the painful unrest of her soul (for the beauty of her character was evident in the fact, that the irritation seldom reached her *mind*), was a circumstance at which, in its present connection, some of my readers will smile, and others feel a shudder corresponding in kind to that of Elsie.

Her brother was very fond of a rather small, but ferocious-looking bull-dog, which followed close at his heels, wherever he went, with hanging head and slouching gait, never leaping or racing about like other dogs. When in the house, he always lay under his master's chair. He seemed to dislike Elsie, and she felt an unspeakable repugnance to him. Though she never mentioned her aversion, her brother easily saw it by the way in which she avoided the animal; and attributing it entirely to fear—which indeed had a great share in the matter—he would cruelly aggravate it, by telling her stories of the fierce hardihood and relentless persistency of this kind of animal. He dared not yet further increase her terror by offering to set the creature upon her, because it was doubtful whether he might be able to restrain him; but the mental suffering which he occasioned by this heartless conduct, and for which he had no sympathy, was as severe as many bodily sufferings to which he would have been sorry to subject her. Whenever the poor girl happened inadvertently to pass near the dog, which was seldom, a low growl made her aware of his proximity, and drove her to a quick retreat. He was, in fact, the animal impersonation of the animal opposition which she had continually to endure. Like chooses like; and the bull-dog *in* her brother made choice of the bull-dog *out of* him for his companion. So her day was one of shrinking fear and multiform discomfort.

But a nature capable of so much distress must of necessity be *capable* of a corresponding amount of pleasure; and in her case this was manifest in the fact, that sleep and the quiet of her own room restored her wonderfully. If she was only let alone, a calm mood, filled with images of pleasure, soon took possession of her mind.

Her acquaintance with the fool had commenced some ten years previous to the time I write of, when she was quite a little girl, and had come from the country with her brother, who, having taken a small farm close to the town, preferred residing in the town to occupying the farm-house, which was not comfortable. She looked at first with some terror on his uncouth appearance, and with much wonderment on his strange dress. This wonder was heightened by a conversation she overheard one day in the street, between the fool and a little pale-faced boy, who, approaching him respectfully, said, "Weel, cornel!" "Weel, laddie!" was the reply. "Fat dis the wow say, cornel?" "Come hame, come hame!" answered the *colonel*, with both accent and quantity heaped on the word *hame*. What the *wow* could be, she had no idea; only, as the years passed on, the strange word became in her mind indescribably associated with the strange shape in yellow cloth on his sleeves. Had she been a native of the town, she could not have failed to know its import, so familiar was every one with it, although it did not belong to the local vocabulary; but, as it was, years passed away before she discovered its meaning. And when, again and again, the fool, attempting to convey his gratitude for some kindness she had shown him, mumbled over the words—"*The wow o' Rivven—the wow o' Rivven,*" the wonder would return as to what could be the idea associated with them in his mind, but she made no advance towards their explanation.

That, however, which most attracted her to the old man, was his persecution by the children. They were to him what the bull-dog was to her—the constant source of irritation and annoyance. They could hardly hurt him, nor did he appear to dread other injury from them than insult, to which, fool though he was, he was keenly alive. Human gad-flies that they were! they sometimes stung him beyond endurance, and he would curse them in the impotence of his anger. Once or twice Elsie had been so far carried beyond her constitutional timidity, by sympathy for the distress of her friend, that she had gone out and talked to the boys,—even scolded them, so that they slunk away ashamed, and began to stand as much in dread of her as of the clutches of their prey. So she, gentle and timid to excess, acquired among them the reputation of a termagant. Popular opinion among children, as among men, is often just, but as often very unjust; for the same manifestations may proceed from opposite principles: and, therefore, as indices to character, may mislead as often as enlighten.

Next door to the house in which Elsie resided, dwelt a tradesman and his wife, who kept an indefinite sort of shop, in which various kinds of goods were exposed for sale. Their youngest son was about the same age as Elsie; and while they were rather more than children, and less than young people, he spent many of his evenings with her, somewhat to the loss of position in his classes at the parish school. They were, indeed, much attached to each other; and, peculiarly constituted as Elsie was, one may imagine what kind of heavenly messenger a companion stronger than herself must have been to her. In fact, if she could have framed the undefinable need of her child-like nature into an articulate prayer, it would have been—"Give me some one to love me stronger than I." Any love was helpful, yes, in its degree saving to her poor troubled soul; but the hope, as they grew older together, that the powerful, yet tender-hearted youth, really loved her, and would one day make her his wife, was like the opening of heavenly eyes of life and love in the hitherto blank and deathlike face of her existence. But nothing had been said of love, although they met and parted like lovers.

Doubtless, if the circles of their thought and feeling had continued as now to intersect each other, there would have been no interruption to their affection; but the time at length arrived when the old couple, seeing the rest of their family comfortably settled in life, resolved to make a gentleman of the youngest; and so sent him from school to college. The facilities existing in Scotland for providing a professional training enabled them to educate him as a surgeon. He parted from Elsie with some regret; but, far less dependent on her than she was on him, and full of the prospects of the future, he felt none of that sinking at the heart which seemed to lay her whole nature open to a fresh inroad of all the terrors and sorrows of her peculiar existence. No correspondence took place between them. New pursuits and relations and the development of his tastes and judgments, entirely altered the position of poor Elsie in his memory. Having been, during their intercourse, far less of a man than she of a woman, he had no definite idea of the place he had occupied in her regard; and in his mind she receded into the background of the past, without his having any idea that she would suffer thereby, or that he was unjust towards her; while, in her thoughts, his image stood in the highest and clearest relief. It was the centre-point from which and towards which all lines radiated and converged, and although she could not but be doubtful about the future, yet there was much hope mingled with her doubts.

But when, at the close of two years, he visited his native village, and she saw before her, instead of the homely youth who had left her that winter evening, one who, to her inexperienced eyes appeared a finished gentleman, her heart sank within her, as if she had found Nature herself false in her ripening processes, destroying the beautiful promise of a former year by changing instead of developing her creations. He spoke kindly to her, but not cordially. To her ear the voice seemed to come from a great distance out of the past; and while she looked upon him, that optical change passed over her vision which all have experienced after gazing abstractedly on any object for a time: his form grew very small, and receded to an immeasurable distance; till, her imagination mingling with the twilight haze of her senses, she seemed to see him standing far off on a hill, with the bright horizon of sunset for a background to his clearly-defined figure.

She knew no more till she found herself in bed in the dark; and the first message that reached her from the outward world was the infernal growl of the bull-dog from the room below. Next day she saw her lover walking with two ladies, who would have thought it some degree of condescension to speak to her; and he passed the house without once looking towards it.

One who is sufficiently possessed by the demon of nervousness to be glad of the magnetic influences of a friend's company in a public promenade, or of a horse beneath him in passing through a churchyard, will have some faint idea of how utterly exposed and defenceless poor Elsie now felt on the crowded thoroughfare of life. And so the insensibility which had overtaken her was not the ordinary swoon with which nature relieves the overstrained nerves, but the return of the epileptic fits of her early childhood; and if the condition of the poor girl had been pitiable before, it was tenfold more so now. Yet she did not complain, but bore all in silence, though it was evident that her health was giving way. But now, help came to her from a strange quarter; though many might not be willing to accord the name of help to that which rather hastened than retarded the progress of her decline.

She had gone to spend a few of the summer days with a relative in the country, some miles from her home, if home it could be called. One evening, towards sunset, she went out for a solitary walk. Passing from the little garden-gate, she went along a bare country road for some distance, and then, turning aside by a footpath through a thicket of low trees, she came out in a lonely little churchyard on the hill-side. Hardly knowing whether or not she had intended to go there, she seated herself on a mound covered with long grass, one of many. Before her stood the ruins of an old church, which was taking centuries to crumble. Little remained but the gable-wall, immensely thick, and covered with ancient ivy. The rays of the setting sun fell on a mound at its foot, not green like the rest, but of a rich, red-brown in the rosy sunset, and evidently but newly heaped up. Her eyes, too, rested upon it. Slowly the sun sank below the near horizon.

As the last brilliant point disappeared, the ivy darkened, and a wind arose and shook all its leaves, making them look cold and troubled; and to Elsie's ear came a low faint sound, as from a far-off bell. But close beside her—and she started and shivered at the sound—rose a deep, monotonous, almost sepulchral voice, "*Come hame, come hame! The wow, the wow!*"

At once she understood the whole. She sat in the churchyard of the ancient parish church of Ruthven; and when she lifted up her eyes, there she saw, in the half-ruined belfry, the old bell, all but hidden with ivy, which the passing wind had roused to utter one sleepy tone; and there, beside her, stood the fool with the bell on his arm, and to him and to her the *wow o' Rivven* said, "*Come hame, come hame!*" Ah, what did she want in the whole universe of God but a home? And though the ground beneath was hard, and the sky overhead far and boundless, and the hill-side lonely and companionless, yet somewhere within the visible and beyond these the outer surfaces of creation, there might be a home for her; as round the wintry house the snows lie heaped up cold and white and dreary all the long *forenight*, while within, beyond the closed shutters, and giving no glimmer through the thick stone walls, the fires are blazing joyously and the voices and laughter of young unfrozen children are heard, and nothing belongs to winter but the gray hairs on the heads of the parents, within whose warm hearts child-like voices are heard, and child-like thoughts move to and fro. The kernel of winter itself is spring, or a sleeping summer.

It was no wonder that the fool, cast out of the earth on a far more desolate spot than this, should seek to return within her bosom at this place of open doors, and should call it *home.* For surely the surface of the earth had no home for him. The mound at the foot of the gable contained the body of one who had shown him kindness. He had followed the funeral that afternoon from the town, and had remained behind with the bell. Indeed it was his custom, though Elsie had not known it, to follow every funeral going to this, his favourite churchyard of Ruthven; and, possibly in imitation of its booming, for it was still tolled at the funerals, he had given the old bell the name of *the wow*, and had translated its monotonous clangour into the articulate sounds—*come hame, come hame.* What precise meaning he attached to the words it is impossible to say; but it was evident that the place possessed a strange attraction for him, drawing him towards it by the cords of some spiritual magnetism. It is possible that in the mind of the idiot there may have been some feeling about this churchyard and bell, which, in the mind of another, would have become a grand poetic thought; a feeling as if the ghostly old bell hung at the church-door of the invisible world, and ever and anon rung out joyous notes (though they sounded sad in the ears of the living), calling to the children of the unseen to *come home, come home.* She sat for some time in silence; for the bell did not ring again, and the fool spoke no more; till the dews began to fall, when she rose and went home, followed by her companion, who passed the night in the barn.

From that hour Elsie was furnished with a visual image of the rest she sought; an image which, mingling with deeper and holier thoughts, became, like the bow set in the cloud, the earthly pledge and sign of the fulfilment of heavenly hopes. Often when the wintry fog of cold discomfort and homelessness filled her soul, all at once the picture of the little churchyard—with the old gable and belfry, and the slanting sunlight steeping down to the very roots of the long grass on the graves—arose in the darkened chamber (*camera obscura*) of her soul; and again she heard the faint Æolian sound of the bell, and the voice of the prophet-fool who interpreted the oracle; and the inward weariness was soothed by the promise of a long sleep. Who can tell how many have been counted fools simply because they were prophets; or how much of the madness in the world may be the utterance of thoughts true and just, but belonging to a region differing from ours in its nature and scenery!

But to Elsie looking out of her window came the mocking tones of the idle boys who had chosen as the vehicle of their scorn the very words which showed the relation of the fool to the eternal, and revealed in him an element higher far than any yet developed in them. They turned his glory into shame, like the enemies of David when they mocked the would-be king. And the best in a man is often that which is most condemned by those who have not attained to his goodness. The words, however, even as repeated by the boys, had not solely awakened indignation at the persecution of the old man: they had likewise comforted her with the thought of the refuge that awaited both him and her.

But the same evening a worse trial was in store for her. Again she sat near the window, oppressed by the consciousness that her brother had come in. He had gone up-stairs, and his dog had remained at the door, exchanging surly compliments with some of his own kind, when the fool came strolling past, and, I do not know from what cause, the dog flew at him. Elsie heard his cry and looked up. Her fear of the brute vanished in a moment before her sympathy for her friend. She darted from the house, and rushed towards the dog to drag him off the defenceless idiot, calling him by his name in a tone of anger and dislike. He left the fool, and, springing at Elsie, seized her by the arm above the elbow with such a gripe that, in the midst of her agony, she fancied she heard the bone crack. But she uttered no cry, for the most apprehensive are sometimes the most courageous. Just then, however, her former lover was coming along the street, and, catching a glimpse of what had happened, was on the spot in an instant, took the dog by the throat with a gripe not inferior to his own, and having thus compelled him to relax his hold, dashed him on the ground with a force that almost stunned him, and then with a super-added kick sent him away limping and howling; whereupon the fool, attacking him furiously with a stick, would certainly have finished him, had not his master descried his plight and come to his rescue.

Meantime the young surgeon had carried Elsie into the house; for, as soon as she was rescued from the dog, she had fallen down in one of her fits, which were becoming more and more frequent of themselves, and little needed such a shock as this to increase their violence. He was dressing her arm when she began to recover; and when she opened her eyes, in a state of half-consciousness, the first object she beheld, was his face bending over her. Recalling nothing of what had occurred, it seemed to her, in the dreamy condition in which the fit had left her, the same face, unchanged, which had once shone in upon her tardy spring-time, and promised to ripen it into summer. She forgot it had departed and left her in the wintry cold. And so she uttered wild words of love and trust; and the youth, while stung with remorse at his own neglect, was astonished to perceive the poetic forms of beauty in which the soul of the uneducated maiden burst into flower. But as her senses recovered themselves, the face gradually changed to her, as if the slow alteration of two years had been phantasmagorically compressed into a few moments; and the glow departed from the maiden's thoughts and words, and her soul found itself at the narrow window of the present, from which she could behold but a dreary country.—From the street came the iambic cry of the fool, "Come hame, come hame."

Tycho Brahe, I think, is said to have kept a fool, who frequently sat at his feet in his study, and to whose mutterings he used to listen in the pauses of his own thought. The shining soul of the astronomer drew forth the rainbow of harmony from the misty spray of words ascending ever from the dark gulf into which the thoughts of the idiot were ever falling. He beheld curious concurrences of words therein, and could read strange meanings from them—sometimes even received wondrous hints for the direction of celestial inquiry, from what, to any other, and it may be to the fool himself, was but a ceaseless and aimless babble. Such power lieth in words. It is not then to be wondered at that the sounds I have mentioned should fall on the ears of Elsie, at such a moment, as a message from God himself. This then—all this dreariness—was but a passing show like the rest, and there lay somewhere for her a reality—a home. The tears burst up from her oppressed heart. She received the message, and prepared to go home. From that time her strength gradually sank, but her spirits as steadily rose.

The strength of the fool, too, began to fail, for he was old. He bore all the signs of age, even to the gray hairs, which betokened no wisdom. But one cannot say what wisdom might be in him, or how far he had not fought his own battle, and been victorious. Whether any notion of a continuance of life and thought dwelt in his brain, it is impossible to tell; but he seemed to have the idea that this was not his home; and those who saw him gradually approaching his end, might well anticipate for him a higher life in the world to come. He had passed through this world without ever awaking to such a consciousness of being as is common to mankind. He had spent his years like a weary dream through a long night,—a strange, dismal, unkindly dream; and now the morning was at hand. Often in his dream had he listened with sleepy senses to the ringing of the bell, but that bell would awake him at last. He was like a seed buried too deep in the soil, to which the light has never penetrated, and which, therefore, has never forced its way upwards to the open air, never experienced the resurrection of the dead. But seeds will grow ages after they have fallen into the earth; and, indeed, with many kinds, and within some limits, the older the seed before it germinates, the more plentiful the fruit. And may it not be believed of many human beings, that, the great Husbandman having sown them like seeds in the soil of human affairs, there they lie buried a life long; and only after the upturning of the soil by death, reach a position in which the awakening of their aspiration and the consequent growth become possible? Surely he has made nothing in vain.

A violent cold and cough brought him at last near to his end, and hearing that he was ill, Elsie ventured one bright spring day to go to see him. When she entered the miserable room where he lay, he held out his hand to her with something like a smile, and muttered feebly and painfully, "I'm gaein' to the wow, nae to come back again." Elsie could not restrain her tears; while the old man, looking fixedly at her, though with meaningless eyes, muttered, for the last time, *"Come hame! come hame!"* and sank into a lethargy, from which nothing could rouse him, till, next morning, he was waked by friendly death from the long sleep of this world's night. They bore him to his favourite churchyard, and buried him within the site of the old church, below his loved bell, which had ever been to him as the cuckoo-note of a coming spring. Thus he at length obeyed its summons, and went home.

Elsie lingered till the first summer days lay warm on the land. Several kind hearts in the village, hearing of her illness, visited her and ministered to her. Wondering at her sweetness and patience, they regretted they had not known her before. How much consolation might not their kindness have imparted, and how much might not their sympathy have strengthened her on her painful road! But they could not long have delayed her going home. Nor, mentally constituted as she was, would this have been at all to be desired. Indeed it was chiefly the expectation of departure that quieted and soothed her tremulous nature. It is true that a deep spring of hope and faith kept singing on in her heart, but this alone, without the anticipation of speedy release, could only have kept her mind at peace. It could not have reached, at least for a long time, the border land between body and mind, in which her disease lay.

One still night of summer, the nurse who watched by her bedside heard her murmur through her sleep, "I hear it: *come hame—come hame.* I'm comin', I'm comin'—I'm gaein' hame to the wow, nae to come back." She awoke at the sound of her own words, and begged the nurse to convey to her brother her last request, that she might be buried by the side of the fool, within the old church of Ruthven. Then she turned her face to the wall, and in the morning was found quiet and cold. She must have died within a few minutes after her last words. She was buried according to her request; and thus she too went home.

Side by side rest the aged fool and the young maiden; for the bell called them, and they obeyed; and surely they found the fire burning bright, and heard friendly voices, and felt sweet lips on theirs, in the home to which they went. Surely both intellect and love were waiting them there.

Still the old bell hangs in the old gable; and whenever another is borne to the old churchyard, it keeps calling to those who are left behind, with the same sad, but friendly and unchanging voice—"*Come hame! come hame! come hame!*"

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Isaiah* lx. 20.

THE LAST DAY.

BY ROBERT POLLOK.

In customed glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the Stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face; the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song; from arboured bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high;
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced; and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change; all nature moved
In wonted harmony; men as they met,
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things: the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope
Promised another harvest; in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies and markets glutted full:
Or, crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich laden carack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer fraught;—or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved
At intervals the irksome task with thought
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtile look, amid his parchments sate
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch
Fat luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.
The restless miser had begun again
To count his heaps; before her toilet stood

The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked
Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.
And evil men of desperate lawless life,
By oath of deep damnation leagued to all
Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,
Against the innocent their counsel held,
Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
And villanies of fearful magnitude;
Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man;
Senates were meeting; statesmen loudly talked
Of national resources, war and peace;
And sagely balanced empires soon to end;
And faction's jaded minions, by the page
Paid for abuse, and oft-repeated lies,
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,
For party schemes made interest, under cloak
Of liberty, and right, and public weal.
In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
And of the awful wickedness of men;
Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,
And universal rule, and panting hard
For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
To battle; men, in science deeply read,
And academic theory, foretold
Improvements vast;—and learned sceptics proved
That earth should with eternity endure;
Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared; to every man
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun
Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
Up to the throne of God; and over all
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.
Nature stood still;—the seas and rivers stood,
And all the winds: and every living thing.
The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still; and beasts of every kind stood still.
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!
Hope died in every breast; and on all men
Came fear and trembling;—none to his neighbour spoke;
Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child
The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe.
In horrible suspense all mortals stood;
And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
Rolling in heaven;—revealed in flaming fire,
The angel of God appeared, in stature vast,
Blazing; and, lifting up his hand on high,
By Him that lives for ever, swore that Time
Should be no more. Throughout Creation heard,
And sighed—all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods;
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale—
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
Sighed; earth arrested in her wonted path,
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
A universal crash was heard, as if
The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
Foundations failed;—and deadly paleness sate
On every face of man, and every heart
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
Again o'er all the nations silence fell:
And in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
And walked with penetration keen through all
The abodes of men, another angel stood,
And blew the trump of God.—Awake, ye dead!
Be changed, ye living! and put on the garb
Of immortality! Awake! arise!
The God of judgment comes.—This said the voice;—
And silence, from eternity that slept
Beyond the sphere of the creating word,
And all the noise of Time, awakening, heard.
Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
Her regions of despair;—the ear of Death
Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled; and all
The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending had leaned,
Crazy and frail; or sat, benumbed with age,
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs
New vigour flow;—the wrinkled face grew smooth;
Upon the head that time had razored bare,
Rose bushy locks; and as his son in prime
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
Changing herself, the mother saw her son
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
Of manhood;—and the wretch that begging sat
Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,
Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
Arose complete;—and he that on the bed
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now
The tide of life and vigour rushing back;
And looking up, beheld his weeping wife,
And daughter fond, that o'er him bending stooped
To close his eyes;—the frantic madman too,
In whose confused brain reason had lost
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
The newly-sheeted corpse arose, and stared
On those who dressed it;—and the coffined dead,
That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
And mingled with their friends;—and armies, which
The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
And as the anatomist, with all his band
Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
And impolitely hewed his way through bones

And muscles of the sacred human form,
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
And suddenly the injured man awoke,
Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
In immortality—forgiving scarce
The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,
Of universal Jubilee to all
The sons of bondage; from the oppressor's hand
The scourge of violence fell: and from his back,
Heal of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

—From *The Course of Time.*

ARNOLD OF UNDERWALDEN.

A LEGEND OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

From about the commencement of the fourteenth century, that portion of Switzerland anciently distinguished as the Waldstetten had been free from foreign domination. The brilliant and decisive victory achieved at Morgarten a few years after the revolution effected by Tell and his compatriots, had at length taught the house of Austria to respect the independence of the unconquerable freemen of Uri, Schwytz, and Underwald, and for the better part of a century the Austrian invaders had not presumed to disturb them in the enjoyment of their mountains, and valleys, and lakes. Meanwhile, the accession of several of the surrounding districts had given increased power and consequence to the Helvetic League. Lucerne had hastened to become a confederate; Zurich had followed, and Glarus, and Zug, and lastly the powerful canton of Berne. In the lapse of eight years the virtuous and hardy herdsman, and the honest and industrious burgher, still retained their simplicity of character, and had lost nothing of their invincible love of liberty: they were contented, unambitious, and happy; but regularly trained to the use of arms, and prepared at a moment's warning to meet the foe. Some petty fiefs of Austria still existed in several of the districts; and the archduke was ever ready to support his feudatories in their exactions and oppressions. Leopold, a prince in the prime of life, and of a bold and ambitious temper, was surrounded by a nobility warlike, ardent, and rapacious, and, as the vigilant and jealous republicans believed, waited but for a suitable occasion of making the effort to attach Switzerland as an appanage to his house.

Such was the situation of the eight cantons, when, on the afternoon of a fine day in July, in the year 1385, the inhabitants of the small hamlets scattered over the sides of Mont Pilate, in the district of Lucerne, were assembling at the mansion of old Eberard Oberhulde, situated on the green Alpe of Brundlen. There was a marriage to be solemnized; and among the ancient families of the mountain, affined as they had been in peace and in war, for many ages, no one could think of being absent at such a time from his neighbour's hall. It was, besides, the eve of the festival of one of their saints, an occasion on which the Catholic herdsman, in his piety, never failed to believe that an abstinence from his customary toil was a religious obligation not to be dispensed with lightly. From the pasturages, therefore, above and below the Brundlen Alpe, in every direction, were to be seen the gay and laughing groups, in their holiday dresses, hastening by various romantic pathways to the house of the bride's father.

Old Eberard stood, in the fulness of his glee, under the shade of a venerable and wide-spreading elm before the door, welcoming the several comers, male and female, as became an ancient herdsman, with a hearty shake of the hand or a smack of the lips, that made the rocks around him ring again. At a little distance, protected from the sun by a cluster of walnut-trees, were the happy couple; the bride, who, in the dialect of the country, might be called a *tolle jumpfer*, or pretty girl, was surrounded by her half-demure, half-tittering maids; her hair flowing in two plaited tresses, decorated with ribands down to her feet; her dark stays neatly laced, forming a fine contrast to the snow-white hue of the sleeves of her under garment, which were turned up and fastened at the shoulders. The female guests wore each the glistening yellow birch hat, without crown, set smartly on one side, adorned with flowers, and tied under the chin with ribands. The fashion of their garments was that of the bride's, with this special exception, that their stays, skirts, ribands, laces, and sashes were of various colours—blue, brown, black, red, green, and yellow; so that, when they stood up in double or triple row, with their full blooming faces, they looked like a beautiful bed of tulips. Florent, the happy *hoch-ryter*, or bridegroom, stood at a short distance from the bride in his martial equipment, it being indispensable in those days, that, before a youth took upon himself the charge of a family, he should manifest on the wedding-day that he was provided with arms to protect it. He stood erect, therefore, in cap and corselet; his sturdy sword buckled to his thigh, a pike in his hand, and a cross-bow, a battle-axe, and knotted club leaning against the tree behind him. The friends of the bridegroom, generally of stately and athletic frame, were, in dress, almost as multiform as the opposite sex, their doublets and hose puffed and striped with every tint of the rainbow, and in some instances the arms, and even the legs, of the same individual of no kindred colour.

There was one, however, among the wedding-guests whose appearance showed him to be of a superior stamp. Clad in the plainest habiliments, the character of his commanding exterior could not be for a moment mistaken. He seemed of middle age, and his countenance, usually grave, at times approached in its expression even to severity. But virtue and high resolve sat on his brow, and his unblenching eye, full of meaning, spoke the language of a soul exclusively engrossed by grand and lofty thoughts. He was of Underwalden, one of those leading spirits to whom, in the hour of need, the everyday people of the world turn for succour and support, and, that hour passed, whom they not unfrequently cast off to "beggarly divorcement." Devotion to his country was his master passion, and while the political storm yet hung in the distance, he employed himself in occasional visits to the several districts of the union, wherever there were gatherings of the people, for the purpose of inciting his countrymen, if that should be necessary, to preparation against its coming fury.

The greetings had been made, and the pleasantries passed, the priest was in attendance, and the ceremony was about to proceed, when a stranger was descried approaching across the plain from the base of the rock in front.

"What guest comes from the Peak?" exclaimed Martin of Hergottwald.

"If I mistake not," said Eberard, "it is one of the strangers who stopped at my door to-day on their way to the Peak; and see," he added, "where his young companion appears high up the rock!"

"Strangers! who are they? whence come they?" inquired the guest from Underwalden.

"Of that I know but little," replied Eberard; "they are courteous and curious, but not equally communicative."

"But do you not remember, father," observed the bride, blushing at the sound of her own voice, "that the younger stranger told us they resided at the castle of Gerisau?"

"At Gerisau!" exclaimed the man of Underwalden, "they are Austrians then! Austrians!" he repeated in a lower voice, as he retired to the shelter of a tree and fixed his eyes earnestly on the approaching stranger.

But scarcely had the person advanced near enough for the group to discover that he was a man of some sixty years of age, and of a frank and easy, and perhaps martial, deportment, when a new and striking object claimed their attention. "The lammer-geyer!" exclaimed several voices at once; "The lammer-geyer!" was echoed by almost every one present, in tones of alarm and apprehension; and that dreadful monster of the air, the *lammer-geyer*, or lamb-vulture, was seen high over the Peak, descending in his gigantic and fearful strength.

A *bouquetin*, or mountain-goat, had been browsing upon the herbage of the lower region of the Peak, having left her young in a cavity above. With the instinct of a mother she perceived the danger that threatened them, and hastened to their rescue. With inconceivable speed she leaped from crag to crag; where two parallel walls of rock arose close to each other, bounding from side to side in an upward course; or, incredible as it may seem, with successive leaps surmounting the naked perpendicular cliff. In a few moments she was with her young, her head, armed with its tremendous horns, guarding the entrance of the cave. The vulture stooped to his intended quarry, but failing to reach the young, fixed his iron talons round the horns of the dam, and, after a short struggle, dragged her half out of her recess. The bouquetin, an animal of immense strength, setting her short fore-feet against the protruding rocks, for a time kept up the desperate contest, till the fragment of a rock, hurled by the young stranger from above, struck the vulture, who, enraged, quitted his hold. The new assailant was now in evident danger, but the glitter of his short couteau-de-chasse, as the vulture approached, seemed to appal him. Infuriated, he darted off, and as he clove the air in rapid circles towards the plain, with his bearded neck bent downward, he seemed gazing upon the earth, as if desperately intent upon wreaking his vengeance on anything assailable.

In the rear of the *chalet*, and but a short distance off, a girl had been playing among the shrubbery with a young child of about two years of age; but, yielding to her girlish curiosity, she had suffered herself to be attracted toward the crowd, and the child was for the instant forgotten. The scene we have described had occupied but a few moments, nor was the situation of the child remembered till the dreadful vulture was observed to pause in his flight, immediately over the garden. A shriek from the wretched nurse of the child was the first warning of the danger that impended;

but it was too late. Poised for a few seconds on his pinions, the lammer-geyer hung in the air almost motionless, then with a slow and contracted circular movement began his descent, and with a rush of wings like a tempest swooped upon his prey: the next instant he was seen soaring towards the Peak, bearing the infant in his talons. Cross-bows, lances, were seized in haste; but what could human effort avail? Cries, shrieks, spoke the anguish of the parents and the sympathy of their friends. The vulture alighted on a ledge of the rock, some distance below the scene of his former conflict, and, as he bent down his terrible beak, it was thought that he was devouring the child. A mute horror pervaded the company, broken only by the deep, suppressed groans and convulsive sobs of the agonized parents. On a sudden, the animal was seen to toss his head high in the air, his huge wings were expanded, as if in the effort to fly, but dropped again lifeless to his sides, his monstrous frame quivered as in the spasms of death, and the lammer-geyer rolled like a dark lavange down the precipice. At the same moment the figure of the young stranger was discovered standing on the cliff, the child sat on one arm, erect in the form of life, while the other was distinctly perceived to wave a scarf in sign of victory and safety. At the sight, a shout so loud, so wild, went forth from the crowd, that in its reverberation from the mountain, it seemed to shake the solid rock, where the stranger stood on his perilous footing.

While some of the mountaineers ran to drag the feathered monster from his rocky grave, the rest of the company proceeded in frantic joy to meet the gallant victor. The situation of the stranger had indeed been one of extreme hazard. After his first rencounter with the vulture, hastening to descend the Peak, he was about to turn round an angle of the rock to the narrow ledge, along which the path led, when he beheld the vulture approaching with his prey, and he couched down behind the crag as the bird alighted at his side. Instinctively he threw himself between the beak of the ravenous monster and his intended victim, and instantly felt himself in his iron grasp. To turn, to stir on the fearful ridge, was almost sure destruction, and the slightest effort of the animal would hurl him down the rock. With the least motion possible, he directed his weapon over his head to the neck of the bird; and, guided by his left hand, just as he felt the beak close around his own neck, thrust the knife, with sure and firm hand, deep into the animal's throat; then clinging with desperate energy to the rough surface of the rocky path, sustained himself in his perilous situation till the vulture's struggles were over, when his grasp relaxed and his huge carcass slid over the prostrate body of the stranger into the abyss.

The young hero was conducted to the chalet in triumph, with the lammer-geyer borne in state before him; the men envying and the women admiring him. The youth bore his honours with a modest, yet frank and well-bred air; spoke of the achievement as of a lucky accident; and insisted that his slight wounds should not delay the ceremony for a single moment.

Accordingly the priest pronounced the blessing, and Florent and his Marianne were for the time the very happiest couple in the world. Dancing among those primitive people was, at this period, known only on the occasion of a marriage or the confirmation of a nun; when, therefore, the music struck, it may be imagined with what alacrity the young people stood up, at least the girls; for the Swiss peasant, even in the dance, retains a portion of his characteristic gravity, while the females are all spirit and playful vivacity. The bride was led out by the young Austrian, who, in his neat hunter dress, exhibited a form and a grace that were long remembered and talked of by the mountain maidens.

In the repast that followed, it was plainly to be seen that it was honest Eberard's intention things should be done handsomely. The good father had even excelled himself on this occasion; and among the dainties, the ladies were surprised and delighted with the toasts sopped in wine, and nicely powdered with sugar and cinnamon. We have not mentioned milk and cheese, as being things of course; and yet the latter, at least, deserves particular notice, not only because it was excellent in itself, but the rather that it had been made and designed for this special occasion full twenty years before, and, agreeably to the country custom, had the names of the intended man and wife, while they were yet children, carved legibly upon its ample surface. The appearance of the cheese was a *coup-d'éclat*, for, with a laudable policy, the intended bride and bridegroom had been kept in ignorance of the arrangement, and suffered to fall in love in their own way; and Florent had gone through all the gradations of courtship as regulated by Swiss usage; had duly come a-wooing through storm and sun, over hulde and hubel, through tobel and tangel-holtz, until one eventful Saturday night, when every maiden, dressed for company, has a right to look for a visit from her suitor, Florent climbed manfully up the outside of the house to her chamber-window, and sitting gallantly there, half in and half out, drinking a little kiersiwasser and talking a great deal of love, till the dawn of day, had, in the end, put the final question, in couplets invented for similar purposes by his ancestors, and receiving the favourable poetical response, retired, the joyful bridegroom elect.

While at table the host, encouraged by the curiosity manifested by the strangers, did not fail to dwell at length on the merits of Mont Pilate, which, although he admitted it was not so high as Mont Blanc, he contended was a much finer mountain. "Can you see thirteen lakes from Mont Blanc?" said he, triumphantly. "It has glaciers, it is true," he added, "and we have none to speak of; and no lauwines tumbling down upon our houses and our heads; for the snow leaves us in summer, except from under the side of old Esel; but where will ye find such pasturages as the Brundlen on Mont Blanc? And then for curiosities, let Mont Blanc show us a shaking rock like our Knapstein; or a statue of white marble, thirty feet high, fixed in the very bowels of the rock—nobody knows how, or when, or by whom—like our St. Dominic; or, above all, let them show us, in all Switzerland, a fine dismal lake like that hard by in the midst of noble firs and sycamores, where, as our fathers say, Pontius Pilate drowned himself of yore."

"And full of dark spectres," whispered Marianne, shuddering.

"And from whose vapours we get such pelting storms," added Florent: "St. Dominic preserve us from its favours to-night!"

"Our magistrates have forbidden strangers to approach the lake," observed Martin of Hergottwald; "for it is only then that it breeds tempests."

"We know your laws, and have avoided your *mare infernale*," replied the old Austrian, to whom the observation seemed to be addressed.

"Potz tusig!" exclaimed honest Eberard, "that's a fable, I believe, friend Martin, as we of the Brundlen can testify, who have been soundly drenched and not a stranger on the mountain. But tell us, neighbour of Underwalden, you have been a traveller, did you ever see a lammer-geyer killed but on Mont Pilate? Faith, brother, since your ancestor, Sir Struth of Winkelried, destroyed the dragon, there had been no such gallant deed; and dragons, they say, are no longer to be met with."

The person addressed, who, at every opportunity, had been engaged in earnest discourse with the seniors of the company, smiled faintly as he turned to the speaker.

"There may be dragons yet to encounter, brother of Lucerne," he replied, "more dangerous to the land than any my ancestor ever destroyed;" and he glanced at the strangers, the younger of whom was chatting with the bride; the elder, however, noticed the remark, and was for an instant discomposed, but immediately resumed his serenity.

"But come," said the jovial host, "let us to the free air and taste the freshness of the evening. We have the finest echoes in the Eight Cantons," he added, turning to the strangers. "Come, girls—come, lads, tune your voices and let us hear whether the bridal carol will sleep among the rocks. No ranz-des-vaches now," cried the merry old man; "let the herds have their holiday, and give us a stirring lay, as ye wish to be brides and grooms yourselves."

"And do not forget TELL in your songs," said the guest from Underwalden.

"Away, away," cried Eberard; and the young people sallied gladly out, followed by the rest. But an air of disappointment and uneasiness took place of their hilarity as soon as they gained the open air. "Aha!" said Eberard, looking up, "Pontius is rising in his wrath—we shall have rain." And it happened as the experienced mountaineer predicted. The dense mists, arising slowly from the dismal lake, instead of passing the summits of the rocks and dispersing in the air, lingered around the sides of the seven peaks that surrounded and overlooked the plain. The muttering of thunder began to be heard, accompanied by occasional flashes of lightning, and the guests hastened back into the house, with the exception of the two strangers and the man of Underwalden, who remained behind a few minutes, and until the storm burst upon them. Those who have never witnessed an Alpine tempest cannot form an idea of its sublimity; and where the spectators now stood, in the very centre of its scope and sway, it was truly frightful.

"You have seen what Switzerland is in its wrath," said the man of Underwalden; "let us retire." Not unwillingly they left the spot, and had not yet entered the house, when a tremendous crash was heard immediately behind them, and the gigantic elm-tree, near which they had stood, was shivered into fragments.

The storm continued till the evening was so far advanced, that, when it had subsided, the inmates of the chalet felt no inclination to resume their festivities; and, the vesper prayer made and the benediction bestowed, the guests were soon locked in profound repose.

At an early hour the next morning every one was stirring; for it was the intention of many of the visitors to join in the pilgrimage duly made on that day to the shrine of *Notre Dame des Eremites,* at the abbey of Einsedeln, in the adjoining canton of Schwytz, and soon after the matin service and the necessary morning repast, the cavalcade set out, with many cautions from honest Eberard to beware of the falling rocks, which, loosened by the recent rain, rendered the narrow valleys they might pass somewhat exposed to danger.

The man of Underwalden and the strangers, who seemed mutually desirous of knowing more of each other, were together when they reached the brow of the Alps; and before they began to descend, paused at the same moment, in admiration of the magnificent spectacle that met their view. In their front the glorious sun had just begun to show himself above the higher mountains towards the east. More than five thousand feet below them was the most picturesque lake in Switzerland, the Waldstetten See, or Water of the Sylvan States, as it was appropriately called, lying tranquil and serene in its rocky recess, and laving the beautiful shores of the four ancient and free cantons. The tops of the most distant Alps were already tinged with gold, but the mountains that clustered immediately around the lake remained in dark and gloomy grandeur. The eye wandered delighted, over the far-off scene of mountain, and valley, and forest, and stream; or, charmed and enraptured, followed the sinuous outline of the lake below, as it now expanded its broad bosom near Lucerne, or shone a liquid cross, as it branched its waters into the opposite gulfs of Kilsnacht and Alpnach; and now, in a noble sheet, diversified by bay and promontory, stretched to the east between Underwalden and Schwytz, until, approaching the towering Mont Righi, it contracted its surface to a strait, and abruptly turned towards the south into the narrow inlet which waters the wild banks of Uri.

"It is, indeed, a splendid spectacle," exclaimed the younger stranger; "nor do I deem it wonderful that such a land should be beloved, even as ye of Switzerland are said to love it."

"And shall it be a marvel," replied the Swiss, "if it be defended, even as we have sworn to defend it? Shall it be reserved for a modern ravager to violate a sanctuary which the Roman and the Hun respected; where neither Cæsar in his pride, nor Attila in his wrath, ever dared to enter?"

"How if neither Cæsar nor Attila knew of the existence of yonder valley?" asked the elder stranger.

"Scorn us, if you will," answered the Swiss, calmly, "but touch us not: disdain the land at a distance; and leave us in our simplicity, rude, perhaps, and rugged as our rocks. Yonder you behold the cradle of Helvetic liberty: it may become its tomb, but first it will be the grave of every free Helvetian. Look farther north, beyond yon lake of Zug, and you may perceive the hills of Morgarten, at whose base, by the marshy lake of Egheri, some seventy years ago, our fathers met their Austrian invaders, in force one to fifteen, and sealed the liberties of Switzerland."

"Let us move on," said the elder, a little impatiently.

"Our mountain air is often found too keen for strangers," observed the Swiss, as he sedately followed.

Descending the mountain through forests of oak and elm, over fertile pasturages or barren rocks, and by the side of precipices covered with pine or the mountain-ash, the scene every moment assuming a new aspect and varied tints, they reached Brientz, where they resumed their horses, and through several other villages, at length arrived at Lucerne. Passing the fine old town, with its towers, and battlements, and open bridges, and richly ornamented balconies, they were preparing to embark in their respective boats, when the Swiss suddenly broke the silence which for a time had been preserved.

"We may soon enough be enemies," said he; "at present let us deal frankly one with another. I am Arnold of Winkelried, a poor knight of Underwalden, who love my country, and would destroy her foes, fairly, in the field."

"And we," replied the elder, catching his blunt tone and manner, "are the young Eyloff of Ems and old John of Hasenberg, knights, and true liegemen to Leopold of Austria; ready to serve him as his soldiers in any country, but his spies in none."

"Then we understand each other," said Arnold, "and I shall not inquire why you are in Switzerland."

"You shall not need," replied John of Hasenberg; "I have old friends and companions in arms in Switzerland, and this young knight, my relative, has leisure and curiosity. We are, at present, guests of the Lord of Gerisau; but, ere we quit your mountains, may visit the Baron of Thornberg, or even attend the annual festival of the Lord of Interlaken, at his castle on the Lake of Thun."

"The last is a gallant and true knight," remarked Arnold; "but tell Peter of Thornberg that the people of his barony of Enthlibuch are growing weary of his tyranny; and it might bestead the Lord of Gerisau if he were reminded that he is too weak to oppose the Lion League, although he has not yet joined it."

"Gerisau is a fief of Austria," was the only reply made by De Hasenberg, as they embarked.

Leaving Lucerne, they were quickly conveyed through the various curves of the lake between its noble and diversified shores, until nearly fronting Gerisau. The romantic residence of Arnold was seen on the opposite side of the lake, peeping from its elevated recess: Arnold even thought he could perceive the handkerchief waving his welcome from the balcony. "It is my daughter Bertha," said he: then turning to the Austrians, he added, "Our countries are not yet at war, and ye are honourable knights. Yonder is my habitation, and should your curiosity lead you to explore the shores of Underwalden, do not, in your way to Stantz, pass, unentered, the door of Arnold of Winkelried."

Eyloff, in his youthful feeling, was about to promise; but the tranquil John of Hasenberg prevented it by the usual acknowledgments, made in the most approved manner of the Austrian court; and they separated, if not friends, at least with no hostile feelings towards each other. Turning their prows to different points, the boats soon bore them to their several destinations, the one to the bosom of his happy family, and the other to the little castle of the petty Lord of Gerisau. But Eyloff was not content to waste the rest of the day in the monotony of the castle; and, leaving his more aged companion and their host fighting their former battles over their wine of Alsace, he engaged the boatmen, for a few florins, to proceed farther up the lake. Shooting through the narrow passage leading towards Mont Righi, and following the sudden turn to the right, the young knight passed between the memorable village and meadow pointed out by Arnold in the morning, through a stupendous mountain portal, worthy of being the entrance to a lake, at once the most classical and most magnificent in Switzerland. In breathless admiration, with feelings such as he had seldom before experienced, he glided over the silent and gloomy Lake of Uri, as it reposed in its dark and glassy stillness, closely confined between banks of almost terrific grandeur. On either side the rocks rose to a fearful height, now thrown into the wildest and most fantastic forms, now shooting up in perpendicular masses of granite, bare and bald, or shagged and bristled with dark forests of fir, or beech, or pine, down to the water's edge; and now hanging their beetling cliffs over the passing voyager, their wildest features rendered yet more savage by the fearful contrast offered, here and there, in the green or golden patch of cultivation, and rude cabin of the adventurous peasant, suspended amidst the crags.

Having reached the Rock of Tell, Eyloff, yielding to the advice of the boatmen, abandoned the design of proceeding so far as Altorf. The bay of Fluelen, they said, was sometimes dangerous in the evenings, and the day was fast wearing away; they even thought that already the golden day-streaks that crossed the dazzling white of the glaciers of the Sureen Alps were beginning to assume the rich purple hue lent by the declining sun. "The winds are going up the mountains," said one of the boatmen, as they headed homewards, "to bring down the rain upon us; there will be *flüderwetter* yet;" and they stretched manfully to their oars. But in despite of their speed they had scarcely arrived opposite the perilous bay of Brunnen when the sun disappeared behind Mont Pilate.

"Potz tusig!" exclaimed the man who had before spoken, as he looked toward the west, "Pontius has put his black cap on; we shall have a *blascht* from that quarter too; it's well if we get out of the Uri See, where there's no landing left us, before it comes down." "Cannot we run into Brunnen?" asked the other boatman; "Or Gerisau?" inquired Eyloff. "Neither," replied the first, bluntly: "Pull round yonder promontory, and make for the first smooth spot of Underwalden, it's all that's left us." The wind began now to be evidently felt by the quiet lake, and they had barely weathered the point when the tempest burst over them in all its violence. The blast, like a thing of life, came rushing and raging over the waters; the clouds sent down their torrents with irresistible force and fury; the thunders clashed, and lightnings shot madly around them, while the winds and waters, in whirls and eddies from the numerous bluffs and rocky hollows of the shore, threatened every moment their destruction.

"Make for yon inlet," cried the boatman, as a protracted gleam of lightning showed the place of Arnold's residence.

Casting his eyes in the direction pointed out, Eyloff discovered a light skiff, struggling like their own to gain the shore; she was nearer the land, but her peril seemed extreme, and as they approached the frail bark the flashes of light discovered a female seated in the stern, her long loose tresses streaming in the storm. Her delicate form was sustained with difficulty, while with one hand she clung to the side of the boat, and with the other grasped the helm. Meantime a well-grown lad, her companion, plied his oars with a steady and strong nerve. They were now but a short distance from the shore; lights blazing on the beach and at the house directed their course, and Eyloff almost felt assured of the female's safety, when a gust suddenly coming round from the point below, bearing the waters high before it, struck the light bark on the side and instantly upset her. The generous boy held by the boat, only to cast his look around to discover where he might succour his sister, but Eyloff had already plunged in, and at the risk of his own life rescued the lady just as she was about to sink beneath the waves. With the assistance of the boatmen they were all safely conveyed to the beach, where the distracted mother stood screaming in her despair. Her daughter was yet insensible, but when borne up the winding path that led to her dwelling, and it became certain that she yet lived, who can depict the transport of the happy parent over her restored child!

The return of Arnold, who had hastened towards home from his business abroad on the first indications of the approaching storm, was now announced, and he entered as the grateful matron, after seeing her daughter properly attended to, was pouring out her acknowledgments before the young knight; and when informed of the extent of their obligations to him, the pressure of the hand, the tear that swelled into his manly eye, spoke the fond father's feelings.

An early separation and retirement being expedient, Eyloff was conducted to his chamber, where refreshments were provided him. But he felt, for the first time, perhaps, after a day of such exertion, but little inclined either to eat or sleep, and he lay listening to the roar of the tempest without, and thinking over the last interesting incident. He still seemed to enfold in his arms the youthful beauty he had rescued, and to gaze upon her as if he would infuse, through his eyes, a portion of his own fire into her cold and inanimate form. He asked himself why a little Swiss girl, scarcely seen, should thus produce sensations which the beauties of the Austrian court had failed to excite, and he could not answer; but he could not but remember her mild blue eyes, as, awakening from the sleep of temporary death, they turned upon her deliverer, and thought following thought, he still lay drawing beautiful pictures of the future, and it was not until nature became exhausted that his spirit grew calm and he sank to rest, lulled by the low and monotonous moaning of the subsiding storm.

Is love, then, a mere passion—an excitement? Is it not rather a mystic affinity existing in kindred hearts, latent, perhaps, till circumstances bring them within the sphere of its mysterious agency? Is the beautiful apologue all fable, that the souls of those individuals of either sex, intended for each other, receive, at their formation, the impress of their destiny, and, however widely separated at their birth, know and recognize each other when they meet? If sympathy be a mere word among mortals, how is it that one shall wander among the beautiful and polished, the pure and unsophisticated of foreign lands, surrounded by all that can excite the senses or satisfy the taste, and yet return to find a kindred soul in the ordinary circle of home; while another shall leave behind, unregarded, those whom association, whom similarity of habits, tastes, opinions, even prejudices, might render objects of preference, to seek, in some distant corner of the universe, his mystic partner in a stranger, an alien in language, manners, opinions; in a word, in all but love?

Eyloff, for one so young, had seen much in the world, and his education and breeding had been suitable to his station, among the highest in Austria. Bertha was not unused to society; she had accompanied her parents in many of their visits to the gentry of the neighbouring districts, and her father's mansion was the seat of hospitality. It was not, therefore, rustic bashfulness that, when Eyloff and Bertha met at breakfast, threw over their deportment the air of reserve and embarrassment. Was it not that the mystic powers had met and commingled? Were not two kindred souls at length about to fulfil their destiny? "I am devoted to adore this maiden," humbly breathed the spirit of Eyloff; "but oh! dare I hope to gain so rich a prize? let me not offend her by the arrogance of even a too ardent gaze." "Behold," whispered the throbbing heart of Bertha, "here is the youth I am fated to love; yet ah! will he regard the poor Swiss girl?"

It was a lovely morning. The sun was rising bright and beautiful over the enchanting scene around them, and the repast of the little family was taken, with their guest, on a green terrace before the house, commanding the most interesting prospect. Yet Eyloff had never been less attentive to the sublime and beautiful of inanimate nature. When they arose from table, however, and he followed the happy family through the romantic grounds, he could not but admire the rich and varied landscape, as it was spread out before him, of mountain, and lake, and valley, and wood; the eminences covered with vines, crowned with majestic firs, or dark with pines; while the sunny slopes were glowing with golden grain, the orchards smiled, and the pomegranate and mulberry, the fig and almond, blossomed: nor is it probable that the jessamine, the lilac, and the eglantine received the less attention from Eyloff, because he was told they had been planted by Bertha.

"No," exclaimed Eyloff, involuntarily, as they were returning towards the house, "war must not blight such scenes." The effects of the expression were immediate; the fair lids of the maiden fell pensively over her eyes as she bent them to the ground, while the chest of the boy, her brother, swelled, his eyes flashed fire, and his hand seemed already to grasp the sword. The meek matron only looked at her husband, but with one of those looks which, at such moments, she often cast upon him; looks, in which might be traced the fond mother and the devoted wife; and all of woman and something of angel. Arnold paused for a space, while a fearful sternness settled on his brow, and he stood in his family as Junius Brutus might have stood, when all was to be sacrificed for country. The young knight hastened to dispel the cloud his allusion had called down, and he was at length successful.

When Eyloff's visit closed—and it was protracted to the extreme verge of decorum—need it be said that the youth and maid separated mutually pleased and interested?

Eyloff not unfrequently was called upon to attend his relative De Hasenberg in his excursions, but on the summit of the Righi, with an amphitheatre of a hundred leagues around him, crowded with magnificence and loveliness, it was the little antique mansion of Underwalden, distinguished from its gaudy neighbours only by its simplicity—it was the humble spot where Bertha dwelt that alone attracted and enchained his observance. And when required to exercise his knightly skill in the tournament at the castle on the Lake of Thun, the multitude shouted in vain, and the hands of beauty placed a joyless chaplet on his head: it was not until at the feet of Bertha he laid his laurels and received her smile, that he felt himself a victor.

Arnold was much engaged abroad on public affairs, and, when at home, was usually occupied by the duties of his farm, or abstracted in serious reflection. He could not, however, avoid perceiving the growing intimacy of Eyloff and Bertha, but he observed it without uneasiness; the young knight had won his entire confidence; and his daughter, he knew, was incapable of an act of imprudence. The good mother, too, partook of her husband's feelings; and as she plied her domestic cares, smiled in the innocence of her heart on the tender friendship of the amiable children.

And thus the time sped away in the sweet intercourse of two young and virtuous hearts. Sometimes, seated in the social circle, Eyloff would entertain his auditors with descriptions of the country he had left, venturing more than once to hint to the blushing Bertha that the brilliant court of Austria might yet receive an added grace from the wilds of Switzerland. But more frequently the lovers enjoyed the interchange of sentiment without even the maternal eye to observe them: wandering at times through the romantic walks of the neighbouring hills and groves, soothed by the soft notes of the Alpine warbler, as the green or spotted woodpecker flew by them from branch to branch, and the busy nut-cracker was heard in his employment over their heads; while the tawny owl sat in his wisdom high up the shady sycamore, or the hermit-crow looked out grave and solemn from the recess of his piny cell: at other times in the light skiff, coasting the beautiful shore of the lake, and exploring each shady nook for new wonders, and scaring the falcon of the rock from his perch, and the silver inhabitant of the water from his cool and transparent retreat.

One mild and tranquil evening, Eyloff and his Bertha were straying on the quiet shore. He had declared his love: her eyes, that had been downcast at the avowal, were now turned up to his with ineffable affection, as, pressed to his bosom, she listened to his eloquent strain of tenderness. At this moment a boat shot rapidly across from Gerisau, and a messenger in the Austrian costume, leaping on the strand, approached respectfully and handed a letter to the knight. Eyloff grew pale as he scanned its superscription, for he knew it to be Leopold's. It was, indeed, a missive from his sovereign rebuking him for his protracted absence, and commanding his instant return to court. Old John of Hasenberg, who had so long yielded to his young friend's wish to remain, had received a like command: he was already prepared to set out, and Eyloff was even then expected. The resolution of the lover was taken ere he had finished the letter. Instructing the messenger to await his return, he led the trembling, almost fainting Bertha toward her father's house. Arnold had just then returned with his son from attending the celebration of the anniversary of Morgarten.

"Arnold of Winkelried," said Eyloff, "I depart from Switzerland this moment. I know not why my sovereign is thus imperative, but as a loyal subject I have but to obey. It is now no time for slow and solemn ceremony. Behold this maiden. I love her, I am beloved; will you that I take her as my bride to Austria?"

The sinking girl clung for support to her lover, like the graceful ivy round the stately oak. Arnold for an instant hesitated, but it was only for an instant. "Young knight," he replied, "you have gained the love of this maiden and the esteem of her parents, yet cannot she now be your wife. Austria is about to be the enemy of Switzerland. Would you that she should abjure her country and her father, or could you be content to share her divided heart? Let Leopold of Austria be just: let the storm that hangs over this land be dispelled by him who raised it, or be broken and dispersed on the peaks of yonder Alps, before an Austrian claims as his bride a daughter of Helvetia."

The decisions of Arnold of Winkelried were known to be irrevocable; yet love emboldened Eyloff. "Leopold is my friend," he said; "let me present Bertha before him as my wife, in the power of her beauty and her innocence: let the virtues of your daughter plead for her country."

"The daughter of Arnold must not be a suppliant at a tyrant's feet," replied the Swiss.

"Give me your promise then," resumed the youth, "if my plea prevail with Leopold, and war is averted from your happy vales, that Bertha shall be my reward: and let her be betrothed to me here in the sight of yonder glorious heaven."

"Return the friend of free Helvetia and she is yours," replied Arnold; and, kneeling on the verdant carpet, as the sun poured his last beams over the magnificent temple of nature, the lovers were affianced and blessed beneath the blue and smiling sky. "If not before the snow fills your valleys," said Eyloff to Bertha, as they stood on the margin of the lake, "when the first flower of spring appears, expect me."

"Our roses bloom in March, sometimes," whispered Bertha with a faint smile, as they separated.

The winter came on, and the snow lay on the hills and filled the valleys. Nature reposed in her icy fastness, and even the rumours of war were no longer heard.

But at length the snows melted from the sloping hills. The higher mountains, bellowing in their inmost cells, began to be rocked by loud and tremendous shocks, as the glaciers opened their clefts, fearful, yet beautiful, in purple and emerald hues; while, forced by the pent-up winds, showers of ice were hurled far through the air. The freed mountain torrents rushed into the vales, and the dreaded lavange came thundering down. Everything in nature told that the genial season had arrived and was fast passing onward; yet Eyloff came not: the perils of travelling were over, for the pines had shaken from their branches the last dust of snow; yet still he came not: the first flower of spring, how anxiously expected—how fondly welcomed—how dearly cherished, had budded, and bloomed, and withered on its stem; and yet the maiden pined in her loneliness.

In the meantime the political agitations of the Waldstetten were revived, and everything seemed tending to a sanguinary crisis. The people of the district of Ethlibuch, oppressed past sufferance by the tyrant Thornberg, the vassal of Austria, had, in the month of March, thrown themselves on the protection of Lucerne; and the haughty baron had dared to seize and inflict an ignominious death upon the negotiators of the treaty on the part of Ethlibuch. Leopold was already stationed at Kybourg, in the canton of Zurich, ready to support with his troops the tyranny of his bailiffs and his vassals; and it was at length made evident that the hereditary patron and protector of the Waldstetten contemplated no less than its entire subjugation. Undismayed, the stern republicans prepared for the conflict. In the several cantons of the Confederation the general assembly, or Landsgemeind, was summoned, where, in the April following, the knights and burghers appeared in their arms, and declared open war against Thornberg and his adherents. It was but a short time before this period that more than fifty imperial towns in Swabia and Franconia had solicited admission into the Helvetic League; yet now, so terrible was held the enmity of Leopold and his ferocious followers, that the petty towns and states around became eager to be the foremost in manifesting their hostility to devoted Switzerland. The roads from Wirtemberg and Schaffhausen were crowded with their messengers; declarations and defiances poured in upon the Landsgemeind faster than they could be read; and within a few days the Eight Cantons numbered among the auxiliaries of their foe more than two hundred states, princes, and bishops. The four ancient cantons of the lake took the field without delay, under the avoyer or mayor of Lucerne, the supreme military authority in Switzerland being always exercised by the chief officer of the state; and while the inferior nobles of the Lion League kept in check the powerful barons along the course of the Rhine, assailed, and carried, and destroyed the feudal strongholds of their most immediate and dangerous enemies.

It was at this eventful point of time, when Leopold might hourly be expected on his march from Kybourg, and the matrons and maidens of the land sat solitary in their deserted dwellings. The night was far spent, yet Bertha and her mother still remained gazing anxiously out upon the darkness, when suddenly a small dark object moved swiftly towards them, across the silent lake. It was a boat! Can it be Arnold returned from Zurich? That is impossible; for the army is there; and there also must be Arnold. The bosom of Bertha swelled almost to bursting: she spoke not; she scarcely breathed. This was the anniversary of her first meeting with Eyloff, and a thousand undefined hopes and wishes rushed to her heart. And now the figure of a man throws itself from the boat almost before it touches the shore—he flies up the pathway, and in an instant, Eyloff is at the feet of Bertha.

For a time they were mute and motionless: at length Bertha spoke as she disengaged herself from his arms, and sank pale and exhausted into her chair—

"Eyloff," she said, "come you not till you bring war and desolation with you? Alas! Eyloff, the flowers of spring are all withered, even like the hopes of our love."

"Beloved Bertha," Eyloff answered, "it is true my efforts to avert the calamity have had no other effect than to draw upon myself my sovereign's displeasure. But even his commands alone could not have kept me from you; and until he summoned his knights to the field, I was deprived of my personal liberty; he is now in march through Zurich; and, behold, I am here."

"O, Eyloff!" exclaimed Bertha, at once awakening to the perils that environed both the person of her lover and his reputation as a knight, "why, why are you here? Know you not the dangers that encompass you?"

"I know them, Bertha; but to be restored to the confidence of my affianced bride, what would I not encounter!"

"Alas!" said the maiden, "call me not by that title, Eyloff, since the condition of our union can never be fulfilled."

"Never shall woman but you, Bertha, hear that title from the lips of Eyloff: and may we not yet cherish hope, dear Bertha? Should your worst fears be confirmed, and Leopold's arms prove successful, may not your Eyloff still have the glory of shielding the house of Winkelried?"

"And think you that Arnold of Winkelried will survive his country's death? And think you that his daughter—the daughter of a martyred patriot—could ever—O Heaven!" she cried, and paused in convulsive agony at the picture her imagination drew.

"My wife, my beloved Bertha," cried the youth, on his knees before her, clasping her cold hands in his, "hear me and believe me: on the honour of a knight I swear, that if Eyloff goes into the fight it shall be but to protect, to save your father."

"I have a son, too, in arms," observed the matron, who had not before spoken, as her fixed and noble countenance became slightly convulsed.

"Is the brave boy too there?" asked Eyloff. "Madam," he added, ardently seizing her hand, "mother of my Bertha, thy son shall be my brother."

At this moment a light appeared upon the most distant mountain towards the north; rapidly it increased in size, and soon blazed a bright and portentous beacon. "They have fired the beacon at the *hohe wacht*," said the wife of Arnold; "the foe approaches," she added, with the firmness of a Roman matron.

In a few moments, in whatever direction the eye was turned, the signal fires were seen to blaze from the summits of the mountains that inclosed the lakes; the horn sounded loud and shrill from every hill and valley, and the quick beat of the alarm-bell, from town and village, came fearfully on the gale.

"The Landsthurm is summoned; the country will be up in mass," said the matron; "each pass and defile will be guarded; and your return will become impossible."

The terrified Bertha joined her mother in urging the knight's departure; but it was in vain, until, interrupting him in his torrent of prayers and protestations, the tender maiden blessed him with a full assurance of her unbroken love and confidence: it was then Eyloff wrapped his Swiss disguise more closely around his body and disappeared.

The morning dawned on the most eventful day that Switzerland had known for nearly a century. Leopold had passed the walls of Zurich, where the confederates had hastened to meet him; and, directing his march on Lucerne, halted before the town of Sempach, which lay in his route, intending first to chastise the rebels of that place. The young knights, among whom a descendant of the tyrant Gesler was conspicuous, as they pranced gaily around the walls, taunted the honest burghers in the levity of their hearts, exhibiting, with bitter jests, the fetters meant for their magistrates. And as the serfs and followers of the army were laying waste the fields of grain about the town, the youthful De Reinach called to the avoyer to send the reapers their breakfast.

"The confederates are preparing it," replied the calm avoyer.

In was in effect as the avoyer said. The Swiss force, penetrating the Austrian's design, and leaving Zurich to be defended by its own citizens against the troops detached by Leopold, had by a different route and a rapid march, and joined by additional numbers, already gained the spot, and now occupied a station in a forest near the Lake of Sempach.

Leopold, in the pride of power and youth, appeared at the head of a gendarmerie of full four thousand knights of approved valour, each attended by his esquire, and clad in complete steel, gorgeous and glittering in the panoply of war, and mounted on chargers of blood and fire; the host of burghers, of vassals, and of mercenaries followed on foot their respective avoyers, or barons, or chieftains, to the field.

Opposed to this formidable array were but little more than a thousand Helvetians, from Uri and Underwalden, Schwytz and Lucerne, with trifling contingents from Glarus and Zug. Their weapons were chiefly the short sword, and halbert, and massy club studded with iron. Some wielded the espadron or heavy two-handed sword, others the battle-axe or ancient cross-bow. Not a few of the weapons had been used at the field of Morgarten, and the descendants of the heroes of that fight, who now bore them, felt themselves invincible. The shield of the Helvetians was simply a board fastened to the left arm, but some had corselet and cap, and even cuisse, the spoils and trophies of former victories. Each canton followed its peculiar leader and banneret, the avoyer of Lucerne commanding in chief. But the banner of Berne was not at Sempach. Her troops were stationed, as a corps of observation, two leagues from the field, towards Lucerne. When, in justification of her neutrality, Berne pleaded her truce with Austria, she could not have recollected that, in her utmost need, the Waldstetten had formerly sent their soldiers to her rescue, and enabled the immortal Rodolph d'Erlach to achieve the victory of Laupen. But has not retributive justice visited Berne? More than four hundred years after this event, when Laupen was again the post of danger, and Berne was in peril, and a descendant of the same Rodolph again defended her, those same Waldstetters held themselves aloof, as a *corps of observation.* Berne fell before the ferocious Gaul, and the gallant but unfortunate D'Erlach may have sighed as he remembered that the banner of Berne was not at Sempach.

It was now near the hour of noon of a hot and sultry day in July; the young nobles, sweltering in their armour, became impatient for the onset, and the counsel of old John de Hasenberg, to wait till the corps came up from Zurich, was treated with scorn and scurrile jests.

"We have waited too long, old heart-of-hare," said they. "Give but the word," they added, to the duke, "and you shall see your knights alone exterminate yon ragged host of rebels."

"Be it as you say," replied the duke; "dismount, form, and prepare for the charge."

In a moment the steel of the knights rang as they vaulted to the ground; their esquires led their chargers to the rear; and a phalanx of knights was formed, armed with pikes, whose length enabled them, even from the fourth rank, to prove effective. Such was the order of their front. A few archers formed on each wing; and the rest of the troops, with their heavy arquebuses and battering engines, intended for sieges, took post in the rear.

And now the confederates, debouching from the forest, saw, from the hill they occupied, that they no longer had to apprehend the dangerous charge of cavalry, and resolved to take immediate advantage of the ill-advised movement of their enemy. But first proclamation was made at the head of each detachment, bidding every soldier who felt himself unable to cope with four adversaries, to depart without censure. None leaving the ranks, the troops next fell upon their knees, in conformity to ancient usage, and uttered a short but fervent prayer to Heaven; while Leopold was dubbing knights upon the field, and the nobles cut off the long, turned-up points of their cavalry boots, and locked their helms, and fixed down their visors.

Firm and compact, with no part of their bodies assailable, the Austrians now moved on, to the music of their own clashing armour, an irresistible iron mass, bristling with spears. The confederates, formed in the shape of a wedge, with small corps of bowmen thrown out in advance of their flanks, and directing their attack with intent to pierce the enemy's centre, came down the hill with loud shouts.

Amidst a flight of arrows from the several wings, the two armies met midway on the rise of the hill with a tremendous shock. The gallant Gundelinguen, the avoyer of Lucerne, who with the banneret led the advance, in vain endeavoured to break the Austrian front; in vain were many of the lances of the knights shivered by the Helvetians' massy clubs, they were instantly supplied from the ranks in the rear, and the battalia remained unshaken. After the most obstinate and deadly conflict, the Swiss began to give ground, while the Austrian gendarmerie, with their iron heels trampling over the bodies of the brave avoyer and more than a hundred of his companions, who had fallen at their posts, moved on steadily and unbroken. The banner of Lucerne was in their hands; they had forced the confederates back to the plain, and now fought on equal ground: the foremost Swiss were everywhere falling, pierced by their lances, without the possibility of reaching their assailants, while each moment the Austrian reserve from Zurich might be expected in their rear. All seemed lost; the fate of Switzerland hung on the issue of a few short moments. At this instant a voice was heard in the republican ranks: "Open," it cried, "open, confederates, and give me way."

A leader of the contingent of Underwalden rushed to the front; no weapon was in his hands, nor shield upon his arm; he had torn the corselet from his breast, and the fire of the devoted patriot flamed in his eye.

"Comrades," he cried, "I go to open your way to the enemy—protect my wife and children."

Alone he rushed towards the presented lances, extending wide his arms, then, with herculean strength, closing them again around as many as he could grasp, he directed their united points into his body. With a shout like thunder the confederates poured through the temporary breaches he had effected and over the prostrate body of their compatriot. The tide of battle was instantly turned. The Austrian knights, cased in heavy steel, were unable to turn, and fell before the fury of the athletic and unencumbered mountaineers, who, with their axes and maces, clove and battered their crowned crests, on right and left, till they had hewn their way into the centre of the unwieldy phalanx. Havoc raged in every quarter. Many of the nobles met an ignoble fate, and died without a blow, overthrown and trampled to death in the mêlée, or suffocated in their armour. With others, the severed casque, the wide-gaping cuirass or habergeon, and the crushed helmet, bespoke the deadly force with which the Swiss weapons were wielded. The flower of the Austrian nobility lay extended on the field; the mercenaries and vassals in the rear had mounted and fled; yet still the gallant few sustained the fight. Twice had the ducal banner of Austria stooped, as its devoted bearers fell. Leopold, disdaining to survive the ruin of the day, seized the standard of his house, and, as he received his death wound, waved it over his head and sunk in death, enshrouded in its folds. The conflict was at an end. The pious confederates knelt on the bloody field, in devout thanksgiving to Him who gave the victory, and returned to their respective cantons laden with spoil, and fifteen captured banners of their enemy. The remains of the ill-fated Leopold were taken from beneath the pile of devoted knights who had perished in defending his corse from insult, and conveyed with the bodies of many of his nobles to the abbey of Kœnegsfelden, where their warlike effigies still frown along the walls. The brave avoyer and his gallant townsmen, who had fallen at his side, sleep in the chapel raised over them in their native Lucerne, where are still to be seen, together with the coat of mail that Leopold wore, the iron collar intended by the invader for the neck of the avoyer, and the banner of the town, stained with the pure blood of that heroic citizen.

Such was the battle of Sempach, so glorious to Helvetia, so disastrous to her invader; in which were extinguished many of the noblest houses of Austria—in which were crushed for ever her hopes of conquest, and that secured for four hundred years the independence of Switzerland.

Is it asked, where in the fray fought Arnold of Winkelried? Is he not already recognized in the immortal martyr of his country's freedom? And where was the husband of Bertha, the gay and gallant Eyloff! Alas! his place was with the Austrian warriors, in the front of the fight, and at the moment when he would have perished for the father of his bride, his lance pierced that father's heart. Nor did the horror of the scene close here; the son of Arnold was the first to follow his brave father, and the husband of Bertha fell by her brother's hand.

The abbey of Eghelberg hid for ever from the world the sorrows of the heart-stricken widow and daughter of the knight of Underwalden; but, in the male line, his noble strain was long manifested; and, in the sixteenth century, at the field of Marignano, called by distinction, even at that day, the Battle of the Giants, it was an Arnold of Winkelried who led the small Swiss advance against the fifty thousand French, under the young hero Francis I.

The Swiss of the Waldstetten are not an enthusiastic people; nor, as simple and stern republicans, have they felt willing to make gods of their heroic citizens; and when, in the fervour of revolutionary feeling, a distinguished foreigner asked permission to erect a monument to William Tell, the magistrates of Uri answered, "No; we need not monuments to remind us of our ancestors." Yet Tell has his chapel in Uri, as Arnold in Underwalden. Every spot associated with their actions is hallowed in the remembrance of the Helvetians. Their virtues and heroism are their theme and their example. They live in the hearts of their grateful countrymen, and, without statues or gorgeous monuments, are still venerated and distinguished by a nation of heroes—by a people of whom it has been said, that, for five hundred years there has not been known among them an individual instance of cowardice or treason.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

O rise and sit in soft attire!
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to earthly days,
To cheer thee in a thousand ways!
Ask but this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have ask'd thy sorrows o'er.

I came not, and I cry to save
Thy life from the forgetful grave
One day, that I may well declare
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done;
And make thy day with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth has been,
Of perils past—of glories seen:
I'd tell thee all my youth has done—
And ask of things to choose and shun;
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
And men's glad ways, and join their mirth!
Ah me! is this a bitter jest?
What right have I to break thy rest?
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Nothing hast thou of me to ask!

Men wonder till I pass away,
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas! for Age, that this should be!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O for life's power! that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O burst that earthly cloud,
And meet me, meet me, lowly bow'd.
Alas!—in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth,
Mother; but now that thou art gone,
I feel as in the world alone:
The wind which lifts the streaming tree—
The skies seem cold and strange to me.

I feel a hand untwist the chain
Of all thy love, with shivering pain,
From round my heart: This bosom's bare
And less than wonted life is there.—
Ay, well indeed it may be so!
And well for thee my tears may flow!

Because that I of thee was part,
Made of the blood-drops of thy heart:
My birth I from thy body drew,
And I upon thy bosom grew:
Thy life was set my life upon;
And I was thine, and not my own.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me, as thou hast done
From morn, till star-light, year by year:—
For me thy smile repaid thy tear:
And fears for me,—and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof.

My punishment—that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star:
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death:
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread.

Alas! I cannot tell thee now,
I could not come to hold thy brow:
And wealth is late, nor ought I've won,
Were worth to hear thee call thy son,
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas, for me! I missed that hour;
My hands, for this, shall miss their power!
For thee, the sun, and dew, and rain,
Shall ne'er unbind thy grave again,
Nor let thee up the light to see,
Nor let thee up to be with me!

Yet, sweet thy rest from care and strife,
And many pains that hurt thy life!—
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done.
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill up the channels of her tears.—

Thou carest not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire;
To earth I dare not call thee more,
But speak from off thy awful shore:
O ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

A DUTIFUL NEPHEW.

BY ASCANIO MORI DA CENO.

There once dwelt in our good city of Mantua a certain Messer Maffeo Strada, an elderly gentleman of very unobjectionable manners, and well to do in the world. But, though extremely active and vigilant in his affairs, he was not forgetful of his social duties, inasmuch as having lost his own wife and family, he took into his charge an orphan nephew, for the purpose of supplying the place of his parents, and educating him in a manner befitting his birth. When he found that the boy discovered little turn for letters, his kind uncle very properly took him away from school, with the intention of devoting him to mercantile affairs until he should be able to enter upon his own concerns. And such was the young man's prudence and discretion that he quickly imbibed the habits of business practised by his patron, insomuch as to excite the admiration and surprise of all his friends and acquaintance. On this account he daily gained ground in the good graces of his uncle, who began to regard him with as much pride and pleasure as if he had been his own son. On the other hand the young man always showed his uncle the respect due to a father; and so great was his mercantile proficiency, that when the old gentleman was seized with a series of tertian ague-fits, he was absolutely competent to take upon himself the charge of the office.

Still his uncle's fits were a source of great disquietude to him, and he spared no pains and expense to restore him to his usual excellent state of health. The care of young Federigo, therefore, for by this name he had been christened, soon placed old Messer Matteo on his legs again, which were directly employed to bring him down as fast as possible to his counting-house, where his nephew received him at the head of all the clerks with three commercial cheers, evincing the greatest satisfaction in the world, while the news diffused a placid joy over the countenances of all the jobbers in the city. He was still, however, advised by his doctors to adhere for a period to his gentle soporific and perspiring draughts, in order, as they assured him, to carry off the dregs of his disease, under which discipline he remained somewhat weak and querulous.

His careful nephew, unacquainted with this last prescription, one morning went into his room to consult him on some affairs, and was surprised to find him buried under an enormous load of bed-clothes, just as he was beginning to promote the medicinal warmth. He had closed his eyes, and lay perfectly quiet, invoking the moisture to appear, with all a patient's anxiety and fervency of feeling, which cannot endure the least interference with the grand object he has in view. The careful nephew approached on tip-toe, fearful of rousing his good uncle too suddenly, and was concerned to behold him lying apparently in so piteous a plight. Anxious lest he had met with a relapse, he began to accuse himself of not having been sufficiently careful in preventing him from resuming business too soon. The old gentleman at first laughed a little on hearing his over-scrupulous observations; then he became rather uneasy at his repeated inquiries and lamentations over him; and lastly, he was afraid that this untimely interruption might check the course of the fluids, without in the least benefiting the solids, respecting both of which he had lately become very particular. In fact he began to fear that the necessary perspiration would be stopped, which, next to the stopping of the firm, was the thing he most dreaded in the world. When his careful nephew, therefore, again began to hint his precautions that he should not enter too soon into the office, the patient said in a somewhat angry tone:

"Get you gone; your lamentations make me quite sick; I tell you I am only taking a sweat."

"But I am sorry to think you have got a relapse; what can be the occasion of it? Do let me consult the doctor about it, for it were better to take it in time;" and so saying, he was hastening out of the room. No longer able to control his temper, and too impatient to explain, yet dreading to rise in a state of incipient perspiration, the old merchant raised his voice as loud as he dared, crying,

"Don't go to the doctor, I say, and a plague upon you; only go out of the room."

Upon this the young man, approaching nearer, and marking his uncle's rising colour, who at the same time bestowed the most abusive epithets upon him, began to think he was a little touched in the head, and that there was the greater occasion for a sharp leech the more he asserted the contrary. As he stood in a thoughtful posture, with his eyes fixed on the inflamed countenance of his uncle, the calmness of his manner, and his fixed resolution of calling a physician, so incensed the latter, that he suddenly burst into a violent rage, threatening not only to cut him off without a farthing, but to knock his brains out instantly if he ventured to provoke him more; for which purpose he would rise though he was in a beautiful perspiration.

These words now confirmed the young gentleman's suspicions that something was wrong in his uncle's upper regions, being quite unlike himself, and he began to lament his situation louder than ever, ending with prayers and ejaculations for a physician. The uncle upon this put his threats into execution, leaping suddenly from his bed, while Federigo, on the other hand, believing him to be seized with a delirious paroxysm, ran towards him to keep him down, lest he should commit some horrible mischief. Escaping, however, from his hands, the enraged patient endeavoured to seize a large cudgel which he kept in the room, a design against which the young gentleman exerted himself to the utmost of his power.

A sharp contest for the possession of the stick now took place, sometimes inclining to one side, sometimes to the other; though the youth, believing his uncle endowed with the supernatural strength of a lunatic, was frequently on the point of being overcome. His great object was to secure the patient before he succeeded in obtaining the cudgel, and inflicting the severe castigation which he threatened; and, gathering strength from his despair, he began to press Messer Maffeo very hard, who, engaging in his night-cap and gown, certainly fought at a great disadvantage. His breath began to grow short and his strength to fail, and no longer able to utter a word, he fairly yielded to his adversary. The latter not venturing to let a madman loose, held him firmly down, pinioning his hands behind him, and fixing his knees upon his stomach. When he had at length bound him, hand and foot, the careful nephew again commenced his lamentations over him, regretting that so sensible a man should have run mad so suddenly. On this his uncle beginning to grin and show his teeth, he very calmly buried him under a heap of bed-clothes, and locking him up fast in the chamber, went to consult a physician. The doctor, being just on the point of visiting one of the young princes at the court, had only time to advise the careful nephew to apply a couple of sharp blisters upon his uncle's shoulders, and he would endeavour to call upon him in the evening. He would then, if necessary, order him something of a still more caustic nature, and bleed the patient copiously. For there was nothing, he said, like meeting the evil in the beginning, and applying the remedies while the patient had strength to bear them.

The anxious Federigo accordingly hastened to the surgeon's house, and finding him, unluckily for his uncle, at home, he took him, armed with lancet and blisters, along with him. Proceeding with all haste, they soon arrived at the patient's residence, the young man relating by the way the whole of his late engagement, as a clear proof of the patient's lunacy. The ancient housekeeper met them at the door, crossing herself devoutly, and shedding tears, as she repeated further instances of the insanity of her poor master, who had never ceased to bite and kick, and roar most outrageously, since his nephew had left the house.

By the time the dutiful nephew and surgeon approached the chamber the violence of the old gentleman's proceedings certainly afforded strong presumptive evidence against him; and when they appeared in his presence he grew more furious than before—shouting, swearing, imploring, and laughing by turns.

"What, in heaven's name, must we do?" cried his nephew.

"Let us stay till he has worn himself out, and the paroxysm is somewhat abated," said the barbarous leech; "we can then apply our caustics without fear of risk."

"No, I think we had better begin now," replied the careful nephew; "let us lose no time; for he will do himself some injury if we permit him to go on thus. Follow me, and do not be afraid; for I think I shall manage him better this time," continued Federigo with the utmost coolness; "and when once I have pinioned down his arms you may seize him by the legs."

"But he is mad, quite mad," cried the surgeon, "let him alone, I say: when the frenzy subsides you will find he will go to sleep, and we can seize him then."

Such in fact was shortly the case, for, wearied with his violent efforts and exertions, the poor man, soon after they retired, fell into a sound sleep. But he was not long permitted to enjoy it; for the wily leech then addressing his nephew, said, "Now is the time: he is in a deep slumber, and what we have to do let us do quickly."

"Softly, softly," said the careful Federigo, as he laid hands upon the poor merchant, "there, I have him now; bring the blisters and a basin for the blood before he is well awake."

"Murder! help, help! for heaven's sake, help!" cried the patient, suddenly awakening, and beholding the fell surgeon approaching with the lancet and basin in hand; but vain were his cries; vain all his efforts to extricate himself from his impending fate. The more he struggled the more did Federigo think it his duty to use prompt remedies, and Messer Maffeo shortly lay as helpless as a new-born child. The surgeon, however, in securing his legs, had already received several severe contusions in the face; for which he was proceeding to take ample revenge in the blood of his enemy. At first, indeed, he thought of running away, but the young man encouraged him to do his duty, while the patient on his side exhibited symptoms of extreme rage and terror at his approach. The phlebotomist again advanced, and again drew back, like a spider that has got a wasp in his toils, holding his trenchant blade in his hand, nor was it until he was offered a double fee that he flew at him, and, in spite of all his shrieks and struggles, fixed a deadly blister upon either shoulder. He next attempted to draw blood, the careful nephew holding the arm, while the surgeon, with the same caution, proceeded to pierce the vein; and having accomplished this, and applied some hot cataplasms to the soles of his feet, the man of blood departed.

The patient now lay exposed to the rising pangs of the caustics, bound hand and foot. Growing hotter and hotter, they at length became so intolerable that he declared he felt them eating his flesh away and drinking his blood: that gout and colic were a mere jest to them; and that he would give up the whole of the business and all he was possessed of in the world if his cruel nephew would consent to release him. The latter, however, only thought it a further sign of madness, and proposed to adopt still stronger applications, saying to the servant in the presence of the wretched patient, "Run quick, as far as the surgeon's; bring a large blister for the head, and I will shave him myself."

Bitterly, now, did the poor merchant rue the hour when he admitted his careful nephew into his house, nor was it until he found all threats and imprecations vain, and after the blisters had done their work, that he succeeded, by dint of quiet reason and argument, in convincing the hopeful youth of the real state of the case, and that he had required nothing beyond a gentle sudorific. The dutiful nephew was forgiven, and the uncle was cured of his ague-fits.

From the Italian.

AUTUMN: A DIRGE.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying;
And the Year
On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;
The blythe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

SHELLEY

THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

[**James Montgomery**, born in Irvine, Ayrshire, 4th November, 1771; died in Sheffield, 30th April, 1854. He spent ten years at school in Fulneck in training for the Moravian ministry; but not caring to devote himself to that profession, he was apprenticed to a chandler. Soon afterwards he made his way to London with a bundle of verses in MS. The publisher to whom he applied gave him employment as a clerk, but would not print his poems. He proceeded to Sheffield in 1792, and became assistant to the proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*. On account of an article in the paper offensive to the government the proprietor was obliged to leave England, and Montgomery became editor and publisher of the *Register*, the name of which he altered to that of the *Iris*. He was twice fined and imprisoned —1794–5—for printing matter disagreeable to the authorities, but he continued to conduct the journal successfully, and, in the end, numbered amongst his best friends many who had been formerly opposed to him in politics. His chief poetical works are:—*Prison Amusements; The Wanderer in Switzerland; The World before the Flood; Songs of Zion; The Pelican Island*, &c. Professor Wilson wrote in *Blackwood*:—"James Montgomery, of all the poets of this age, is in his poetry—and, we believe, also out of it—the most religious man. All his thoughts, sentiments, and feelings are moulded and coloured by religion. A spirit of invocation, prayer, and praise pervades all his poetry, and it is as sincere as it is beautiful. The elements of air, earth, fire, and water are to him all sanctified, not by poetry alone, but by piety."]

The hurricanes are fled! the rains,
That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs o'er all the land
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice,—and came,
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempest stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,
Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
The enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns.
Or, chased himself, to fight returns;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground;
While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.
  Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks;
The goat is bounding on the rocks;
Far in the valleys range the herds;
The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise;
Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to day;
O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possess'd,
Man riots here;—but *is* he blest?
And would he choose, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign,—and reign alone.
  Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
The realms beneath him:—in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands;—air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye,
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west,
Till thrice three days of noon unchanged,
That torrid clime have so deranged,
Nine years may not the wrong repair;
But Summer checks the ravage there;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern Dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.
  In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines:
Then first her bosom felt a care;
—No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd;
The herbage shrunk; the ploughman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil;
Blossoms were shed; the umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood;
The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,
And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep;
There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence,—drink and die!
  But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes:
Man proves the shock; through all his veins
The frenzy of the season reigns;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire;

Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.
There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain awfully sublime;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height,—now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled;
Pure in mid heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone,
Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
The beams of day's departed eye;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with the unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields; or track'd with floods,
Whose glacier-fountains, hid on high,
Sent down their rivers from the sky.
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
Earth's universal tenant—he,
Who lives wherever life may be,
Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and everywhere at home,
Man pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
—The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannahs parch'd below,
To ridges of cerulean snow.
Those highlands form'd a last retreat
From rabid Summer's fatal heat:
Though not unfelt her fervours there,
Vernal and cool the middle air;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
That long had slaked the thirsty land,
Till Avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd; in sunless caves,
And rock-bound dells, engulf'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd Heaven's bounty into gold.
Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd; their murmurs were in vain;
Petition'd,—but their prayers were spurn'd;
Threaten'd,—defiance was return'd:
Then rang both regions with alarms;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms;
The maddening drum and deafening fife
Marshall'd the elements of strife:
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the insurgent plain;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valour,—or destroy.
The legions met in war-array;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay,
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes the auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout that shook
The champaign;—stanch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood;
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.
—That night is past, that day begun;
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings:
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,
While spears that catch his lightnings keen
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still,—awaiting death;
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her lap to make them room;
—Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought, are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound; struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die:—
Hear, in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal blast to hear,
The trumpet sounds;—one note,—no more;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er;
An earthquake rent the void between,
A moment show'd, and shut, the scene;
Men, chariots, steeds,—of either host
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost:
A solitude remains;—the dead
Are buried there,—the living fled.
Nor yet the reign of Summer closed;
—At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died,
When—lo! with many a giddy shock
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.

That sound, those shocks, the sleepers woke;
In trembling consternation, broke
Forth from their dwellings young and old;
—Nothing abroad their eyes behold
But darkness so intensely wrought,
'Twas blindness in themselves they thought.
Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
That darkness started into light,
And every eye restored to sight,
Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
Whence the bright conflagration rose,
Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
—A pillar of celestial fire,
Alone amidst infernal shade,
In glorious majesty display'd:
Beneath, from rifted caverns, broke
Volumes of suffocating smoke,
That roll'd in surges, like a flood;
By the red radiance turn'd to blood;
Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
Nor could a sunbeam pierce between
The panoply of vapours, spread
Above, around the mountain's head.
  In distant fields, with drought consumed,
Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
When from that peak, through lowering skies,
Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
The presage of descending rain.
The exulting cattle bound along;
The tuneless birds attempt a song;
The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
With outstretch'd arms of rapture stands.
But fraught with plague and curses came
The insidious progeny of flame;
Ah! then,—for fertilizing showers,
The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers,—
Words cannot paint, how every eye
(Bloodshot and dim with agony)
Was glazed, as by a palsying spell,
When light sulphureous ashes fell,
Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
Like wildering sleet or feathery snow:
Strewn with gray pumice Nature lies,
At every motion quick to rise,
Tainting with livid fumes the air;
—Then hope lies down in prone despair,
And man and beast, with misery dumb,
Sullenly brood on woes to come.
  The mountain now, like living earth,
Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
Sheer from its crest the incumbent snows;
And where of old they chill'd the sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
Or, purpling in the golden west,
Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
There, black and bottomless and wide,
A cauldron, rent from side to side,
Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil;
Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
And thence in molten torrents rush:
—Water and fire, like sisters, gush
From the same source; the double stream
Meets, battles, and explodes in steam;
Then fire prevails; and broad and deep
Red lava roars from steep to steep;
While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
Are headlong down the current driven;
Columnar flames are rapp'd aloof,
In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
Image the wrath beyond the tomb
  The mountaineers, in wild affright,
Too late for safety, urge their flight;
Women, made childless in the fray;
Women, made mothers yesterday;
The sick, the aged, and the blind;
—None but the dead are left behind.
Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
And hurtle round in dreadful hail;
Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,
While many a victim, by the way,
Buried alive in ashes lay,
Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
Before the slower thunder broke.
A few the open field explore:
The throng seek refuge on the shore,
Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd;
Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
Expanded lies the unconscious deep.
Awhile the fugitives respire,
And watch those cataracts of fire
(That bar escape on either hand)
Rush on the ocean from the strand;
Back from the onset rolls the tide,
But instant clouds the conflict hide;
The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
And, as they plunge, collapse to stone.
Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
Tenfold more terrible to view;
And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
At the death-sentence of the world;
And lightnings, such as shall consume
Creation, and creation's tomb,
Nor leave, amidst the eternal void,
One trembling atom undestroy'd;
Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared:
—Another fate those outcasts shared,
When, with one desolating sweep,
An earthquake seem'd to engulf the deep,
Then threw it back, and from its bed
Hung a whole ocean overhead;
The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
And in a moment found one grave;
Down to the abyss the flood returned—
Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

UNCLE'S WILL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Mr. Heimal, an old rich miser, and an odd fellow, felt that his hour was come, and therefore wrote to Adolphus, a very poor nephew, whom he always before neglected, to ask him to visit him, promising to make him heir to all his possessions. Adolphus lost no time, but travelled night and day, and reaching the little village, the residence of his uncle, early on the fifth morning, went to the Violet, the only inn of the place, in order to dress himself better, and to make inquiries about his uncle. The landlord answered, shrugging up his shoulders:—

"According to all appearances Mr. Heimal was near his end. Since Wednesday he was sensible only for a few hours each day, and is likely, says Mr. Schneidab, the village barber and physician, to depart this evening. Since the peace, instead of the better times we hoped for, a pestilence rages here, which even destroys the child in the mother's womb. My cousin, the smith, who was so strong that he might have been used like a beam to force open the church door, is gone to God yesterday evening; and Schneidab, who is not easily frightened, begins to lose courage. He believes it to be a *radical* pestilence, intended only for the benefit of the sexton, who, like an enchanted executioner, sees three dead bodies before him instead of one, and cannot heave in and out fast enough."

Adolphus asked more particulars of his uncle. "You will find with your uncle a faithful old housekeeper, and Albertina, an orphan, who lost her left eye by a ball entering the window in a skirmish, but who continues to set both young and old in a flame with the right, as if it were a burning-glass, and this without wishing it, for *Tinchen* is a perfect example."

With a heart beating so that it might be heard, Adolphus entered his uncle's house, and met Albertina. Her noble form, and her remaining burning-glass, made the loss of the other be overlooked. The gentle goodness of her spirit played about her face, and seemed independent of its form, though in truth it was, with the exception of the eye, beautiful. "Mr. Adolphus," repeated Albertina, as he named himself, "I will announce you immediately: you are expected impatiently, and will be heartily welcome."

"Thank Heaven," said the deserving heir to himself. To her he said some flattering words as she disappeared, and then prayed that his uncle's heart might be favourably disposed towards him. Albertina opened the door and bid him enter. In a moment he was at the bedside.

Old Heimal was perfectly sensible: he thanked Adolphus in a friendly way; praised his blooming appearance; assured him he had inquired after him, and heard nothing of him but what was good, and therefore had made him his heir. Adolphus stammered forth his earnest thanks.

"Not too soon, not too soon," said the other; "it is with conditions: hear them first. I am to be buried in the churchyard here, and you will receive the interest of eighty thousand thalers if you promise the magistrate to repeat piously the Lord's Prayer once a day over my grave till the end of your life. If you fail once the informer is to receive a fourth part of the inheritance, and the remainder is to go to the hospital, the guardian of which will keep a good look-out that you perform your vow. Nothing but a serious disease, testified by two surgeons, is to excuse you from this duty. The testament lies ready with the magistrate; take time, therefore, to think, for every condition is early or late a clog on the enjoyment of that good with which it is combined. 'Why did my uncle curse me,' you will say, 'with this condition? Why did he poison to me the wine he was no longer able to drink himself?' I answer, justice demands that my property should be expended for the benefit of the town in which I gained it—in which I went to school and grew up to manhood. On the boundary of the dominion of death you shall be at least reminded once a day to raise your thoughts to the Giver of all good; and I wish to save the soul of my heir from the rock of worldly perdition. Go, my son; I am weak."

Albertina had remained in the room by the command of the old man, and now accompanied Adolphus to the door. In the confusion of his feelings he seized her hand and asked what she advised. She blushed, and answered:—

"I cannot believe that you will be guided in so important a matter by the advice of an ignorant girl."

"O yes!" answered he; "your situation here makes you a friend, and the good sense of your answer belies your pretended ignorance. The powers of fate announce their decrees with pleasure by the mouth of innocent maidens."

She replied, "Turn to our Father in heaven; prayer brings power and knowledge, and we then select, as if by inspiration, that which is best."

Adolphus left her with a grateful squeeze of the hand. He was disposed to follow her advice, but his wishes were earthly.

"Eighty thousand thalers," said he, "or rather the interest of this sum, is in truth a key to earth's heaven; but what is the price? The condition separates me for ever from all which can sweeten life or render it lovely. Suppose I might with swift horses reach the capital for a moment to strengthen my mind in the circle of beauty and intelligence, it can only be for a moment, and like a solitary moonbeam through the darkness of a wintry night; and I lose all if any accident happens to me on the road. Is there a bitterer cup than this eternal monotony—this seeing always the same faces, part expressing vulgarity, part signifying a mixture of rudeness and knowledge even more intolerable than vulgarity? Can anything be worse than to live with people who spy out every morning what I mean to nourish my body with at mid-day, and who treat every deviation from their own customs worse than the Inquisition treats heretics? Yet even here I may find friends, hearts allied to mine, though different in age, situation, and habits. But how soon is conversation exhausted! How does the daily return of the same materials diminish the charms of society! Whatever happens to the town falls on me as part of it. The inheritance makes me like one of its towers; and when I fall sick Mr. Schneidab, the village barber, will hasten, as accoucheur sent by the fates, to deliver me into another world."

In this manner, till late in the evening, did Adolphus weigh his situation; and as he was going to bed, Albertina came to announce the sudden death of his uncle. This news made him pass a sleepless night, and at times to be almost out of his senses. He imagined that the amiable Albertina glided into his chamber and begged earnestly of him to be pleased with the little town, that she delighted him very much, that she made his staying there the condition of obtaining her favour, and that she offered him her sweet mouth to seal the contract with a kiss. He then imagined himself, with her assistance, counting heaps of ducats, and he was full of gratitude for the golden shower and for the lovely bride. He embraced her with one arm and lifted a sack of thalers in the other. A cry of fire awoke him—the warm living image was fled, and the landlady burst into the room to save her wardrobe, which was safely stowed in the best chamber used for guests. The cry of fire ran through the house, for not one who could breathe but joined in the alarm.

Adolphus sprung out of bed, descended to the street, and saw the house of his departed uncle in flames. He reached it just as Albertina, with a box of valuables, came out, which she gave him as his property, and then hastened back to secure her own, and came not again. Adolphus felt how much he was indebted to her, and pressing through the burning house, found her in a courtyard clinging to a tree, which protected her for a moment from the flames.

"I am lost," said she; "save yourself."

He, however, sprang to her, the flames, as it were, following him, and making his retreat impossible. The hot air already made it difficult to breathe, when he discovered that, by climbing the tree, he might escape over the wall. With the arm of love, strengthened by fear, he dragged the maiden up the stem and along one of the overhanging branches, and then dropped her safely on the opposite side of the wall and jumped after her. Here they stood in a neighbouring garden, and first thanked God for their escape. Albertina then extinguished the sparks on his waistcoat; he kissed her as he had done in his dream, and then led her to a place of safety.

When the fire was extinguished, which did not take place till the house was consumed, Adolphus returned to bed and slept nearly as sound as his uncle, whose corporeal part had been reduced by fire to a heap of ashes. Albertina had found it, and had secretly conveyed it away. In the morning his body was sought, for the will made it necessary to have it buried; but all in vain; not a bone was to be discovered. Albertina, however, sent in secret a casket to Adolphus, and wrote with it:—

"If the accompanying casket serves, as I hope, to free my noble assistant from the heavy conditions which our departed friend imposed upon his heir, this latter will then only pray with more fervour over the ashes of his benefactor, which now lie in his hands."

Adolphus blessed in his heart her ingenuity, then went to the magistrate, who was full of thought, and knew not whom he could bury in Heimal's place—for a grave they must have, to fulfil the conditions of his will. Adolphus, however, said:—

"You undoubtedly know beforehand what I mean to say to your worship. You know that a nonentity cannot be buried, and that I cannot be bound to pray over a grave where my uncle is not entombed; and, at the same time, his testament, making me his heir, remains perfectly valid. A process would evidently last longer than your life, and probably not be finished before the day of judgment. Far be it from me, however, to wish to injure this esteemed pleasant town, the cradle of my good fortune. I therefore resign in favour of its hospital a third part of the property left by my uncle. For this, however, you will give me permission to send your good wife some of the newest fashions from the city, where I mean to take up my residence."

Seldom has a treaty been sooner ratified than this was; and the heir got away with difficulty from the gratitude of the magistrate, to seek out Albertina. She struggled against the embraces with which, in his joy, he overwhelmed her: they might be the mode in the city—here they were quite unheard of; but Adolphus spoke with a seducing tongue, and on a subject not usually ungrateful to a maiden's ear. She pretended, indeed, not to believe him, as if she regarded it as impossible, with the failure of her eye, to please a man who was so entirely without fault, and she concealed her wishes with maidenlike excuses. The gay people of the little town, however, were soon afterwards invited to Adolphus' marriage-feast. He placed, without the knowledge of the bride, the casket with the ashes of the now blessed uncle under the marriage-bed, and was thus enabled to offer the promised prayers daily with the greatest conveniency.

THE MINER.

Down 'mid the tangled roots of things
  That coil about the central fire,
I seek for that which giveth wings
  To stoop, not soar, to my desire.

Sometimes I hear, as 'twere a sigh,
  The sea's deep yearning far above,
"Thou hast the secret not," I cry,
  "In deeper deeps is hid my Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,
  In darkness, all alone, and weak;
Such loss were gain if He were won,
  For 'tis the sun's own Sun I seek.

"The earth," they murmur, "is the tomb
  That vainly sought his life to prison;
Why grovel longer in the gloom?
  He is not here; he hath arisen."

More life for me where he hath lain
  Hidden while ye believed him dead,
Than in cathedrals cold and vain,
  Built on loose sands of *It is said.*

My search is for the living gold;
  Him I desire who dwells recluse,
And not his image worn and old,
  Day-servant of our sordid use.

If him I find not, yet I find
  The ancient joy of cell and church,
The glimpse, the surety undefined,
  The unquenched ardour of the search.

Happier to chase a flying goal
  Than to sit counting laurelled gains,
To guess the Soul within the soul
  Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtile wise,
  Beyond my nature's utmost scope;
Be ever absent from mine eyes
  To be twice present in my hope!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOVE'S HUE AND CRY.

In Love's name you are charged hereby
To make a speedy hue and cry,
After a face who, t'other day,
Came and stole my heart away;
For your directions in brief
These are best marks to know the thief:
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove,
Playing the eagle; her clear brow
Is a comely field of snow.
A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
As when it shines it needs no day.
Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
Lilies, married to the rose,
Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;
Her lips betray their virgin red,
As they only blushed for this,
That they one another kiss;
But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she, oh, take her t'ye,
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1624)

PERSUASION.

[**Jane Austen**, born at Steventon, Hampshire, 16th December, 1775; died at Winchester, 24th July, 1817. Her novels still hold their place as the highest models of English domestic fiction. *Sense and Sensibility; Pride and Prejudice; Mansfield Park;* and *Emma*, were published during her lifetime, but anonymously; *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* did not appear until the year after her death, although the former is said to have been her earliest work. It was purchased by a publisher, who kept it in manuscript until her other works had established the author's reputation. Scott said of Miss Austen:—She "had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any one going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity so gifted a creature died so early!" Archbishop Whately, in the *Quarterly Review*, wrote:—"Miss Austen has the merit (in our judgment most essential) of being evidently a Christian writer: a merit which is much enhanced, both on the score of good taste and of practical utility, by her religion being not at all obtrusive."

Persuasion chiefly relates to the fortunes of Anne Elliot and her lover Captain Wentworth, who have been separated on account of his poverty. Anne is the daughter of Sir Walter Elliot, a proud, vain man, whose extravagant tastes outrun his income. He is obliged to rent his family mansion, Kellynch Hall, to Admiral Crofts, and to remove to Bath with his eldest daughter Elizabeth, who is of much the same character as her father. Anne goes to visit her younger sister Mary, who is married to the son of Squire Musgrove, and who thinks she has conferred the greatest honour upon that family by the alliance.]

Uppercross was a moderate-sized village, which a few years back had been completely in the old English style, containing only two houses superior in appearance to those of the yeomen and labourers: the mansion of the squire, with its high walls, great gates, and old trees, substantial and unmodernized; and the compact, tight parsonage, inclosed in its own neat garden, with a vine and a pear-tree trained round its casements; but upon the marriage of the young squire it had received the improvement of a farm-house, elevated into a cottage, for his residence, and Uppercross Cottage, with its verandah, French windows, and other prettinesses, was quite as likely to catch the traveller's eye as the more consistent and considerable aspect and premises of the Great House, about a quarter of a mile farther on.

Here Anne had often been staying. She knew the ways of Uppercross as well as those of Kellynch. The two families were so continually meeting, so much in the habit of running in and out of each other's house at all hours, that it was rather a surprise to her to find Mary alone; but being alone, her being unwell and out of spirits was almost a matter of course. Though better endowed than the elder sister, Mary had not Anne's understanding nor temper. While well and happy, and properly attended to, she had great good humour and excellent spirits; but any indisposition sunk her completely. She had no resources for solitude; and, inheriting a considerable share of the Elliot self-importance, was very prone to add to every other distress that of fancying herself neglected and ill-used. In person, she was inferior to both sisters, and had, even in her bloom, only reached the dignity of being "a fine girl." She was now lying on the faded sofa of the pretty little drawing-room, the once elegant furniture of which had been gradually growing shabby under the influence of four summers and two children; and, on Anne's appearing, greeted her with—

"So you are come at last! I began to think I should never see you. I am so ill I can hardly speak. I have not seen a creature the whole morning!"

"I am sorry to find you unwell," replied Anne. "You sent me such a good account of yourself on Thursday."

"Yes, I made the best of it; I always do: but I was very far from well at the time; and I do not think I ever was so ill in my life as I have been all this morning: very unfit to be left alone, I am sure. Suppose I were to be seized of a sudden in some dreadful way, and not able to ring the bell! So Lady Russell would not get out. I do not think she has been in this house three times this summer."

Anne said what was proper, and inquired after her husband. "Oh! Charles is out shooting. I have not seen him since seven o'clock. He would go, though I told him how ill I was. He said he should not stay out long; but he has never come back, and now it is almost one. I assure you I have not seen a soul this whole long morning."

"You have had your little boys with you?"

"Yes, as long as I could bear their noise; but they are so unmanageable that they do me more harm than good. Little Charles does not mind a word I say, and Walter is growing quite as bad."

"Well, you will soon be better now," replied Anne, cheerfully. "You know I always cure you when I come. How are your neighbours at the Great House?"

"I can give you no account of them. I

have not seen one of them to-day, except Mr. Musgrove, who just stopped and spoke through the window, but without getting off his horse; and though I told him how ill I was, not one of them have been near me. It did not happen to suit the Miss Musgroves, I suppose, and they never put themselves out of their way."

"You will see them yet, perhaps, before the morning is gone. It is early."

"I never want them, I assure you. They talk and laugh a great deal too much for me. Oh! Anne, I am so very unwell. It was quite unkind of you not to come on Thursday."

"My dear Mary, recollect what a comfortable account you sent me of yourself! You wrote in the cheerfullest manner, and said you were perfectly well, and in no hurry for me; and that being the case, you must be aware that my wish would be to remain with Lady Russell to the last: and besides what I felt on her account, I have really been so busy, have had so much to do, that I could not very conveniently have left Kellynch sooner."

"Dear me! what can *you* possibly have had to do?"

"A great many things, I assure you. More than I can recollect in a moment; but I can tell you some. I have been making a duplicate of the catalogue of my father's books and pictures. I have been several times in the garden with Mackenzie, trying to understand, and make him understand, which of Elizabeth's plants are for Lady Russell. I have had all my own little concerns to arrange, books and music to divide, and all my trunks to repack, from not having understood in time what was intended as to the waggons: and one thing I have had to do, Mary, of a more trying nature: going to almost every house in the parish, as a sort of take-leave. I was told that they wished it; but all these things took up a great deal of time."

"Oh, well!" and after a moment's pause, "but you have never asked me one word about our dinner at the Pooles' yesterday."

"Did you go, then? I have made no inquiries, because I concluded you must have been obliged to give up the party."

"Oh yes! I went. I was very well yesterday: nothing at all the matter with me till this morning. It would have been strange if I had not gone."

"I am very glad you were well enough, and I hope you had a pleasant party."

"Nothing remarkable. One always knows beforehand what the dinner will be, and who will be there; and it is so very uncomfortable not having a carriage of one's own. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove took me, and we were so crowded! They are both so very large, and take up so much room; and Mr. Musgrove always sits forward. So there was I crowded into the back seat with Henrietta and Louisa; and I think it very likely that my illness to-day may be owing to it."

A little farther perseverance in patience and forced cheerfulness on Anne's side produced nearly a cure on Mary's. She could soon sit upright on the sofa, and began to hope she might be able to leave it by dinner-time. Then, forgetting to think of it, she was at the other end of the room, beautifying a nosegay: then she ate her cold meat; and then she was well enough to propose a little walk.

"Where shall we go?" said she when they were ready. "I suppose you will not like to call at the Great House before they have been to see you?"

"I have not the smallest objection on that account," replied Anne. "I should never think of standing on such ceremony with people I know so well as Mrs. and the Miss Musgroves."

"Oh! but they ought to call upon you as soon as possible. They ought to feel what is due to you as *my* sister. However, we may as well go and sit with them a little while, and when we have got that over we can enjoy our walk."

Anne had always thought such a style of intercourse highly imprudent; but she had ceased to endeavour to check it, from believing that, though there were on each side continual subjects of offence, neither family could now do without it. To the Great House accordingly they went, to sit the full half hour in the old-fashioned square parlour, with a small carpet and shining floor, to which the present daughters of the house were gradually giving the proper air of confusion by a grand pianoforte and a harp, flower-stands, and little tables placed in every direction. Oh! could the originals of the portraits against the wainscot, could the gentlemen in brown velvet and the ladies in blue satin have seen what was going on, have been conscious of such an overthrow of all order and neatness! The portraits themselves seemed to be staring in astonishment.

The Musgroves, like their houses, were in a state of alteration, perhaps of improvement. The father and mother were in the old English style, and the young people in the new. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove were a very good sort of people; friendly and hospitable, not much educated, and not at all elegant. Their children had more modern minds and manners. There was a numerous family; but the only two grown up, excepting Charles, were Henrietta and Louisa, young ladies of nineteen and twenty, who had brought from a school at Exeter all the usual stock of accomplishments, and were now, like thousands of other young ladies, living to be fashionable, happy, and merry. Their dress had every advantage, their faces were rather pretty, their spirits extremely good, their manners unembarrassed and pleasant; they were of consequence at home, and favourites abroad. Anne always contemplated them as some of the happiest creatures of her acquaintance: but still, saved as we all are, by some comfortable feeling of superiority from wishing for the possibility of exchange, she would not have given up her own more elegant and cultivated mind for all their enjoyments; and envied them nothing but that seemingly perfect good understanding and agreement together, that good-humoured mutual affection, of which she had known so little herself with either of her sisters.

They were received with great cordiality. Nothing seemed amiss on the side of the Great House family, which was generally, as Anne very well knew, the last to blame. The half hour was chatted away pleasantly enough; and she was not at all surprised, at the end of it, to have their walking party joined by both the Miss Musgroves, at Mary's particular invitation.

Anne had not wanted this visit to Uppercross to learn that a removal from one set of people to another, though at a distance of only three miles, will often include a total change of conversation, opinion, and idea. She had never been staying there before without being struck by it, or without wishing that other Elliots could have her advantage in seeing how unknown, or unconsidered there, were the affairs which at Kellynch Hall were treated as of such general publicity and pervading interest; yet, with all this experience, she believed she must now submit to feel that another lesson in the art of knowing our own nothingness beyond our own circle, was become necessary for her; for certainly, coming as she did, with a heart full of the subject which had been completely occupying both houses in Kellynch for many weeks, she had expected rather more curiosity and sympathy than she found in the separate but very similar remarks of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove: "So, Miss Anne, Sir Walter and your sister are gone; what part of Bath do you think they will settle in?" and this without much waiting for an answer; or in the young ladies' addition of, "I hope *we* shall be in Bath in the winter; but remember, papa, if we do go, we must be in a good situation: none of your Queen Squares for us!" or in the anxious supplement from Mary, of—"Upon my word, I shall be pretty well off, when you are all gone away to be happy at Bath!"

She could only resolve to avoid such self-delusion in future, and think with heightened gratitude of the extraordinary blessing of having one such truly sympathizing friend as Lady Russell.

The Mr. Musgroves had their own game to guard and to destroy, their own horses, dogs, and newspapers to engage them, and the females were fully occupied in all the other common subjects of housekeeping, neighbours, dress, dancing, and music. She acknowledged it to be very fitting that every little social commonwealth should dictate its own matters of discourse; and hoped, ere long, to become a not unworthy member of the one she was now transplanted into. With the prospect of spending at least two months at Uppercross, it was highly incumbent on her to clothe her imagination, her memory, and all her ideas in as much of Uppercross as possible.

She had no dread of these two months. Mary was not so repulsive and unsisterly as Elizabeth, nor so inaccessible to all influence of hers; neither was there anything among the other component parts of the cottage inimical to comfort. She was always on friendly terms with her brother-in-law; and in the children, who loved her nearly as well, and respected her a great deal more than their mother, she had an object of interest, amusement, and wholesome exertion.

Charles Musgrove was civil and agreeable; in sense and temper he was undoubtedly superior to his wife, but not of powers, or conversation, or grace to make the past, as they were connected together, at all a dangerous contemplation; though, at the same time, Anne could believe, with Lady Russell, that a more equal match might have greatly improved him; and that a woman of real understanding might have given more consequence to his character, and more usefulness, rationality, and elegance to his habits and pursuits. As it was, he did nothing with much zeal, but sport; and his time was otherwise trifled away, without benefit from books or anything else. He had very good spirits, which never seemed much affected by his wife's occasional lowness, bore with her unreasonableness sometimes to Anne's admiration, and upon the whole, though there was very often a little disagreement (in which she had sometimes more share than she wished, being appealed to by both parties), they might pass for a happy couple. They were always perfectly agreed in the want of more money, and a strong inclination for a handsome present from his father; but here, as on most topics, he had the superiority, for while Mary thought it a great shame that such a present was not made, he always contended for his father's having many other uses for his money, and a right to spend it as he liked.

As to the management of their children, his theory was much better than his wife's, and his practice not so bad. "I could manage them very well, if it were not for Mary's interference," was what Anne often heard him say, and had a good deal of faith in; but when listening in turn to Mary's reproach of, "Charles spoils the children so that I cannot get them into any order," she never had the smallest temptation to say, "Very true."

One of the least agreeable circumstances of her residence there was her being treated with too much confidence by all parties, and being too much in the secret of the complaints of each house. Known to have some influence with her sister, she was continually requested, or at least receiving hints to exert it, beyond what was practicable. "I wish you could persuade Mary not to be always fancying herself ill," was Charles' language; and, in an unhappy mood, thus spoke Mary: "I do believe if Charles were to see me dying, he would not think there was anything the matter with me. I am sure, Anne, if you would, you might persuade him that I really am very ill—a great deal worse than I ever own."

Mary's declaration was, "I hate sending the children to the Great House, though their grandmamma is always wanting to see them, for she humours and indulges them to such a degree, and gives them so much trash and sweet things, that they are sure to come back sick and cross for the rest of the day." And Mrs. Musgrove took the first opportunity of being alone with Anne to say, "Oh! Miss Anne, I cannot help wishing Mrs. Charles had a little of your method with those children. They are quite different creatures with you! But to be sure, in general, they are so spoiled! It is a pity you cannot put your sister in the way of managing them. They are as fine healthy children as ever were seen, poor little dears! without partiality; but Mrs. Charles knows no more how they should be treated—! Bless me! how troublesome they are sometimes. I assure you, Miss Anne, it prevents my wishing to see them at our house so often as I otherwise should. I believe Mrs. Charles is not quite pleased with my not inviting them oftener; but you know it is very bad to have children with one that one is obliged to be checking every moment; 'don't do this,' and 'don't do that;' or that one can only keep in tolerable order by more cake than is good for them."

She had this communication, moreover, from Mary:—"Mrs. Musgrove thinks all her servants so steady, that it would be high treason to call it in question; but I am sure, without exaggeration, that her upper housemaid and laundrymaid, instead of being in their business, are gadding about the village all day long. I meet them wherever I go; and I declare I never go twice into my nursery without seeing something of them. If Jemima were not the trustiest, steadiest creature in the world, it would be enough to spoil her; for she tells me they are always tempting her to take a walk with them." And on Mrs. Musgrove's side it was, "I make a rule of never interfering in any of my daughter-in-law's concerns, for I know it would not do; but I shall tell *you*, Miss Anne, because you may be able to set things to rights, that I have no very good opinion of Mrs. Charles' nursery-maid: I hear strange stories of her; she is always upon the gad; and from my own knowledge I can declare, she is such a fine-dressing lady, that she is enough to ruin any servants she comes near. Mrs. Charles quite swears by her, I know; but I just give you this hint, that you may be upon the watch; because if you see anything amiss, you need not be afraid of mentioning it."

Again, it was Mary's complaint that Mrs. Musgrove was very apt not to give her the precedence that was her due, when they dined at the Great House with other families, and she did not see any reason why she was to be considered so much at home as to lose her place. And one day, when Anne was walking with only the Miss Musgroves, one of them, after talking of rank, people of rank, and jealousy of rank, said, "I have no scruple of observing to you how nonsensical some persons are about their place, because all the world knows how easy and indifferent you are about it; but I wish anybody would give Mary a hint that it would be a great deal better if she were not so very tenacious, especially if she would not be always putting herself forward to take place of mamma. Nobody doubts her right to have precedence of mamma, but it would be more becoming in her not to be always insisting on it. It is not that mamma cares about it the least in the world, but I know it is taken notice of by many persons."

How was Anne to set all these matters to rights? She could do little more than listen patiently, soften every grievance, and excuse each to the other; give them all hints of the forbearance necessary between such near neighbours, and make those hints broadest which were meant for her sister's benefit.

In all other respects her visit began and proceeded very well. Her own spirits improved by change of place and subject, by being removed three miles from Kellynch; Mary's ailments lessened by having a constant companion, and their daily intercourse with the other family, since there was neither superior affection, confidence, nor employment in the cottage to be interrupted by it, was rather an advantage. It was certainly carried nearly as far as possible, for they met every morning, and hardly ever spent an evening asunder; but she believed they should not have done so well without the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove's respectable forms in the usual places, or without the talking, laughing, and singing of their daughters.

She played a great deal better than either of the Miss Musgroves, but having no voice, no knowledge of the harp, and no fond parents, to sit by and fancy themselves delighted, her performance was little thought of, only out of civility, or to refresh the others, as she was well aware. She knew that when she played she was giving pleasure only to herself; but this was no new sensation. Excepting one short period of her life, she had never, since the age of fourteen, never since the loss of her dear mother, known the happiness of being listened to, or encouraged by any just appreciation or real taste. In music she had been always used to feel alone in the world; and Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove's fond partiality for their own daughters' performance, and total indifference to any other person's, gave her much more pleasure for their sakes, than mortification for her own.

The party at the Great House was sometimes increased by other company. The neighbourhood was not large, but the Musgroves were visited by everybody, and had more dinner-parties, and more callers, more visitors by invitation and by chance, than any other family. They were more completely popular.

The girls were wild for dancing; and the evenings ended, occasionally, in an unpremeditated little ball. There was a family of cousins within a walk of Uppercross, in less affluent circumstances, who depended on the Musgroves for all their pleasures: they would come at any time, or help to play at anything, or dance anywhere; and Anne, very much preferring the office of musician to a more active post, played country-dances to them by the hour together; a kindness which always recommended her musical powers to the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove more than anything else, and often drew this compliment,—"Well done, Miss Anne! very well done, indeed! Lord bless me! how those little fingers of yours fly about!" . . .

[Captain Wentworth prospered, and during Anne's visit to Uppercross he comes to visit his brother-in-law Admiral Crofts. Then there is a game at cross-purposes between the lovers; he thinks she is to marry a wealthy cousin, and she thinks he is to ask Louisa Musgrove to be his wife. But Louisa is suddenly announced as the betrothed of Captain Benwick, a sentimental gentleman, who in this way consoles himself for the death of Miss Harville, the lady to whom he had been formerly engaged, and the misunderstandings are brought right in this way.]

Captain Harville (the brother of Benwick's old love) moved to a window, and Anne, seeming to watch him, though it was from thorough absence of mind, became gradually sensible that he was inviting her to join him where he stood. He looked at her with a smile, and a little motion of the head, which expressed, "Come to me, I have something to say;" and the unaffected, easy kindness of manner which denoted the feelings of an older acquaintance than he really was, strongly enforced the invitation. She roused herself and went to him. The window at which he stood was at the other end of the room from where the two ladies were sitting, and though nearer to Captain Wentworth's table, not very near. As she joined him, Captain Harville's countenance reassumed the serious, thoughtful expression which seemed its natural character.

"Look here," said he, unfolding a parcel in his hand, and displaying a small miniature painting: "do you know who that is?"

"Certainly: Captain Benwick."

"Yes, and you may guess who it is for. But," in a deep tone, "it was not done for her. Miss Elliot, do you remember our walking together at Lyme, and grieving for him? I little thought then—but no matter. This was drawn at the Cape. He met with a clever young German artist at the Cape, and in compliance with a promise to my poor sister, sat to him, and was bringing it home for her; and I have now the charge of getting it properly set for another! It was a commission to me! But who else was there to employ? I hope I can allow for him. I am not sorry, indeed, to make it over to another. He undertakes it;" looking towards Captain Wentworth, "he is writing about it now." And with a quivering lip he wound up the whole by adding, "Poor Fanny! she would not have forgotten him so soon."

"No," replied Anne, in a feeling voice, "that I can easily believe."

"It was not in her nature. She doted on him."

"It would not be the nature of any woman who truly loved."

Captain Harville smiled, as much as to say, "Do you claim that for your sex?" and she answered the question, smiling also, "Yes. We certainly do not forget you so soon as you forget us. It is, perhaps, our fate rather than our merit. We cannot help ourselves. We live at home, quiet, confined, and our feelings prey upon us. You are forced on exertion. You have always business of some sort or other to take you back into the world immediately, and continual occupation and change soon weaken impressions."

"Granting your assertion that the world does all this so soon for men (which, however, I do not think I shall grant), it does not apply to Benwick. He has not been forced upon any exertion. The peace turned him on shore at the very moment, and he has been living with us in our little family circle ever since."

"True," said Anne, "very true; I did not recollect; but what shall we say now, Captain Harville? If the change be not from outward circumstances, it must be from within; it must be nature, man's nature, which has done the business for Captain Benwick."

"No, no, it is not man's nature. I will not allow it to be more man's nature than woman's to be inconstant and forget those they do love or have loved. I believe the reverse. I believe in a true analogy between our bodily frames and our mental; and that as our bodies are the strongest so are our feelings; capable of bearing most rough usage, and riding out the heaviest weather."

"Your feelings may be the strongest," replied Anne, "but the same spirit of analogy will authorize me to assert that ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my view of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be too hard upon you if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship, for your home, country, friends, all united. Neither time, nor health, nor life to be called your own. It would be too hard indeed" (with a faltering voice) "if woman's feelings were to be added to all this."

"We shall never agree upon this question," Captain Harville was beginning to say, when a slight noise called their attention to Captain Wentworth's hitherto perfectly quiet division of the room. It was nothing more than that his pen had fallen down; but Anne was startled at finding him nearer than she had supposed, and half inclined to suspect that the pen had only fallen because he had been occupied by them, striving to catch sounds which yet she did not think he could have caught.

"Have you finished your letter?" said Captain Harville.

"Not quite; a few lines more. I shall have done in five minutes."

"There is no hurry on my side. I am only ready whenever you are. I am in very good anchorage here," smiling at Anne, "well supplied, and want for nothing. No hurry for a signal at all. Well, Miss Elliot," lowering his voice, "as I was saying, we shall never agree, I suppose, upon this point. No man and woman would probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you—all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men."

"Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything."

"But how shall we prove anything?"

"We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin, probably, with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favour of it which has occurred within our own circle, many of which (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or in some respect saying what should not be said."

"Ah!" cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, "if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, 'God knows whether we shall ever meet again!' And then if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again when, coming back after a twelvemonth's absence perhaps, and obliged to put into another port, he calculates how soon it may be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, 'They cannot be here till such a day,' but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!" pressing his own with emotion.

"Oh!" cried Anne, eagerly, "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures! I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No; I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one: you need not covet it) is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone."

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence; her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

"You are a good soul," cried Captain Harville, putting his hand on her arm, quite affectionately. "There is no quarrelling with you. And when I think of Benwick my tongue is tied."

Their attention was called towards the others. Mrs. Croft was taking leave.

"Here, Frederick, you and I part company, I believe," said she. "I am going home, and you have an engagement with your friend. To-night we may have the pleasure of all meeting again at your party," turning to Anne. "We had your sister's card yesterday, and I understood Frederick had a card too, though I did not see it; and you are disengaged, Frederick, are you not, as well as ourselves?"

Captain Wentworth was folding up a letter in great haste, and either could not or would not answer fully.

"Yes," said he, "very true; here we separate, but Harville and I shall soon be after you—that is, Harville, if you are ready; I am in half a minute. I know you will not be sorry to be off."

Mrs. Croft left them, and Captain Wentworth, having sealed his letter with great rapidity, was indeed ready, and had even a hurried, agitated air, which showed impatience to be gone. Anne knew not how to understand it. She had the kindest "Good morning, God bless you!" from Captain Harville, but from him not a word, nor a look. He had passed out of the room without a look.

She had only time, however, to move closer to the table where he had been writing when footsteps were heard returning; the door opened; it was himself. He begged their pardon, but he had forgotten his gloves, and instantly crossing the room to the writing-table, and standing with his back towards Mrs. Musgrove, he drew out a letter from under the scattered paper, placed it before Anne with eyes of glowing entreaty fixed on her, and hastily collecting his gloves, was again out of the room almost before Mrs. Musgrove was aware of his being in it—the work of an instant.

The revolution which one instant had made in Anne was almost beyond expression. The letter, with a direction hardly legible, to "Miss A. E——," was evidently the one which he had been folding so hastily. While supposed to be writing only to Captain Benwick he had been also addressing her. On the contents of that letter depended all which this world could do for her. Anything was possible, anything might be defied rather than suspense. Mrs. Musgrove had little arrangements of her own at her own table; to their protection she must trust, and, sinking into the chair which he had occupied, succeeding to the very spot where he had leaned and written, her eyes devoured the following words:—

"I can listen no longer in silence. I must speak to you by such means as are within my reach. You pierce my soul. I am half agony, half hope. Tell me not that I am too late, that such precious feelings are gone for ever. I offer myself to you again with a heart even more your own than when you almost broke it eight years and a half ago. Dare not say that man forgets sooner than woman, that his love has an earlier death. I have loved none but you. Unjust I may have been, weak and resentful I have been, but never inconstant. You alone have brought me to Bath. For you alone I think and plan. Have you not seen this? Can you fail to have understood my wishes? I had not waited even these ten days could I have read your feelings, as I think you must have penetrated mine. I can hardly write. I am every instant hearing something which overpowers me. You sink your voice, but I can distinguish the tones of that voice when they would be lost on others. Too good, too excellent creature! You do us justice, indeed. You do believe that there is true attachment and constancy among men. Believe it to be most fervent, most undeviating in F. W.

"I must go, uncertain of my fate; but I shall return hither, or follow your party, as soon as possible. A word, a look, will be enough to decide whether I enter your father's house this evening or never."

Such a letter was not to be soon recovered from. Half an hour's solitude and reflection might have tranquillized her; but the ten minutes only which now passed before she was interrupted, with all the restraints of her situation, could do nothing towards tranquillity. Every moment rather brought fresh agitation. It was an overpowering happiness. And before she was beyond the first stage of full sensation, Charles, Mary, and Henrietta all came in.

The absolute necessity of seeming like herself produced then an immediate struggle; but after a while she could do no more. She began not to understand a word they said, and was obliged to plead indisposition and excuse herself. They could then see that she looked very ill, were shocked and concerned, and would not stir without her for the world. This was dreadful. Would they only have gone away and left her in the quiet possession of that room it would have been her cure; but to have them all standing or waiting around her was distracting, and in desperation she said she would go home.

"By all means, my dear," cried Mrs. Musgrove, "go home directly, and take care of yourself, that you may be fit for the evening. I wish Sarah was here to doctor you, but I am no doctor myself. Charles, ring and order a chair. She must not walk."

But the chair would never do. Worse than all. To lose the possibility of speaking two words to Captain Wentworth in the course of her quiet, solitary progress up the town (and she felt almost certain of meeting him) could not be borne. The chair was earnestly protested against, and Mrs. Musgrove, who thought only of one sort of illness, having assured herself with some anxiety that there had been no fall in the case, that Anne had not at any time lately slipped down and got a blow on her head, that she was perfectly convinced of having had no fall, could part with her cheerfully, and depend on finding her better at night.

Another momentary vexation occurred. Charles, in his real concern and good nature, would go home with her; there was no preventing him. This was almost cruel. But she could not be long ungrateful; he was sacrificing an engagement at a gunsmith's to be of use to her; and she set off with him, with no feeling but gratitude apparent.

They were in Union Street, when a quicker step behind, a something of familiar sound, gave her two moments' preparation for the sight of Captain Wentworth. He joined them; but, as if irresolute whether to join or to pass on, said nothing, only looked. Anne could command herself enough to receive that look, and not repulsively. The cheeks which had been pale now glowed, and the movements which had hesitated were decided. He walked by her side. Presently, struck by a sudden thought, Charles said—

"Captain Wentworth, which way are you going? Only to Gay Street, or farther up the town?"

"I hardly know," replied Captain Wentworth, surprised.

"Are you going as high as Belmont? Are you going near Camden Place? Because, if you are, I shall have no scruple in asking you to take my place, and give Anne your arm to her father's door. She is rather done for this morning, and must not go so far without help, and I ought to be at that fellow's in the Market Place. He promised me the sight of a capital gun he is just going to send off; said he would keep it unpacked to the last possible moment, that I might see it; and if I do not turn back now, I have no chance. By his description it is a good deal like the second sized double-barrel of mine which you shot with one day round Winthrop."

There could not be an objection. There could be only a most proper alacrity, a most obliging compliance for public view; and smiles reined in and spirits dancing in private rapture. In half a minute Charles was at the bottom of Union Street again, and the other two proceeding together; and soon words enough had passed between them to decide their direction towards the comparatively quiet and retired gravel walk, where the power of conversation would make the present hour a blessing indeed, and prepare it for all the immortality which the happiest recollections of their own future lives could bestow. There they exchanged again those feelings and those promises which had once before seemed to secure everything, but which had been followed by so many, many years of division and estrangement. There they returned again into the past, more exquisitely happy, perhaps, in their reunion than when it had been first projected; more tender, more tried, more fixed in a knowledge of each other's character, truth, and attachment; more equal to act, more justified in acting. And there, as they slowly paced the gradual ascent, heedless of every group around them, seeing neither sauntering politicians, bustling housekeepers, flirting girls, nor nursery-maids and children, they could indulge in those retrospections and acknowledgments, and especially in those explanations of what had directly preceded the present moment, which were so poignant and so ceaseless in interest. All the little variations of the last week were gone through; and of yesterday and to-day there could scarcely be an end.

Who can be in doubt of what followed? When any two young people take it into their heads to marry, they are pretty sure by perseverance to carry their point, be they ever so poor, or ever so imprudent, or ever so little likely to be necessary to each other's ultimate comfort. This may be bad morality to conclude with, but I believe it to be truth; and if such parties succeed, how should a Captain Wentworth and an Anne Elliot, with the advantage of maturity of mind, consciousness of right, and one independent fortune between them, fail of bearing down every opposition? They might, in fact, have borne down a great deal more than they met with, for there was little to distress them beyond the want of graciousness and warmth. Sir Walter made no objection, and Elizabeth did nothing worse than look cold and unconcerned. Captain Wentworth, with five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and as high in his profession as merit and activity could place him, was no longer nobody. He was now esteemed quite worthy to address the daughter of a foolish, spendthrift baronet, who had not had principle or sense enough to maintain himself in the situation in which Providence had placed him, and who could give his daughter at present but a small part of the share of ten thousand pounds which must be hers hereafter.

Sir Walter, indeed, though he had no affection for Anne, and no vanity flattered, to make him really happy on the occasion, was very far from thinking it a bad match for her. On the contrary, when he saw more of Captain Wentworth, saw him repeatedly by daylight, and eyed him well, he was very much struck by his personal claims, and felt that his superiority of appearance might be not unfairly balanced against her superiority of rank; and all this, assisted by his well-sounding name, enabled Sir Walter at last to prepare his pen, with a very good grace, for the insertion of the marriage in the volume of honour.

Of all the family, Mary was probably the one most immediately gratified by the circumstance. It was creditable to have a sister married, and she might flatter herself with having been greatly instrumental to the connection by keeping Anne with her in the autumn; and as her own sister must be better than her husband's sisters, it was very agreeable that Captain Wentworth should be a richer man than either Captain Benwick or Charles Hayter. She had something to suffer, perhaps, when they came into contact again, in seeing Anne restored to the rights of seniority, and the mistress of a very pretty landaulette; but she had a future to look forward to of powerful consolation. Anne had no Uppercross Hall before her, no landed estate, no headship of a family; and if they could but keep Captain Wentworth from being made a baronet, she would not change situations with Anne.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

THE FIRST FROST OF AUTUMN.

[Samuel Griswold Goodrich, born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, 19th August, 1793; died in New York, 9th May, 1860. Although few will recognize this name, every one will know the author as "Peter Parley," a pseudonym which he assumed early in his career, and which became familiar in every home in Europe and America. He wrote and edited about one hundred and seventy volumes, consisting chiefly of works for the young, and comprising poems, tales, historical and scientific manuals, and school-books. It should be observed that the name "Peter Parley" was often unfairly used on the title-pages of books with which Mr. Goodrich had nothing to do. In his *Recollections of a Lifetime, or Men and Things I have Seen* (New York, 1858), he presented an interesting catalogue of his own works and of the "spurious Parley books." Of his poetry one critic says, "His style is simple and unaffected; the flow of his verse melodious; and his subjects generally such as he is capable of treating most successfully."]

At evening it rose in the hollow glade,
Where wild flowers blushed 'mid silence and shade;
Where, hid from the gaze of the garish noon,
They were slily wooed by the trembling moon.
It rose—for the guardian zephyrs had flown,
And left the valley that night alone.
No sigh was borne from the leafy hill,
No murmur came from the lapsing rill;
The boughs of the willow in silence wept,
And the aspen leaves in that sabbath slept.
The valley dreamed, and the fairy lute
Of the whispering reed by the brook was mute.
The slender rush o'er the glassy rill,
As a marble shaft, was erect and still,
And no airy sylph on the mirror wave,
A dimpling trace of its footstep gave.
The moon shone down, but the shadows deep
Of the pensile flowers were hushed in sleep.
The pulse was still in that vale of bloom,
And the Spirit rose from its marshy tomb.
It rose o'er the breast of a silver spring,
Where the mist at morn shook its snowy wing,
And robed like the dew, when it woos the flowers,
It stole away to their secret bowers.

With a lover's sigh, and a zephyr's breath,
It whispered bliss, but its work was death:
It kissed the lip of a rose asleep,
And left it there on its stem to weep:
It froze the drop on a lily's leaf,
And the shivering blossom was bowed in grief.
O'er the gentian it breathed, and the withered flower
Fell blackened and scathed in its lonely bower;
It stooped to the asters all blooming around,
And kissed the buds as they slept on the ground.
They slept, but no morrow could waken their bloom,
And shrouded by moonlight, they lay in their tomb.

The Frost Spirit went, like the lover light,
In search of fresh beauty and bloom that night.
Its wing was plumed by the moon's cold ray,
And noiseless it flew o'er the hills away.
It flew, yet its dallying fingers played,
With a thrilling touch, through the maple's shade;
It toyed with the leaves of the sturdy oak,
It sighed o'er the aspen, and whispering spoke
To the bending sumach, that stooped to throw
Its chequering shade o'er a brook below.
It kissed the leaves of the beech, and breathed
O'er the arching elm, with its ivy wreathed:
It climbed to the ash on the mountain's height—
It flew to the meadow, and hovering light
O'er leafy forest and fragrant dell,
It bound them all in its silvery spell.
Each spreading bough heard the whispered bliss,
And gave its cheek to the gallant's kiss—
Though giving, the leaves disdainingly shook,
As if refusing the boon they took.

Who dreamed that the morning's light would speak,
And show that kiss on the blushing cheek?
For in silence the fairy work went through—
And no croning owl of the scandal knew:
No watch-dog broke from his slumbers light,
To tell the tale to the listening night.
But that which in secret is darkly done,
Is oft displayed by the morrow's sun;
And thus the leaves in the light revealed
With their glowing hues what the night concealed.
The sweet, frail flowers that once welcomed the morn,
Now drooped in their bowers, all shrivelled and lorn;
While the hardier trees shook their leaves in the blast—
Though tell-tale colours were over them cast.
The maple blushed deep as a maiden's cheek,
And the oak confessed what it would not speak.
The beech stood mute, but a purple hue
O'er its glossy robe was a witness true.
The elm and the ivy with varying dyes,
Protesting their innocence, looked to the skies:
And the sumach rouged deeper, as stooping to look,
It glanced at the colours that flared in the brook.
The delicate aspen grew nervous and pale,
As the tittering forest seemed full of the tale;
And the lofty ash, though it tossed up its bough
With a puritan air on the mountain's brow,
Bore a purple tinge o'er its leafy fold,
And the hidden revel was gaily told!

VIRTUE.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Oliver Goldsmith

SCOTTISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

[**The Very Rev. Edward Bannerman Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E.**, born 31st January, 1793; died at Edinburgh, 27th December, 1872. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; was some time curate of Rodden cum-Buckland, Somersetshire; removed to Edinburgh in 1824, and six years later he became incumbent of St. John's. In 1841 he was made Dean of Edinburgh, and in that office he remained for more than thirty years, doing good work for the church and for society. He thrice refused a bishopric; but the church had no honours to confer upon him equal to those which his own genius and benevolence won for him. One of his early, and not least important, labours was the foundation of the Church Society, for the benefit of the poorer rural clergymen; and the Free Kirk found in this society a model for its sustentation fund. Whilst zealously occupied with the affairs of his diocese and with numerous philanthropical schemes, he also gave much attention to literature, and, besides many sermons and miscellaneous pamphlets, published *A Memoir of Sir J. E. Smith*, with a notice of his botanical works; *A Manual of Catechetical Instruction; Lectures on the Genius and Works of Handel; On the Social Influence of Railways; A Memoir of Dr. Chalmers*;[1] *On the Canon Law of the Church; The Christian Life, its Origin, Progress, and Perfection; Pulpit Table-Talk*, &c. &c. But foremost amongst all his literary labours is the *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, now in its twentieth edition. This work has done more than anything since Scott wrote to sustain an interest in Scottish folk and dialect; and it possesses a high historical value in its photographs of national characteristics, many of which have entirely disappeared, whilst others are fast disappearing. The varieties of Scottish life have never been painted by a kindlier or a more faithful hand.]

My readers need not be afraid that they are to be led through a labyrinth of metaphysical distinctions between wit and humour. I have read Dr. Campbell's dissertation on the difference in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric;* I have read Sydney Smith's two lectures; but I confess I am not much the wiser. Professors of rhetoric, no doubt, must have such discussions, but when you wish to be amused by the thing itself, it is somewhat disappointing to be presented with metaphysical analysis. It is like instituting an examination of the glass and cork of a champagne bottle, and a chemical testing of the wine. In the very process the volatile and sparkling draught which was to delight the palate, has become like ditch-water, vapid and dead. What I mean is, that, call it wit or humour, or what you please, there is a school of Scottish pleasantry, amusing and characteristic beyond all other. Don't think of *analyzing* its nature, or the qualities of which it is composed; enjoy its quaint and amusing flow of oddity and fun; as we may, for instance, suppose it to have flowed on that eventful night so joyously described by Burns:—

> "The souter tauld his queerest stories,
> The landlord's laugh was ready chorus."

Or we may think of the delight it gave the good Mr. Balwhidder, when he tells, in his *Annals of the Parish,* of some such story, that it was a "jocosity that was just a kittle to hear." When I speak of changes in such Scottish humour which have taken place, I refer to a particular sort of humour, and I speak of the sort of feeling that belongs to Scottish pleasantry,—which is sly, and cheery, and pawky. It is undoubtedly a humour that depends a good deal upon the vehicle in which the story is conveyed. If, as we have said, our quaint dialect is passing away, and our national eccentric points of character, we must expect to find much of the peculiar humour allied with them to have passed away also. In other departments of wit and repartee, and acute hits at men and things, Scotchmen (whatever Sydney Smith may have said to the contrary) are equal to their neighbours, and, so far as I know, may have gained rather than lost. But this peculiar humour of which I now speak has not, in our day, the scope and development which were permitted to it by the former generation. Where the tendency exists, the exercise of it is kept down by the usages and feelings of society. For examples of it (in its full force at any rate) we must go back to a race who are departed. One remark, however, has occurred to me in regard to the specimens we have of this kind of humour—viz., that they do not always proceed from the wit or the cleverness of any of the individuals concerned in them. The amusement comes from the circumstances, from the concurrence or combination of the ideas, and in many cases from the mere expressions which describe the facts. The humour of the narrative is unquestionable, and yet no one has tried to be humorous. In short, it is the *Scottishness* that gives the zest. The same ideas differently expounded might have no point at all. There is, for example, something highly original in the notions of celestial mechanics entertained by an honest Scottish Fife lass regarding the theory of comets. Having occasion to go out after dark, and having observed the brilliant comet then visible (1858), she ran in with breathless haste to the house, calling on her fellow-servants to

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[1] It was Dean Ramsay who inspired the movement for the erection of a monument to Dr. Chalmers; and the first meeting for that object was held in the dean's house, 30th November, 1869.

"Come oot and see a new star that hasna got its tail cuttit aff yet!" Exquisite astronomical speculation! Stars, like puppies, are born with tails, and in due time have them docked. Take an example of a story where there is no display of any one's wit or humour, and yet it is a good story, and one can't exactly say why:—An English traveller had gone on a fine Highland road so long, without having seen an indication of fellow-travellers, that he became astonished at the solitude of the country; and no doubt before the Highlands were so much frequented as they are in our time, the roads had a very striking aspect of solitariness. Our traveller at last coming up to an old man breaking stones, he asked him if there was any traffic on this road—was it at *all* frequented? "Ay," he said, "it's no ill at that; there was a cadger body yestreen, and there's yoursell the day." No English version of the story could have half such amusement, or have so quaint a character. An answer, even still more characteristic, is recorded to have been given by a countryman to a traveller. Being doubtful of his way, he inquired if he were on the right road to Dunkeld. With some of his national inquisitiveness about strangers, the countryman asked his inquirer where he came from. Offended at the liberty, as he considered it, he sharply reminded the man that where he came from was nothing to him; but all the answer he got was the quiet rejoinder, "Indeed, it's just as little to me whar ye're gaen'." A friend has told me of an answer highly characteristic of this dry and unconcerned quality which he heard given to a fellow-traveller. A gentleman sitting opposite to him in the stage-coach at Berwick, complained bitterly that the cushion on which he sat was quite wet. On looking up to the roof he saw a hole through which the rain descended copiously, and at once accounted for the mischief. He called for the coachman, and in great wrath reproached him with the evil under which he suffered, and pointed to the hole which was the cause of it. All the satisfaction, however, that he got was the quiet unmoved reply, "Ay, mony a ane has complained o' *that* hole." Another anecdote I heard from a gentleman who vouched for the truth, which is just a case where the narrative has its humour, not from the wit which is displayed, but from that dry matter-of-fact view of things peculiar to some of our countrymen. The friend of my informant was walking in a street of Perth, when, to his horror, he saw a workman fall from a roof where he was mending slates, right upon the pavement. By extraordinary good fortune he was not killed, and on the gentleman going up to his assistance, and exclaiming, with much excitement, "God bless me, are you much hurt?" all the answer he got was the cool rejoinder, "On the contrary, sir." A similar matter-of-fact answer was made by one of the old race of Montrose humourists. He was coming out of church, and, in the press of the kirk *skailing*, a young man thoughtlessly trod on the old gentleman's toe, which was tender with corns. He hastened to apologize, saying, "I am very sorry, sir; I beg your pardon." The only acknowledgment of which was the dry answer, "And ye've as muckle need, sir."

One of the best specimens of cool Scottish matter-of-fact view of things has been supplied by a kind correspondent, who narrates it from his own personal recollection.

The back windows of the house where he was brought up looked upon the Greyfriars' Church that was burned down. On the Sunday morning in which that event took place, as they were all preparing to go to church, the flames began to burst forth; the young people screamed from the back part of the house, "A fire! a fire!" and all was in a state of confusion and alarm. The housemaid was not at home, it being her turn for the Sunday "out." Kitty, the cook, was taking her place, and performing her duties. The old woman was always very particular on the subject of her responsibility on such occasions, and came panting and hobbling upstairs from the lower regions, and exclaimed, "O what is't, what is't!" "Oh, Kitty, look here, the Greyfriars' Church is on fire!" "Is that a', miss? What a fricht ye geed me! I thought ye said the parlour fire was out."

From a first-rate *Highland* authority I have been supplied with the following clever and crushing reply to what was intended as a sarcastic compliment and a smart saying:—

About the beginning of the present century, the then Campbell, of Combie, on Loch Awe side, in Argyleshire, was a man of extraordinary character, and of great physical strength, and such swiftness of foot that it is said he could "catch the best *tup* on the hill." He also looked upon himself as a "pretty man," though in this he was singular; also, it was more than whispered that the laird was not remarkable for his principles of honesty. There also lived in the same district a Miss MacNabb of Bar-a'-Chaistril, a lady who, before she had passed the zenith of life, had never been remarkable for her beauty—the contrary even had passed into a proverb, while she was in her teens; but, to counterbalance this defect in external qualities, nature had endowed her with great benevolence, while she was renowned for her probity. One day the Laird of Combie, who piqued himself on his *bon-mots*, was, as frequently happened, a guest of Miss MacNabb's, and after dinner several toasts had gone round as usual, Combie addressed his hostess, and requested an especial bumper, insisting on all the guests to fill to the brim. He then rose, and said, addressing himself to Miss MacNabb, "I propose the old Scottish toast of 'Honest men and *bonnie* lassies,'" and bowing to the hostess, he resumed his seat. The lady returned his bow with her usual amiable smile, and taking up her glass, replied, "Weel, Combie, I am sure *we* may drink that, for it will neither apply to *you* nor *me*."

An amusing example of a quiet cool view of a pecuniary transaction happened to my father whilst doing the business of the rent-day. He was receiving sums of money from the tenants in succession. After looking over a bundle of notes which he had just received from one of them, a well-known character, he said in banter, "James, the notes are not correct." To which the farmer, who was much of a humourist, dryly answered, "I dinna ken what they may be *noo;* but they were a' richt afore ye had your fingers in amang 'em." An English farmer would hardly have spoken thus to his landlord. The Duke of Buccleuch told me an answer very quaintly Scotch, given to his grandmother by a farmer of the old school. A dinner was given to some tenantry of the vast estates of the family in the time of Duke Henry. His duchess (the last descendant of the Dukes of Montague) always appeared at table on such occasions, and did the honours with that mixture of dignity and of affable kindness for which she was so remarkable. Abundant hospitality was shown to all the guests. The duchess, having observed one of the tenants supplied with boiled beef from a noble round, proposed that he should add a supply of cabbage; on his declining, the duchess good-humouredly remarked, "Why, boiled beef and greens seem so naturally to go together, I wonder you don't take it." To which the honest farmer objected, "Ah, but your grace maun alloo it's a vary *windy* vegetable," in delicate allusion to the flatulent quality of the esculent. Similar to this was the naïve answer of a farmer on the occasion of a rent-day. The lady of the house asked him if he would take some *rhubarb* tart: "Mony thanks, mem, I dinna need it."

Amongst the lower orders, humour is found, occasionally, very rich in mere children, and I recollect a remarkable illustration of this early native humour occurring in a family in Forfarshire, where I used, in former days, to be very intimate. A wretched woman, who used to traverse the country as a beggar or tramp, left a poor, half-starved little girl by the road-side, near the house of my friends. Always ready to assist the unfortunate, they took charge of the child, and as she grew a little older, they began to give her some education, and taught her to read. She soon made some progress in reading the Bible, and the native odd humour, of which we speak, began soon to show itself. On reading the passage, which began, "Then David rose," &c., the child stopped, and looking up knowingly, to say, "I ken wha that was," and, on being asked what she could mean, she confidently said, "That's David Rowse the pleuchman." And again reading the passage where the words occur, "He took Paul's girdle," the child said, with much confidence, "I ken what he took that for," and on being asked to explain, replied at once, "To bake's bannocks on;" "girdle" being, in the north, the name for the iron plate hung over the fire, for making oat cakes or bannocks.

To a distinguished member of the Church of Scotland I am indebted for an excellent story of quaint child-humour, which he had from the lips of an old woman who related the story of herself:—When a girl of eight years of age, she was taken by her grandmother to church. The parish minister was not only a long preacher, but, as the custom was, delivered two sermons on the Sabbath-day without any interval, and thus saved the parishioners the two journeys to church. Elizabeth was sufficiently wearied before the close of the first discourse; but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give a second sermon, the young girl, being both tired and hungry, lost all patience, and cried out to her grandmother, to the no small amusement of those who were so near as to hear her, "Come awa, granny, and gang hame; this is a lang grace, and nae meat."

A most amusing account of child-humour used to be narrated by an old Mr. Campbell of Jura, who told the story of his own son. It seems the boy was much spoiled by indulgence. In fact, the parents were scarce able to refuse him anything he demanded. He was in the drawing-room on one occasion when dinner was announced, and on being ordered up to the nursery, he insisted on going down to dinner with the company. His mother was for refusal, but the child persevered, and kept saying, "If I dinna gang, I'll tell thon." His father then, for peace sake, let him go, so he went and sat at table by his mother. When he found every one getting soup and himself omitted, he demanded soup, and repeated, "If I dinna get it, I'll tell thon." Well, soup was given, and various other things yielded to his importunities, to which he always added the usual threat of "telling thon." At last, when it came to wine, his mother stood firm, and positively refused, as "a bad thing for little boys," and so on. He then became more vociferous than ever about "telling thon;" and as still he was refused, he declared, "Now I will tell thon," and at last roared out, "*Ma new breeks were made oot o' the auld curtains!*"

A facetious and acute friend who rather leans to the Sydney Smith view of Scottish wit, declares that all our humorous stories are about lairds, and about lairds who are drunk. Of such stories there are certainly not a few; one of the best belonging to my part of the country, and to many persons I should perhaps apologize for introducing it at all. The story has been told of various parties and localities, but no doubt the genuine laird was a Laird of Balnamoon (pronounced in the country Bonnymoon), and that the locality was a wild tract of land, not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balnamoon had been dining out in the neighbourhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry-brandy, instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavour and strength so pleased him, that having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from the table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whisky, as it was called, the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. "It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig," and refused to have anything to do with it. Hairy lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master, "Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's nae waile o' wigs on Munrimmon Moor." The humour of the argument is exquisite, putting to the laird, in his unreasonable objection, the sly insinuation that in such a locality, if he did not take *this* wig, he was not likely to find another. Then, what a rich expression, "waile o' wigs." In English what is it? "A choice of perukes;" which is nothing comparable to the "waile o' wigs." I ought to mention also an amusing sequel to the story, viz., in what happened after the affair of the wig had been settled, and the laird had consented to return home. When the whisky drove up to the door, Hairy, sitting in front, told the servant who came to "tak out the laird." No laird was to be seen; and it appeared that he had fallen out on the moor without Hairy observing it. Of course, they went back, and, picking him up, brought him safe home. A neighbouring laird having called a few days after, and having referred to the accident, Balnamoon quietly added, "Indeed, I maun hae a lume[1] that'll *had in.*"

The Laird of Balnamoon was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church, the service of which he read to his own family with much solemnity and earnestness of manner. Two gentlemen, one of them a stranger to the country, having called pretty early one Sunday morning, Balnamoon invited them to dinner, and as they accepted the invitation, they remained and joined in the forenoon devotional exercises conducted by Balnamoon himself. The stranger was much impressed with the laird's performance of the service, and during a walk which they took before dinner, mentioned to his friend how highly he esteemed the religious deportment of their host. The gentleman said nothing, but smiled to himself at the scene which he anticipated was to follow. After dinner Balnamoon set himself, according to the custom of old hospitable Scottish hosts, to make his guests as drunk as possible. The result was, that the party spent the evening in a riotous debauch, and were carried to bed by the servants at a late hour. Next day, when they had taken leave and left the house, the gentleman who had introduced his friend asked him what he thought of their entertainer—"Why, really," he replied, with evident astonishment, "sic a speat o' praying, and sic a speat o' drinking, I never knew in the whole course of my life."

Lady Dalhousie, mother, I mean, of the late distinguished Marquis of Dalhousie, used to tell a characteristic anecdote of her day. But here, on mention of the name Christian, Countess of Dalhousie, may I pause a moment to recal the memory of one who was a very remarkable person. She was, for many years, to me and mine, a sincere, and true, and valuable friend. By an awful dispensation of God's providence, her death happened *instantaneously* under my roof in 1839. Lady Dalhousie was eminently distinguished for a fund of the most varied knowledge, for a clear and powerful judgment, for acute observation, a kind heart, a brilliant wit. Her story was thus:—A Scottish judge, somewhat in the predicament of the Laird of Balnamoon, had dined at Coalstoun with her father, Charles Brown, an advocate, and son of George Brown, who sat in the Supreme Court as a judge with the title of Lord Coalstoun. The party had been convivial, as we know parties of the highest legal characters often were in those days. When breaking up and going to the drawing-room, one of them, not seeing his way very clearly, stepped out of the dining-room window, which was open to the summer air. The ground at Coalstoun sloping off from the house behind, the worthy judge got a great fall, and rolled down the bank. He contrived, however, as tipsy men generally do, to regain his legs, and was able to reach the drawing-room. The first remark he made was an innocent remonstrance with his friend the host, "Od, Charlie Brown, what gars ye hae sic lang steps to your *front* door?"

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[1] A vessel.

On Deeside, where many original stories had their origin, I recollect hearing several of an excellent and worthy, but very simple-minded man, the Laird of Craigmyle. On one occasion, when the beautiful and clever Jane, Duchess of Gordon, was scouring through the country, intent upon some of those electioneering schemes which often occupied her fertile imagination and active energies, she came to call at Craigmyle, and having heard that the laird was making bricks on the property, for the purpose of building a new garden wall, with her usual tact she opened the subject and kindly asked, "Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks come on?" Good Craigmyle's thoughts were much occupied with a new leather portion of his dress, which had been lately constructed, so, looking down on his nether garments, he said, in pure Aberdeen dialect, "Muckle obleeged to yer grace, the breeks war sum ticht at first, but they are deeing weel eneuch noo." The last Laird of Macnab, before the clan finally broke up and emigrated to Canada, was a well-known character in the country, and being poor, used to ride about on a most wretched horse, which gave occasion to many jibes at his expense. The laird was in the constant habit of riding up from the country to attend the Musselburgh races. A young wit, by way of playing him off on the race-course, asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year, laird?" "Na," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face in so emphatic a manner as to preclude further questioning, "Na; but it's the same *whup.*" In those days, as might be expected, people were not nice in expressions of their dislike of persons and measures. If there be not more charity in society than of old, there is certainly more courtesy. I have, from a friend, an anecdote illustrative of this remark, in regard to feelings exercised towards an unpopular laird. In the neighbourhood of Banff, in Forfarshire, the seat of a very ancient branch of the Ramsays, lived a proprietor who bore the appellation of Corb, from the name of his estate. The family has passed away, and its property merged in Banff. This laird was intensely disliked in the neighbourhood. Sir George Ramsay was, on the other hand, universally popular and respected. On one occasion Sir George, in passing a morass in his own neighbourhood, had missed the road and fallen into a bog to an alarming depth. To his great relief, he saw a passenger coming along the path, which was at no great distance. He called loudly for his help, but the man took no notice. Poor Sir George felt himself sinking, and redoubled his cries for assistance; all at once the passenger rushed forward, carefully extricated him from his perilous position, and politely apologized for his first neglect of his appeal, adding, as his reason, "Indeed, Sir George, I thought it was Corb!" evidently meaning that *had* it been Corb, he must have taken his chance for him.

In Lanarkshire, there lived a sma' sma' laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his eccentricity. On one occasion, a neighbour waited on him and requested his name as an accommodation to a bit bill for twenty pounds at three months' date, which led to the following characteristic and truly Scottish colloquy:—"Na, na, I canna do that." "What for no, laird? ye hae dune the same thing for ithers." "Aye, aye, Tammas, but there's wheels within wheels ye ken naething about; I canna do't." "It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird." "Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name till't, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time came round, ye wadna be ready and I wad hae to pay't; sae then you and me wad quarrel; sae we mae just as weel quarrel *the noo* as lang's the siller's in ma pouch." On one occasion Hamilton having business with the late Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton Palace, the duke politely asked him to lunch. A liveried servant waited upon them, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the duke and his guest. At last our eccentric friend lost patience, and looking at the servant, addressed him thus, "What the deil for are ye dance, dancing, about the room that gait; can ye no draw in your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's *plenty on the table for three.*"

Of another laird whom I heard often spoken of in old times, an anecdote was told strongly Scotch. Our friend had much difficulty (as many worthy lairds have had) in meeting the claims of those two woful periods of the year, called with us in Scotland the "tarmes." He had been employing for some time as workman a stranger from the south on some house repairs, of the not uncommon name in England of Christmas. His servant early one morning called out at the laird's door in great excitement that "Christmas had run away, and nobody knew where he had gone." He turned in his bed with the earnest ejaculation, "I only wish he had taken Whitsunday and Martinmas along with him." I do not know a better illustration of quiet, shrewd, and acute Scottish humour than the following little story, which an esteemed correspondent mentions having heard from his father when a boy, relating to a former Duke of Athole, who had *no family of his own,* and whom he mentions as having remembered very well:—He met one morning one of his cottars or gardeners, whose wife he knew to be in the *hopeful way.* Asking him "how Marget was the day," the man replied, that she had that morning given him twins. Upon which the duke said,—"Weel, Donald; ye ken the Almighty never sends bairns without the meat." "That may be, your grace," said Donald; "but whiles I think that Providence maks a mistak in thae matters, and sends the bairns to ae hoose and the meat to anither!" The duke took the hint, and sent him a cow with calf the following morning.

I have heard of an amusing scene between a laird celebrated for his saving propensities and a wandering sort of Edie Ochiltree, a well-known itinerant who lived by his wits and what he could pick up in his rounds amongst the houses of lairds and farmers. One thrifty laird having seen him sit down near his own gate to examine the contents of his poke or wallet, conjectured that he had come from the house, and so he drew near to see what he had carried off. As he was keenly investigating the mendicant's spoils, his quick eye detected some bones on which there remained more meat than should have been allowed to leave his kitchen. Accordingly he pounced upon the bones, and declared he had been robbed, and insisted on his returning to the house and giving back the spoil. The beggar was, however, prepared for the attack, and sturdily defended his property, boldly asserting, "Na, na, laird, thae are no Todbrae banes; thae are Inchbyre banes, and nane o' your honour's,"—meaning that he had received these bones at the house of a neighbour of a more liberal character. But the beggar's professional discrimination between the bones of the two mansions, and his pertinacious defence of his own property, would have been most amusing to a by-stander.

I have, however, a reverse story, in which the beggar is quietly silenced by the proprietor. A noble lord, some generations back, well known for his frugal habits, had just picked up a small copper coin in his own avenue, and had been observed by one of the itinerating mendicant race, who, grudging the transfer of the piece into the peer's pocket, exclaimed, "O, gie't to me, my lord;" to which the quiet answer was, "Na, na; fin' a fardin for yersell, puir body."

There are always pointed anecdotes against houses wanting in a liberal and hospitable expenditure in Scotland. Thus, we have heard of a master leaving such a mansion, and taxing his servant with being drunk, which he had too often been after country visits. On this occasion, however, he was innocent of the charge, for he had not the *opportunity* to transgress. So, when his master asserted, "Jemmy, you are drunk!" Jemmy very quietly answered, "Indeed, sir, I wish I wur." At another mansion, notorious for scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which some time ago he had given to the laird. The gardener showed him a lank grayhound, on which the gentleman said, "No, no; the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a grayhound;" to which the gardener quietly answered, "Indeed, ony dog micht sune become a grayhound by stopping here."

OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,

That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there.
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear't away.

COWLEY.

CONJUGAL CONTENT.

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only way to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy, Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

GEORGE STEVENS.

THE GOBLIN BARBER.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

[**Johann August Musäus**, born at Jena, 1735; died 28th October, 1787. Although his name is little known now except to scholars, he enjoyed considerable reputation during his lifetime as a genial satirist and industrious collector of his native folk-lore. He was educated for the church, but failing to obtain an appointment he began his literary career by a satire upon Samuel Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison.* After seven years' work as a tutor, he obtained a professorship in the gymnasium of Weimar. He next produced a satire upon Lavater's physiognomical theories, entitled *Physiognomical Travels;* then his *Popular Traditionary Tales;* followed by *Friend Hein's Apparitions*—a series of tales in which death is personified under the name of Friend Hein. He began another series, *Ostrich Feathers*, but only lived to complete the first volume. His *Remains*, edited by Kotzebue, appeared in 1791. The following extract is from his tale of *Dumb Love.* The sudden death of his father leaves Franz Melcherson in possession of a large fortune, which he speedily dissipates, and finds himself, like other spendthrifts, without friends as well as money. He takes a poor lodging, and falls in love with a humble girl, Meta. But he cannot tell his love, and when he learns that Meta's mother wishes her to marry a well-to-do old burgher, Franz resolves to make an effort to win fortune for her sake. He travels to Antwerp in the hope of recovering several considerable sums which were due to him. He fails, and is journeying homeward, disconsolate and penniless as when he set forth. At an inn, shelter is refused to him, and he mutters some bitter curses upon the landlord's inhospitable nature. The landlord, determined to punish Franz, calls him back, and offers him a lodging in the old castle.]

The castle lay hard by the hamlet, on a steep rock, right opposite the inn, from which it was divided merely by the highway and a little gurgling brook. The situation being so agreeable, the edifice was still kept in repair, and well provided with all sorts of house-gear; for it served the owner as a hunting-lodge, where he frequently caroused all day; and so soon as the stars began to twinkle in the sky, retired with his whole retinue, to escape the mischief of the ghost, who rioted about in it the whole night over, but by day gave no disturbance. Unpleasant as the owner felt this spoiling of his mansion by a bugbear, the nocturnal sprite was not without advantages, for the great security it gave from thieves. The count could have appointed no trustier or more watchful keeper over the castle than this same spectre, for the rashest troop of robbers never ventured to approach its station. Accordingly he knew of no safer place for laying up his valuables than this old tower in the hamlet of Rummelsburg, near Rheinberg.

The sunshine had sunk, the dark night was coming heavily on, when Franz, with a lantern in his hand, proceeded to the castle-gate, under the guidance of mine host, who carried in his hand a basket of victuals, with a flask of wine, which he said should not be marked against him. He had also taken along with him a pair of candlesticks and two wax-lights; for in the whole castle there was neither lamp nor taper, as no one ever stayed in it after twilight. In the way, Franz noticed the creaking, heavy-laden basket, and the wax-lights, which he thought he should not need, and yet must pay for. Therefore he said: "What is this superfluity and waste, as at a banquet? The light in the lantern is enough to see with till I go to bed; and when I awake the sun will be high enough, for I am tired completely, and shall sleep with both eyes."

"I will not hide from you," replied the landlord, "that a story runs of there being mischief in the castle, and a goblin that frequents it. You, however, need not let the thing disturb you; we are near enough, you see, for you to call us, should you meet with aught unnatural; I and my folks will be at your hand in a twinkling to assist you. Down in the house there we keep astir all night through, some one is always moving. I have lived here these thirty years, yet I cannot say that I have ever seen aught. If there be now and then a little hurly-burlying at nights, it is nothing but cats and martens rummaging about the granary. As a precaution I have provided you with candles: the night is no friend of man; and the tapers are consecrated, so that sprites, if there be such in the castle, will avoid their shine."

It was no lying in mine host to say that he had never seen anything of spectres in the castle; for by night he had taken special care not once to set foot in it; and by day, the goblin did not come to sight. In the present case, too, the traitor would not risk himself across the border. After opening the door he handed Franz the basket, directed him what way to go, and wished him good-night. Franz entered the lobby without anxiety or fear, believing the ghost story to be empty tattle, or a distorted tradition of some real occurrence in the place, which idle fancy had shaped into an unnatural adventure. He remembered the stout Ritter Eberhard Bronkhorst, from whose heavy arm he had apprehended such maltreatment, and with whom, notwithstanding, he had found so hospitable a reception. On this ground he had laid it down as a rule deduced from his travelling experiences, when he heard any common rumour, to believe exactly the reverse, and left the grain of truth which, in the opinion of the wise knight, always lies in such reports, entirely out of sight.

Pursuant to mine host's direction, he ascended the winding stone stair; and reached a bolted door, which he opened with his key. A long dark gallery, where his footsteps resounded, led him into a large hall, and from this, a side-door, into a suite of apartments, richly provided with all furniture for decoration or convenience. Out of these he chose the room which had the friendliest aspect, where he found a well-pillowed bed, and from the window could look right down upon the inn, and catch every loud word that was spoken there. He lit his wax-tapers, furnished his table, and feasted with the commodiousness and relish of an Otaheitean noble. The big-bellied flask was an antidote to thirst. So long as his teeth were in full occupation, he had no time to think of the reported devilry in the castle. If aught now and then made a stir in the distance, and Fear called to him, "Hark! hark! There comes the goblin;" Courage answered: "Stuff! it is cats and martens bickering and caterwauling." But in the digestive half-hour after meat, when the sixth sense, that of hunger and thirst, no longer occupied the soul, she directed her attention from the other five exclusively upon the sense of hearing; and already fear was whispering three timid thoughts into the listener's ear, before courage had time to answer once.

As the first resource, he locked the door, and bolted it; made his retreat to the walled seat in the vault of the window. He opened this, and to dissipate his thoughts a little, looked out on the spangled sky, gazed at the corroded moon, and counted how often the stars snuffed themselves. On the road beneath him all was void; and in spite of the pretended nightly bustle in the inn, the doors were shut, the lights out, and everything as still as in a sepulchre. On the other hand, the watchman blew his horn, making his "List, gentlemen!" sound over all the hamlet; and for the composure of the timorous astronomer, who still kept feasting his eyes on the splendour of the stars, uplifted a rusty evening-hymn right under his window; so that Franz might easily have carried on a conversation with him, which, for the sake of company, he would willingly have done, had he in the least expected that the watchman would make answer to him.

In a populous city, in the middle of a numerous household, where there is a hubbub equal to that of a bee-hive, it may form a pleasant entertainment for the thinker to philosophize on solitude, to decorate her as the loveliest playmate of the human spirit, to view her under all her advantageous aspects, and long for her enjoyment as for hidden treasure. But in scenes where she is no exotic, in the isle of Juan Fernandez, where a solitary eremite, escaped from shipwreck, lives with her through long years; or in the dreary night-time, in a deep wood, or in an old uninhabited castle, where empty walls and vaults awaken horror, and nothing breathes of life but the moping owl in the ruinous turret; there, in good sooth, she is not the most agreeable companion for the timid anchorite that has to pass his time in her abode, especially if he is every moment looking for the entrance of a spectre to augment the party. In such a case it may easily chance that a window conversation with the watchman shall afford a richer entertainment for the spirit and the heart, than a reading of the most attractive eulogy on solitude. If Ritter Zimmerman had been in Franz's place, in the castle of Rummelsburg, on the Westphalian marches, he would doubtless in this position have struck out the fundamental topics of as interesting a treatise on *Society*, as, inspired to all appearance by the irksomeness of some ceremonious assembly, he has poured out from the fulness of his heart in praise of *Solitude.*

Midnight is the hour at which the world of spirits acquires activity and life, when hebetated animal nature lies entombed in deep slumber. Franz inclined getting through this critical hour in sleep rather than awake; so he closed his window, went the rounds of his room once more, spying every nook and crevice, to see whether all was safe and earthly; snuffed the lights to make them burn clearer; and without undressing or delaying, threw himself upon his bed, with which his wearied person felt unusual satisfaction. Yet he could not get asleep so fast as he wished. A slight palpitation at the heart, which he ascribed to a tumult in the blood, arising from the sultriness of the day, kept him waking for a while; and he failed not to employ this respite in offering up such a pithy evening prayer as he had not prayed for many years. This produced the usual effect, that he softly fell asleep while saying it.

After about an hour, as he supposed, he started up with a sudden terror; a thing not at all surprising when there is tumult in the blood. He was broad awake: he listened whether all was quiet, and heard nothing but the clock strike twelve; a piece of news which the watchman forthwith communicated to the hamlet in doleful recitative. Franz listened for a while, turned on the other side, and was again about to sleep, when he caught, as it were, the sound of a door grating in the distance, and immediately it shut with a stifled bang. "Alack! alack!" bawled Fright into his ear; "this is the ghost in very deed!" "'Tis nothing but the wind," said Courage manfully. But quickly it came nearer, nearer, like the sound of heavy footsteps. Clink here, clink there, as if a criminal were rattling his irons, or as if the porter were walking about the castle with his bunch of keys. Alas, here was no wind business! Courage held his peace; and quaking Fear drove all the blood to the heart, and made it thump like a smith's forehammer.

The thing was now beyond jesting. If Fear would still have let Courage get a word, the latter would have put the terror-struck watcher in mind of his subsidiary treaty with mine host, and incited him to claim the stipulated assistance loudly from the window; but for this there was a want of proper resolution. The quaking Franz had recourse to the bed-clothes, the last fortress of the timorous, and drew them close over his ears, as bird ostrich sticks his head in the grass when he can no longer escape the huntsman. Outside it came along, door up, door to, with hideous uproar; and at last it reached the bed-room. It jerked sharply at the lock, tried several keys till it found the right one; yet the bar still held the door, till a bounce like a thunderclap made bolt and rivet start, and threw it wide open. Now stalked in a long lean man, with a black beard, in ancient garb, and with a gloomy countenance, his eyebrows hanging down in deep earnestness from his brow. Over his right shoulder he had a scarlet cloak, and on his head he wore a peaked hat. With a heavy step he walked thrice in silence up and down the chamber; looked at the consecrated tapers, and snuffed them that they might burn brighter. Then he threw aside his cloak, girded on a scissor-pouch which he had under it, produced a set of shaving-tackle, and immediately began to whet a sharp razor on the broad strap which he wore at his girdle.

Franz perspired in mortal agony under his coverlet; recommended himself to the keeping of the Virgin; and anxiously speculated on the object of this manœuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his throat or his beard. To his comfort, the goblin poured some water from a silver flask into a basin of silver, and with his skinny hand lathered the soap into a light foam; then set a chair, and beckoned with a solemn look to the quaking looker-on to come forth from his recess.

Against so pertinent a sign remonstrance was as bootless as it is against the rigorous commands of the Grand Turk when he transmits an exiled vizier to the angel of death, the Capichi Bashi with the silken cord, to take delivery of his head. The most rational procedure that can be adopted in this critical case is to comply with necessity, put a good face on a bad business, and with stoical composure let one's throat be noosed. Franz honoured the spectre's order; the coverlet began to move, he sprang sharply from his couch, and took the place pointed out to him on the seat. However strange this quick transition from the uttermost terror to the boldest resolution may appear, I doubt not but Moritz in his *Psychological Journal* could explain the matter till it seemed quite natural.

Immediately the goblin barber tied the towel about his shivering customer, seized the comb and scissors, and clipped off his hair and beard. Then he soaped him scientifically, first the beard, next the eyebrows, at last the temples and the hind-head; and shaved him from throat to nape, as smooth and bald as a death's-head. This operation finished, he washed his head, dried it clean, made his bow, and buttoned up his scissor-pouch, wrapped himself in his scarlet mantle, and made for departing. The consecrated tapers had burned with an exquisite brightness through the whole transaction; and Franz, by the light of them, perceived in the mirror that the shaver had changed him into a Chinese pagoda. In secret he heartily deplored the loss of his fair brown locks; yet now took fresh breath as he observed that with this sacrifice the account was settled, and the ghost had no more power over him.

So it was in fact; Redcloak went towards the door, silently as he had entered, without salutation or good-bye, and seemed entirely the contrast of his talkative guild-brethren. But scarcely was he gone three steps when he paused, looked round with a mournful expression at his well-served customer, and stroked the flat of his hand over his black bushy beard. He did the same a second time, and again just as he was in the act of stepping out at the door. A thought struck Franz that the spectre wanted something, and a rapid combination of ideas suggested that perhaps he was expecting the very service he himself had just performed.

As the ghost, notwithstanding his rueful look, seemed more disposed for banter than for seriousness, and had played his guest a scurvy trick, not done him any real injury, the panic of the latter had now almost subsided. So he ventured the experiment, and beckoned to the ghost to take the seat from which he had himself just risen. The goblin instantly obeyed, threw off his coat, laid his barber tackle on the table, and placed himself in the chair, in the posture of a man that wishes to be shaved. Franz carefully observed the same procedure which the spectre had observed to him, clipped his beard with the scissors, cropped away his hair, lathered his whole scalp, and the ghost all the while sat steady as a wig-block. The awkward journeyman came ill at handling the razor; he had never had another in his hand, and he shore the beard right against the hair, whereat the goblin made as strange grimaces as Erasmus's ape when imitating its master's shaving. Nor was the unpractised bungler himself well at ease, and he thought more than once of the sage aphorism, "What is not thy trade make not thy business;" yet he struggled through the task the best way he could, and scraped the ghost as bald as he himself was.

Hitherto the scene between the spectre and the traveller had been played pantomimically; the action now became dramatic. "Stranger," said the ghost, "accept my thanks for the service thou hast done me. By thee I am delivered from the long imprisonment which has chained me for three hundred years within these walls, to which my departed soul was doomed, till a mortal hand should consent to retaliate on me what I practised on others in my lifetime.

"Know that of old a reckless scorner dwelt within this tower, who took his sport on priests as well as laics. Count Hardman, such his name, was no philanthropist, acknowledged no superior and no law, but practised vain caprice and waggery, regarding not the sacredness of hospitable rights: the wanderer who came beneath his roof, the needy man who asked a charitable alms of him, he never sent away unvisited by wicked joke. I was his castle barber, still a willing instrument, and did whatever pleased him. Many a pious pilgrim, journeying past us, I allured with friendly speeches to the hall; prepared the bath for him, and when he thought to take good comfort, shaved him smooth and bald, and packed him out of doors. Then would Count Hardman, looking from the window, see with pleasure how the foxes' whelps of children gathered from the hamlet to assail the outcast, and to cry, as once their fellows to Elijah: 'Baldhead! Baldhead!' In this the scoffer took his pleasure, laughing with a devilish joy till he would hold his pot-paunch, and his eyes ran down with water.

"Once came a saintly man from foreign lands; he carried, like a penitent, a heavy cross upon his shoulder, and had stamped five nail-marks on his hands and feet and side; upon his head there was a ring of hair like to the crown of thorns. He called upon us here, requesting water for his feet and a small crust of bread. Immediately I took him to the bath to serve him in my common way; respected not the sacred ring, but shore it clean from off him. Then the pious pilgrim spoke a heavy malison upon me: 'Know, accursed man, that when thou diest, heaven, and hell, and purgatory's iron gate are shut against thy soul. As goblin it shall rage within these walls, till unrequired, unbid, a traveller come and exercise retaliation on thee.'

"That hour I sickened, and the marrow in my bones dried up; I faded like a shadow. My spirit left the wasted carcass, and was exiled to this castle, as the saint had doomed it. In vain I struggled for deliverance from the torturing bonds that fettered me to earth; for thou must know that when the soul forsakes her clay she panteth for her place of rest, and this sick longing spins her years to aeons, while in foreign elements she languishes for home. Now self-tormenting, I pursued the mournful occupation I had followed in my lifetime. Alas! my uproar soon made desolate this house. But seldom came a pilgrim here to lodge. And though I treated all like thee, no one would understand me, and perform, as thou, the service which has freed my soul from bondage. Henceforth shall no hobgoblin wander in this castle; I return to my long-wished-for rest. And now, young stranger, once again my thanks that thou hast loosed me! Were I keeper of deep-hidden treasures, they were thine; but wealth in life was not my lot, nor in this castle lies there any cash entombed. Yet mark my counsel. Tarry here till beard and locks again shall cover chin and scalp; then turn thee homewards to thy native town; and on the Weser-bridge of Bremen, at the time when day and night in autumn are alike, wait for a friend who there will meet thee, who will tell thee what to do, that it be well with thee on earth. If from the golden horn of plenty blessing and abundance flow to thee, then think of me; and ever as the day thou freedst me from the curse comes round, cause for my soul's repose three masses to be said. Now fare thee well. I go, no more returning."

With these words the ghost, having by his copiousness of talk satisfactorily attested his former existence as court-barber in the castle of Rummelsburg, vanished into air, and left his deliverer full of wonder at the strange adventure. He stood for a long while motionless, in doubt whether the whole matter had actually happened, or an unquiet dream had deluded his senses; but his bald head convinced him that here had been a real occurrence. He returned to bed, and slept, after the fright he had undergone, till the hour of noon. The treacherous landlord had been watching since morning, when the traveller with the scalp was to come forth, that he might receive him with jibing speeches under pretext of astonishment at his nocturnal adventure. But as the stranger loitered too long, and mid-day was approaching, the affair became serious; and mine host began to dread that the goblin might have treated his guest a little harshly, have beaten him to a jelly perhaps, or so frightened him that he had died of terror; and to carry his wanton revenge to such a length as this had not been his intention. He therefore rung his people together, hastened out with man and maid to the tower, and reached the door of the apartment where he had observed the light on the previous evening. He found an unknown key in the lock; but the door was barred within, for after the disappearance of the goblin, Franz had again secured it. He knocked with a perturbed violence, till the Seven Sleepers themselves would have awoke at the din. Franz started up, and thought in his first confusion that the ghost was again standing at the door to favour him with another call. But hearing mine host's voice, who required nothing more but that his guest would give some sign of life, he gathered himself up and opened the room.

With seeming horror at the sight of him, mine host, striking his hands together, exclaimed, "By heaven and all the saints! Redcloak" (by this name the ghost was known among them) "*has* been here, and has shaved you bald as a block! Now, it is clear as day that the old story is no fable. But tell me, how looked the goblin; what did he say to you? what did he do?"

Franz, who had now seen through the questioner, made answer: "The goblin looked like a man in a red cloak; what he did is not hidden from you, and what he said I well remember:

'Stranger,' said he, 'trust no innkeeper who is a Turk in grain. What would befal thee here he knew. Be wise and happy. I withdraw from this my ancient dwelling, for my time is run. Henceforth no goblin riots here; I now become a silent incubus to plague the landlord; nip him, tweak him, harrass him, unless the Turk do expiate his sin; do freely give thee food and lodging till brown locks again shall cluster round thy head.'"

The landlord shuddered at these words, cut a large cross in the air before him, vowed by the Holy Virgin to give the traveller free board so long as he liked to continue, led him over to his house, and treated him with the best. By this adventure Franz had well-nigh got the reputation of a conjurer, as the spirit thenceforth never once showed face. He often passed the night in the tower; and a desperado of the village once kept him company, without having beard or scalp disturbed. The owner of the place, having learned that Redcloak no longer walked in Rummelsburg, was, of course, delighted at the news, and ordered that the stranger, who, as he supposed, had laid him, should be well taken care of.

By the time when the clusters were beginning to be coloured on the vine, and the advancing autumn reddened the apples, Franz's brown locks were again curling over his temples, and he girded up his knapsack; for all his thoughts and meditations were turned upon the Weser-bridge, to seek the friend, who, at the behest of the goblin barber, was to direct him how to make his fortune. When about taking leave of mine host, that charitable person led from his stable a horse well saddled and equipped, which the owner of the castle had presented to the stranger, for having made his house again habitable; nor had the count forgot to send a sufficient purse along with it to bear its travelling charges: and so Franz came riding back into his native city, brisk and light of heart, as he had ridden out of it twelve months ago. He sought out his old quarters in the alley, but kept himself quite still and retired, only inquiring underhand how matters stood with the fair Meta, whether she was still alive and unwedded. To this inquiry he received a satisfactory answer, and contented himself with it in the meanwhile; for, till his fate were decided, he would not risk appearing in her sight, or making known to her his arrival in Bremen.

With unspeakable longing he waited the equinox; his impatience made every intervening day a year. At last the long-wished-for term appeared. The night before he could not close an eye, for thinking of the wonders that were coming. The blood was whirling and beating in his arteries, as it had done at the castle of Rummelsburg, when he lay in expectation of his spectre visitant. To be sure of not missing his expected friend, he rose by daybreak, and proceeded with the earliest dawn to the Weser-bridge, which as yet stood empty, and untrod by passengers. He walked along it several times in solitude, with that presentiment of coming gladness which includes in it the real enjoyment of all terrestrial felicity; for it is not the attainment of our wishes, but the undoubted hope of attaining them, which offers to the human soul the full measure of highest and most heartfelt satisfaction. He formed many projects as to how he should present himself to his beloved Meta, when his looked-for happiness should have arrived; whether it would be better to appear before her in full splendour, or to mount from his former darkness with the first gleam of morning radiance, and discover to her by degrees the change in his condition. Curiosity, moreover, put a thousand questions to Reason in regard to the adventure. Who can the friend be that is to meet me on the Weser-bridge? Will it be one of my old acquaintances, by whom, since my ruin, I have been entirely forgotten? How will he pave the way to me for happiness? And will this way be short or long, easy or toilsome? To the whole of which Reason, in spite of all her thinking and speculating, answered not a word.

In about an hour the bridge began to get awake; there was riding, driving, walking to and fro on it, and much commercial ware passing this way and that. The usual day-guard of beggars and importunate persons also by degrees took up this post, so favourable for their trade, to levy contributions on the public benevolence; for of poorhouses and workhouses the wisdom of the legislature had as yet formed no scheme. The first of the tattered cohort that applied for alms to the jovial promenader, from whose eyes gay hope laughed forth, was a discharged soldier, provided with the military badge of a timber leg, which had been lent him, seeing he had fought so stoutly in former days for his native country, as the recompense of his valour, with the privilege of begging where he pleased; and who now, in the capacity of physiognomist, pursued the study of man upon the Weser-bridge, with such success, that he very seldom failed in his attempts for charity. Nor did his exploratory glance in anywise mislead him in the present instance; for Franz, in the joy of his heart, threw a white engelgroschen into the cripple's hat.

During the morning hours, when none but the laborious artisan is busy, and the more exalted townsman still lies in sluggish rest, he scarcely looked for his promised friend; he expected him in the higher classes, and took little notice of the present passengers. About the council-hour, however, when the proceres of Bremen were driving past to the hall, in their gorgeous robes of office, and about exchange time, he was all eye and ear; he spied the passengers from afar, and when a right man came along the bridge his blood began to flutter, and he thought here was the creator of his fortune. Meanwhile hour after hour passed on; the sun rose high; ere long the noontide brought a pause in business; the rushing crowd faded away, and still the expected friend appeared not. Franz now walked up and down the bridge quite alone; had no society in view but the beggars, who were serving out their cold collations without moving from the place. He made no scruple to do the same; and, not being furnished with provisions, he purchased some fruit, and took his dinner *inter ambulandum.*

The whole club that was dining on the Weser-bridge had remarked the young man watching here from early morning till noon, without addressing any one, or doing any sort of business. They held him to be a lounger; and though all of them had tasted his bounty, he did not escape their critical remarks. In jest they had named him the bridge-bailiff. The physiognomist with the timber-toe, however, noticed that his countenance was not now so gay as in the morning; he appeared to be reflecting earnestly on something; he had drawn his hat close over his face; his movement was slow and thoughtful; he had nibbled at an apple-rind for some time, without seeming to be conscious that he was doing so. From this appearance of affairs the man-spier thought he might extract some profit; therefore he put his wooden and his living leg in motion, and stilted off to the other end of the bridge, and lay in wait for the thinker, that he might assail him, under the appearance of a new arrival, for a fresh alms. This invention prospered to the full: the musing philosopher gave no heed to the mendicant, put his hand into his pocket mechanically, and threw a six-groat piece into the fellow's hat, to be rid of him.

In the afternoon a thousand new faces once more came abroad. The watcher was now tired of his unknown friend's delaying, yet hope still kept his attention on the stretch. He stepped into the view of every passenger, hoped that one of them would clasp him in his arms; but all proceeded coldly on their way, the most did not observe him at all, and few returned his salute with a slight nod. The sun was already verging to decline, the shadows were becoming longer, the crowd upon the bridge diminished; and the beggar-piquet by degrees drew back into their barracks in the Mattenburg. A deep sadness sank upon the hopeless Franz when he saw his expectation mocked, and the lordly prospect which had lain before him in the morning vanish from his eyes at evening. He fell into a sort of sulky desperation; was on the point of springing over the parapet, and dashing himself down from the bridge into the river. But the thought of Meta kept him back, and induced him to postpone his purpose till he had seen her yet once more. He resolved to watch next day when she should go to church, for the last time to drink delight from her looks, and then forthwith to still his warm love for ever in the cold stream of the Weser.

While about to leave the bridge he was met by the invalided pikeman with the wooden leg, who, for pastime, had been making many speculations as to what could be the young man's object, that had made him watch upon the bridge from dawn to darkness. He himself had lingered beyond his usual time, that he might wait him out; but as the matter hung too long upon the pegs, curiosity incited him to turn to the youth himself, and question him respecting it.

"No offence, young gentleman," said he, "allow me to ask you a question."

Franz, who was not in a very talking humour, and was now meeting, from the mouth of a cripple, the address which he had looked for with such longing from a friend, answered rather testily, "Well, then, what is it? Speak, old graybeard!"

"We two," said the other, "were the first upon the bridge to-day, and now, you see, we are the last. As to me and others of my kidney, it is our vocation brings us hither, our trade of alms-gathering; but for you, in sooth you are not of our guild; yet you have watched here the whole blessed day. Now I pray you, tell me, if it is not a secret, what it is that brings you hither, or what stone is lying on your heart that you wished to roll away."

"What good were it to thee, old blade," said Franz bitterly, "to know where the shoe pinches me, or what concern is lying on my heart? It will give thee small care."

"Sir, I have a kind wish towards you, because you opened your hand to me, and twice gave me alms, for which God reward you; but your countenance at night was not so cheerful as in the morning, and that grieves my heart."

The kindly sympathy of this old warrior pleased the misanthrope, so that he willingly pursued the conversation.

"Why, then," answered he, "if thou wouldst know what has made me battle here all day with tedium, thou must understand that I was waiting for a friend, who appointed me hither, and now leaves me to expect in vain."

"Under favour," answered Timbertoe, "if I might speak my mind, this friend of yours, be he who he like, is little better than a rogue, to lead you such a dance. If he treated *me* so, by my faith, his crown should get acquainted with my crutch next time we met. If he could not keep his word he should have let you know, and not bamboozle you as if you were a child."

"Yet I cannot altogether blame this friend," said Franz, "for being absent; he did not promise; it was but a dream that told me I should meet him here."

The goblin tale was too long for him to tell, so he veiled it under cover of a dream.

"Ah! that is another story," said the beggar; "if you build on dreams it is little wonder that your hope deceives you. I myself have dreamed much foolish stuff in my time, but I was never such a madman as to heed it. Had I all the treasures that have been allotted to me in dreams, I might buy the city of Bremen, were it sold by auction. But I never credited a jot of them, or stirred hand or foot to prove their worth or worthlessness: I knew well it would be lost. Ha! I must really laugh in your face, to think that, on the order of an empty dream, you have squandered a fair day of your life, which you might have spent better at a merry banquet."

"The issue shows that thou art right, old man, and that dreams many times deceive. But," continued Franz, defensively, "I dreamed so vividly and circumstantially, above three months ago, that on this very day, in this very place, I should meet a friend, who would tell me things of the deepest importance, that it was well worth while to come and see if it would come to pass."

"O, as for vividness," said Timbertoe, "no man can dream more vividly than I. There is one dream I had, which I shall never in my life forget. I dreamed, who knows how many years ago, that my guardian angel stood before my bed in the figure of a youth, with golden hair, and two silver wings on his back, and said to me: 'Berthold, listen to the words of my mouth, that none of them be lost from thy heart. There is a treasure appointed thee which thou shalt dig, to comfort thy heart withal for the remaining days of thy life. To-morrow, about evening, when the sun is going down, take spade and shovel on thy shoulder; go forth from the Mattenburg on the right, across the Tieber, by the Balkenbrücke, past the cloister of St. John's, and on to the Great Roland. Then take thy way over the court of the cathedral, through the Schüsselkorb, till thou arrive without the city at a garden, which has this mark, that a stair of three stone steps leads down from the highway to its gate. Wait by a side, in secret, till the sickle of the moon shall shine on thee, then push with the strength of a man against the weak-barred gate, which will resist thee little. Enter boldly into the garden, and turn thee to the vine trellises which overhang the covered walk; behind this, on the left, a tall apple-tree overtops the lowly shrubs. Go to the trunk of this tree, thy face turned right against the moon; look three ells before thee on the ground, thou shalt see two cinnamon-rose bushes; there strike in, and dig three spans deep, till thou find a stone plate; under this lies the treasure, buried in an iron chest, full of money and money's worth. Though the chest be heavy and clumsy, avoid not the labour of lifting it from its bed; it will reward thy trouble well, if thou seek the key which lies hid beneath it.'"

In astonishment at what he heard, Franz stared and gazed upon the dreamer, and could not have concealed his amazement had not the dusk of night been on his side. By every mark in the description he had recognized his own garden, left him by his father. It had been the good man's hobby in his life; but on this account had little pleased his son, according to the rule that son and father seldom sympathize in their favourite pursuit, unless indeed it be a vice, in which case, as the adage runs, the apple often falls at no great distance from the trunk. Father Melchior had himself laid out this garden, altogether to his own taste, in a style as wonderful and varied as that of his great-great-grandson, who has immortalized his paradise by an original description in *Hirschfeldts Garden Calendar.* He had not, it is true, set up in it any painted menagerie for the deception of the eye; but he kept a very large one, notwithstanding, of springing-horses, winged-lions, eagles, griffins, unicorns, and other wondrous beasts, all stamped on pure gold, which he carefully concealed from every eye, and had hid in their iron case beneath the ground. This paternal Tempe the wasteful son, in the days of his extravagance, had sold for an old song.

To Franz the pikeman had at once become extremely interesting, as he perceived that this was the very friend to whom the goblin in the castle of Rummelsburg had consigned him. Gladly could he have embraced the veteran, and in the first rapture called him friend and father; but he restrained himself, and found it more advisable to keep his thoughts about this piece of news to himself. So he said, "Well, this is what I call a circumstantial dream. But what didst thou do, old master, in the morning, on awakening? Didst thou not follow whither thy guardian angel beckoned thee?"

"Pooh," said the dreamer, "why should I toil, and have my labour for my pains? It was nothing, after all, but a mere dream. If my guardian angel had a fancy for appearing to me, I have had enow of sleepless nights in my time, when he might have found me waking. But he takes little charge of me, I think, else I should not, to his shame, be going hitching here on a wooden leg."

Franz took out the last piece of silver he had on him: "There," said he, "old father, take this other gift from me, to get thee a pint of wine for evening-cup; thy talk has scared away my ill-humour. Neglect not diligently to frequent this bridge; we shall see each other here, I hope, again."

The lame old man had not gathered so rich a stock of alms for many a day as he was now possessed of; he blessed his benefactor for his kindness, hopped away into a drinking-shop to do himself a good turn; while Franz, enlivened with new hope, hastened off to his lodging in the alley.

Next day he got in readiness everything that is required for treasure-digging. The unessential equipments, conjurations, magic formulas, magic-girdles, hieroglyphic characters, and such like, were entirely wanting; but these are not indispensable, provided there be no failure in the three main requisites—shovel, spade, and, before all, a treasure underground. The necessary implements he carried to the place a little before sunset, and hid them for the meanwhile in a hedge; and as to the treasure itself, he had the firm conviction that the goblin in the castle and the friend on the bridge would prove no liars to him. With longing impatience he expected the rising of the moon, and no sooner did she stretch her silver horns over the bushes than he briskly set to work, observing exactly everything the invalid had taught him; and happily accomplished the raising of the treasure without meeting any adventure in the process, without any black dog having frightened him, or any bluish flame having lighted him to the spot.

Father Melchior, in providently burying this penny for a rainy day, had nowise meant that his son should be deprived of so considerable a part of his inheritance. The mistake lay in this, that death had escorted the testator out of the world in another way than said testator had expected. He had been completely convinced that he should take his journey, old and full of days, after regulating his temporal concerns with all the formalities of an ordinary sick-bed; for so it had been prophesied to him in his youth. In consequence he purposed, when, according to the usage of the church, extreme unction should have been dispensed to him, to call his beloved son to his bed-side, having previously dismissed all by-standers, there to give him the paternal blessing, and by way of farewell memorial direct him to this treasure buried in the garden. All this, too, would have happened in just order, if the light of the good old man had departed like that of a wick whose oil is done; but as death had privily snuffed him out at a feast, he undesignedly took along with him his mammon secret to the grave; and almost as many fortunate concurrences were required before the secreted patrimony could arrive at the proper heir, as if it had been forwarded to its address by the hand of Justice itself.

With immeasurable joy the treasure-digger took possession of the shapeless Spanish pieces, which, with a vast multitude of other finer coins, the iron chest had faithfully preserved. When the first intoxication of delight had in some degree evaporated, he bethought him how the treasure was to be transported, safe and unobserved, into the narrow alley. The burden was too heavy to be carried without help; thus, with the possession of riches, all the cares attendant on them were awakened. The new Crœsus found no better plan than to intrust his capital to the hollow trunk of a tree that stood behind the garden, in a meadow; the empty chest he again buried under the rose-bush, and smoothed the place as well as possible. In the space of three days the treasure had been faithfully transmitted by instalments from the hollow tree into the narrow alley; and now the owner of it thought he might with honour lay aside his strict incognito. He dressed himself with the finest; had his prayer displaced from the church, and required, instead of it, "A Christian thanksgiving for a traveller, on returning to his native town, after happily arranging his affairs." He hid himself in a corner of the church, where he could observe the fair Meta, without himself being seen; he turned not his eye from the maiden, and drank from her looks the actual rapture which in foretaste had restrained him from the breakneck somerset on the bridge of the Weser. When the thanksgiving came in hand, a glad sympathy shone forth from all her features, and the cheeks of the virgin glowed with joy. The customary greeting on the way homewards was so full of emphasis, that even to the third party who had noticed them it would have been intelligible.

Franz now appeared once more on the exchange; began a branch of trade which in a few weeks extended to the great scale; and as his wealth became daily more apparent, Neighbour Grudge, the scandal-chewer, was obliged to conclude, that in the cashing of his old debts he must have had more luck than sense. He hired a large house, fronting the Roland, in the market-place; engaged clerks and warehousemen, and carried on his trade unweariedly. Now the sorrowful populace of parasites again diligently handled the knocker of his door, appeared in crowds, and suffocated him with assurances of friendship and joy-wishings on his fresh prosperity; imagined they should once more catch him in their robber claws. But experience had taught him wisdom; he paid them in their own coin, feasted their false friendship on smooth words, and dismissed them with fasting stomachs; which sovereign means for scaring off the cumbersome brood of pickthanks and toad-eaters produced the intended effect, that they betook themselves elsewhither.

In Bremen, the remounting Melcherson had become the story of the day; the fortune which in some inexplicable manner he had realized, as was supposed, in foreign parts, was the subject-matter of all conversations at formal dinners, in the courts of justice, and at the exchange. But in proportion as the fame of his fortune and affluence increased, the contentedness and peace of mind of the fair Meta diminished. The friend *in petto* was now, in her opinion, well qualified to speak a plain word. Yet still his love continued dumb, and except the greeting on the way from church, he gave no tidings of himself. Even this sort of visit was becoming rarer; and such aspects were the sign not of warm, but of cold weather in the atmosphere of love. Jealousy, the baleful harpy, fluttered round her little room by night, and when sleep was closing her blue eyes, croaked many a dolorous presage into the ear of the re-awakened Meta. "Forego the flattering hope of binding an inconstant heart, which, like a feather, is the sport of every wind. He loved thee, and was faithful to thee, while his lot was as thy own: like only draws to like. Now a propitious destiny exalts the changeful far above thee. Ah! now he scorns the truest thoughts in mean apparel, now that pomp, and wealth, and splendour dazzle him once more; and courts, who knows what haughty fair one that disdained him when he lay among the pots, and now with siren call allures him back to her. Perhaps her cozening voice has turned him from thee, speaking with false words: 'For thee, God's garden blossoms in thy native town: friend, thou hast now thy choice of all our maidens; choose with prudence, not by the eye alone. Of girls are many, and of fathers many, who in secret lie in wait for thee; none will withhold his darling daughter. Take happiness and honour with the fairest, likewise birth and fortune. The councillor dignity awaits thee, where vote of friends is potent in the city.'"

These suggestions of Jealousy disturbed and tormented her heart without ceasing: she reviewed her fair contemporaries in Bremen, estimated the ratio of so many splendid matches to herself and her circumstances, and the result was far from favourable. The first tidings of her lover's change of situation had in secret charmed her, not in the selfish view of becoming participatress in a large fortune; but for her mother's sake, who had abdicated all hopes of earthly happiness ever since the marriage project with neighbour Hop-King had made shipwreck. But now poor Meta wished that Heaven had not heard the prayer of the church, or granted to the traveller any such abundance of success, but rather kept him by the bread and salt which he would willingly have shared with her.

The fair half of the species are by no means calculated to conceal an inward care. Mother Brigitta soon observed the trouble of her daughter, and, without the use of any great penetration, likewise guessed its cause. The talk about the re-ascending star of her former flax-negotiator, who was now celebrated as the pattern of an orderly, judicious, active tradesman, had not escaped her, any more than the feeling of the good Meta towards him; and it was her opinion that if he loved in earnest, it was needless to hang off so long, without explaining what he meant. Yet out of tenderness to her daughter, she let no hint of this discovery escape her, till at length poor Meta's heart became so full, that of her own accord she made her mother the confidant of her sorrow, and disclosed to her its true origin. The shrewd old lady learned little more by this disclosure than she knew already. But it afforded opportunity to mother and daughter for a full, fair, and free discussion of this delicate affair. Brigitta made her no reproaches on the subject; she believed that what was done could not be undone, and directed all her eloquence to strengthen and encourage the dejected Meta to bear the failure of her hopes with a steadfast mind.

With this view she spelled out to her the extremely reasonable moral, *a, b, ab;* discoursing thus: "My child, thou hast already said *a*, thou must now say *b* too; thou hast scorned thy fortune when it sought thee, now thou must submit when it will meet thee no longer. Experience has taught me that the most confident hope is the first to deceive us. Therefore, follow my example; abandon the fair cozener utterly, and thy peace of mind will no longer be disturbed by her. Count not on any improvement of thy fate, and thou wilt grow contented with thy present situation. Honour the spinning-wheel, which supports thee; what are fortune and riches to thee when thou canst do without them?"

Close on this stout oration followed a loud humming symphony of snap-reel and spinning-wheel, to make up for the time lost in speaking. Mother Brigitta was in truth philosophizing from the heart. After her scheme for the restoration of her former affluence had gone to ruin, she had so simplified the plan of her life that Fate could not perplex it any more. But Meta was still far from this philosophical centre of indifference; and hence this doctrine, consolation, and encouragement affected her quite otherwise than had been intended: the conscientious daughter now looked upon herself as the destroyer of her mother's fair hopes, and suffered from her own mind a thousand reproaches for this fault. Though she had never adopted the maternal scheme of marriage, and had reckoned only upon bread and salt in her future wedlock, yet on hearing of her lover's riches and spreading commerce, her diet-project had directly mounted to six plates; and it delighted her to think, that by her choice she should still realize her good mother's wish, and see her once more planted in her previous abundance.

This fair dream now vanished by degrees, as Franz continued silent. To make matters worse, there spread a rumour over all the city that he was furnishing his house in the most splendid fashion for his marriage with a rich Antwerp lady, who was already on her way to Bremen. This Job's-news drove the lovely maiden from her last defence; she passed on the apostate sentence of banishment from her heart, and vowed from that hour never more to think of him; and as she did so, wetted the twining thread with her tears.

In a heavy hour she was breaking this vow, and thinking, against her will, of the faithless lover; for she had just spun off a rock of flax, and there was an old rhyme which had been taught her by her mother for encouragement to diligence:

> Spin, daughterkin, spin,
> Thy sweetheart's within!"

which she always recollected when her rock was done; and along with it the memory of the deceitful necessarily occurred to her. In this heavy hour a finger rapped with a most dainty patter at the door. Mother Brigitta looked forth: the sweetheart was without. And who could it be? Who else but neighbour Franz from the alley? He had decked himself with a gallant wooing-suit, and his well-dressed, thick brown locks shook forth perfume. This stately decoration boded, at all events, something else than flax-dealing. Mother Brigitta started in alarm; she tried to speak, but words failed her. Meta rose in trepidation from her seat, blushed like a purple rose, and was silent. Franz, however, had the power of utterance; to the soft *adagio* which he had in former days trilled forth to her, he now appended a suitable text, and explained his dumb love in clear words. Thereupon he made solemn application for her to the mother; justifying his proposal by the statement that the preparations in his house had been meant for the reception of a bride, and that this bride was the charming Meta.

Franz provided comfortably for old Timbertoe, lived happily with his wife, and found Brigitta the most tolerable mother-in-law that has ever been discovered.

WEEP NO MORE.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

BY LORD BYRON.

[**Torquato Tasso**, born at Sorrento, 1544; died at Rome, 25th April, 1595. The author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, and one of the most celebrated of the Italian poets, was long confined, by order of the Duke Alfonso, in a part of the monastery of St. Anne, designed for lunatics. A traditionary story attributes this step to some extravagancy on the part of the poet, evincing an attachment to the Princess Leonora, the duke's sister, in whose praise he had written some impassioned verses.[1] The confinement is said to have aggravated a constitutional disposition to madness. "At Ferrara," says Lord Byron, in his advertisement to the following poem, "are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Jerusalem* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest with posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anne attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto.]

I.

Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear,
And eagle spirit of a child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-opened gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he has strengthened me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employed my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they called me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind:
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away;
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling, save the one, decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-laboured mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close;
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

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[1] Tasso's biographer, the Abate Serassi, has ascertained beyond doubt that the first cause of the poet's imprisonment was his desire to be occasionally or altogether free from servitude at the court of Alfonso. The suspicion of this desire, aggravated by a visit which Tasso made to Rome in 1575, caused the duke to refuse him admission to the court; and none of the many promises which had been given to him were fulfilled. Exasperated by this treatment, Tasso publicly uttered the wildest invectives against the duke and all the house of Este. He was thereupon consigned to prison. The silence of the Princess Leonora is attributed to her fear of the consequences to herself and her lover of any discovery of their passion. Tasso was released in 1586, and died in 1595. Byron wrote *The Lament* in 1817, after a day's visit to Ferrara.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor even men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our Stoical success?
No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquench'd is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gathered lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipped at holy distance, and around
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above!
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass—
I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
My star stood still before thee:—if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee.*
The very love which lock'd me to my chain
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
And then I lost my being, all to be
Absorbed in thine; the world was past away;
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all solitude—but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave.
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—*mine* is *here,*
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky;
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but Man,
But Spirits may be leagued with them—all Earth
Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words,'—tis that I would not die,
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,—
Adores thee still; and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But *Thou*—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

THE GARDENS OF ARMIDA.[1]

BY TORQUATO TASSO.

Still lakes of silver, streams that murm'ring crept,
Hills, on whose sloping brows the sunbeams slept,
Luxuriant trees, that various forms display'd,
And valleys, grateful with refreshing shade,
Herbs, flow'rets gay with many a gaudy dye,
And woods, and arching grottoes met their eye.
What more than all enhanc'd those beauties rare,
Though art was all in all, no signs of art were there:
Seem'd as if nature reign'd in every part,
Such easy negligence was mixed with art;
Nature herself, in frolic, might appear
To imitate her imitator here.
'Twas magic's spell call'd forth the genial breeze,
That fill'd with pregnant life the bursting trees;
Eternal bloom they yield, eternal fruit,
The fruitage rip'ning while the blossoms shoot.
The self-same tree on one o'erloaded twig
Bears the full-ripen'd and the nascent fig;
The apple hanging on one bow is seen
In ev'ry shade of golden and of green.
Where most the genial sun the garden cheer'd
Creeping aloft, the luscious vine appear'd;
Here clusters crude, there yellower grapes it bore,
Or ruby-red, and rich with nectar'd store.
Unnumber'd birds, the leafy boughs among,
Trill'd the wild music of their wanton song.
Murmur'd the undulating air around;
The rills, the leafy grots return'd the sound,
As loud or low the quiv'ring zephyrs rung:
When ceas'd the birds, an echo deep they flung,
But when the feather'd choir restored their lay,
The echo, gently whisp'ring, died away:
Or chance the concert made, or art design'd,
Each swelling song the music-breathing wind
Alternate answer'd, and alternate join'd.
Amid the rest one beauteous warbler flew
With purple bill, and plumes of various hue,
His pliant voice assum'd the human tone,
Each note, the shrill, the soft, the deep, his own.
With wond'rous skill, mellifluous, loud, and long,
Surpassing all belief, he pour'd his song.
Their meaner strains his list'ning fellows clos'd;
The whisp'ring winds grew silent, and repos'd:
"'Behold how, bursting from its covert, blows
With virgin blushes deck'd, the modest rose;

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[1] From the *Jerusalem Delivered*, translated by the Rev. J. H. Hunt. "We do not know that these lines ever appeared in so graceful an English dress before."—*Quarterly Review.*

With half her beauties hid, and half reveal'd
More lovely still she seems, the more conceal'd.
Grown bolder soon, her bosom she displays
All naked to the winds; then soon decays,
And seems the same enchanting flow'r no more,
Which youths and virgins fair admir'd before.
Thus transient and ephem'ral fades away
The flow'r, the verdure, of man's short-lived day;
And though the year bring back the vernal hour,
No more his verdure blooms, no more his flow'r.
Cull we the rose, while laughs the auspicious morn
Of that bright day, which must no more return:
Cull we the rose; love's transports let us prove,
While love may answer and reward our love.'
He ceas'd; with one accord the feather'd throng
Join'd in applausive chorus to his song,
The playful doves renew'd their am'rous kiss;
Each living thing was melted into bliss.
Seem'd as th' unbending oak, the laurel chaste,
And ev'ry tree amid that flow'ry waste,
Seem'd as the earth, the waves, imbib'd the charm,
And lifeless Nature's self with love grew warm."

A POET'S ROMANCE.

[**James Sheridan Knowles**, born at Cork, Ireland, 1784; died 1st December, 1862. Actor, lecturer, dramatist, novelist, and Baptist minister. It is as a dramatist his fame will live longest. He wrote upwards of twenty plays, of which the best known are:—*Virginius* (see *Library*, vol. ii. p. 253); *William Tell; The Hunchback: The Love Chase; The Wife*, a tale of Mantua; and *Love*. His novels are: *Fortescue; George Lovell; The Rock of Rome;* and *The Idol Demolished by its own Priest*. He contributed largely to the annuals and other periodicals. "His strength lies in home-bred affections," wrote Allan Cunningham; "his *Virginius*, his *Beggar's Daughter*, and his *Wife of Mantua*, all bear evidence of this, and contain scenes of perfect truth and reality, such as no modern dramatist surpasses. He touches the heart and is safe" The following little romance has been evidently suggested by incidents in the life of the poet Tasso.]

Bright was the saloon of the ducal palace. It had been a fete-day. At the head of the apartment sat its princely master; around it were distributed in groups the shining company; the buzz of satisfaction filled it. A Frenchman and one of the courtiers held each other in converse. Surprise was painted upon the countenance of the former.

"The fairest woman in Padua," he exclaimed, "without a lover!—I mean an accepted one, for all Italy rings with the praises of the lovely Victoria—'Tis very strange! Has she not a heart?"

"If she has, signor, it is yet to be found; nor is the search an easy one—at least if we take into account the many accomplished cavaliers who have failed in it."

"She seems a very scornful lady."

"She is so."

"And yet," resumed the other, "her form and countenance are the very mould of sweetness!"

"You read her to admiration, signor," replied the courtier. "Till the age of sixteen she was the soul of frankness and simple bearing; then, however, a mood came on, the fruit of which you see. Upon that face, which used to be nothing but sun, the cloud which then settled has remained for the last three years without moving. Observe the cavalier who approaches her with a basket of fruit. He is the son of the Duke of Milan, and a candidate for the honour of her hand. Mark, I pray you, how she will receive him:—there are wages for a prince to play the lacquey for!"

"Wages, indeed! Methinks the haughty bow with which she declines his attentions should be sufficient to extinguish his love."

"Nay, signor," resumed the courtier, "frost, you know, makes the fire burn brighter."

"And yet, if, after all," exclaimed the other, as if a thought had suddenly struck him—"if, after all, that very suitor should be the object of her choice! I have met with as strange a thing. He hath a truly princely presence!"

"And a princely heart and mind, signor! with endowments of a corresponding quality. He is every way her match, saving that the lady is not more haughty than the gentleman is affable. The youth who approaches her now is the bearer, I suspect, of a message to her from the duke, with whom I remarked him a moment ago conversing. Observe how she will receive him—as I expected, she neither lifts her eyes nor gives any other notice of recognition. Ha! she rises and approaches her harp; the duke has doubtless desired her to sing. Now shall you hear music, signor! If she freezes you with her looks she will melt you with her voice."

A prelude arose from the harp, such as one would imagine a seraph in adoration to awaken. The strain which that prelude introduced was accompanied by the lady in the following verses:—

"She lived a nun!—no convent wall
Entomb'd her; she was *woman*—all
That man in woman seeks!—not one
More fond; and yet she lived a nun!

"She lived a nun for love! Her soul
Had met a kindred one—her whole
Of wishes—hopes—the maid had given
To him who own'd that soul—and Heaven.

"And was the maid beloved again?
She was!—alas! beloved in vain.
Unbless'd, he died; unwed, though won,
The maid for love who lived a nun!"

"Lorenzo," cried the duke, when the strain was over, "I like your verses the better the oftener I hear them. I requested you yesterday evening, when the countess tried them first, to transcribe for me the legend which suggested them. Have you done so?"

"I have, so please you, my liege," replied the young man, presenting a paper.

"Read it for us," said the duke.

The young poet obeyed. His story was one of unfortunate love, the hero being vowed to the altar before he discovered his passion for the heroine. When he had first awakened to a consciousness of his attachment, Theodore had struggled against it; but being alone with her one day, love conquered: he told Amelia all that he had suffered, and how he lived only in her. He learned, then, that her heart was devoted to him. But he was a priest; his vows were irrevocable—their union was impossible. They bowed to their fate with sad but true hearts. He tried honestly to fulfil the duties to which he had pledged himself; she resolved to be faithful to him, took the veil, and to her last hour cherished the hope of union hereafter with her first love.

The duke applauded the legend, and directed Lorenzo to present it to the countess. She took it without the slightest acknowledgment, and handed it to one of her ladies who stood near her.

"Hard treatment for the poor poet," remarked the Frenchman.

"Yes; she treats him the worst of all. It is not pride, but absolute aversion with which she appears to regard him. His humble fortunes—for though he is distantly related to the duke, he is merely a dependent—seem to convert his merits into offences, as things he has no right to. Praise him to her, and you will learn to estimate the value of a gracious look."

"A most ungenerous and contradictory nature," exclaimed the Frenchman; "yet the poor poet is in love—and the object of his passion is the haughty countess! I never saw adoration if I do not see it now. Her frowns—her spurnings are lost upon him. He sees nothing but her charms!"

On the following morning Lorenzo was summoned to a private interview with the duke.

On this occasion the duke seemed to partake more of his niece's spirit than he was wont to do. There was a frigid distance in his manner of addressing the young man.

"Lorenzo," said the duke, "which of my niece's ladies could you fancy for a wife?"

"My liege!" ejaculated Lorenzo, gazing upon the duke with a countenance in which astonishment and incredulity were blended. The duke repeated his question.

"None of them, my lord," replied Lorenzo. "I shall never marry."

"You shall marry to-night," coolly rejoined the duke. "Lorenzo," continued he, "I have reasons for wishing you to take a wife—reasons which justify me in enforcing obedience to my wish. The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré, I know, admires you. Her father, with whom I had a conversation last night, approves of you—the match is agreeable to me. It is necessary for purposes of state, with the nature of which I may probably make you acquainted hereafter. Be acquiescence your only reply; I shall take no other—listen to no other. Give me that, and you shall bind me to the making of your fortune; refuse it, and thank yourself for the consequences. You are not a stranger to the extent of my power—you have *witnessed* what it is to feel the weight of my resentment. Beware that you do not experience it in your own person—reply not now." The duke guessed what Lorenzo was going to say—it was written on the young man's face. "Reply not now; but, mark me. I shall give orders for the nuptials to take place at nine to-night; for a quarter of an hour I shall wait in the library the result of your deliberations; at the expiration of that time, your presence or your absence be your answer."

The duke strode from the closet, leaving Lorenzo motionless and speechless. It was several minutes before the astounded poet recovered himself.

"Marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré!" he exclaimed aloud. "Never!" he added, turning to leave the apartment: the countess was standing at the door—What a moment to encounter the haughty glance and stately carriage of the scornful lady! It was true the poet loved her;—for many a year had he cherished his passion in secret; against the hope—against the probability of its being blessed—not always though. She had been kind to him when she used to be courteous to all; but once being accidentally alone with him—when his overfraught heart was throbbing full and quick—bursting as it were for vent—in an unguarded moment—without premeditation—almost without being conscious of what he did, he had snatched her to his breast, and profaned with a kiss the lips which, until then, had been strangers to salutation so forward and so warm. Meeting with no resistance, the idea flashed across his mind that he did not love alone or unrepaid. He drew back, to gaze upon, and read the lovely face which had just been so close to his own, and to declare his passion. That face was white with terror—he felt that the frame which his arms encircled was trembling; in a moment he was at her feet. "Pardon me," he exclaimed; when a sudden change in the expression of her countenance paralyzed him, and prevented him from proceeding. Terror was displaced by disdain—the withering spirit of pride and scorn was seated on her brow, and never after, when the poet dared to lift his eye to that unrivalled throne, did he behold it filled by other occupant.

The countess slowly advanced into the apartment, her eye fixed coldly yet piercingly upon Lorenzo, who, bowing as he passed her, proceeded towards the door.

"Stop, signor," haughtily commanded the lady—Lorenzo turned. "Heard I you rightly?" she continued. "Said you just now that you would never marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré?"

"Yes."

"Yes!" echoed the countess; "and pray, signor, when was your union with that lady first contemplated?"

"This very hour—almost this very minute!" was his reply.

"And by whom?" interrogated the lady.

"By the duke."

"By the duke?" re-echoed the countess, drawing her fair figure up till it towered again. "The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré is mightily the debtor of the duke."

A chair stood near her, that which the duke had just quitted—she took it, and sat, inclining slightly backwards; her fair arms covered, yet not hidden, but revealed by sleeves of the filmiest gauze—enfolding one another; her eyes fixed upon vacancy; her countenance overcast with thought; save that now and then it was lighted up with a flash of scorn, that shot across it like voiceless lightning playing in a sky of silvery twilight.

"And so you would decline the honour of such an alliance!" remarked she, at last, contemptuously."

"I have done so."

"And the duke——" she stopped short.

"Persists," said the poet; "and has appointed to-night for our nuptials."

"He is in haste to do you honour," said the lady, and paused again. "Be you in haste," she resumed; "make up your mind to abide by wiser counsels; you must—you will. The lady is fair—accomplished—a mate for higher state and fortune. Be wise and marry her."

"Never!" emphatically ejaculated Lorenzo. The countess smiled ineffable contempt.

The poet gazed upon her. The contrast between the glow of his heart and the coldness of hers was too much for him. It unmanned him—the tears started into his eyes, and at length began to trickle down his cheeks—he stood silent. The countess raised her eyes to his face, and dropped them again, as if for the first time a touch of compassion had moved her. At this moment an attendant entered, and presented a letter to Lorenzo.

"Withdraw," said the countess, "till he reads it."

Lorenzo read the letter. The duke's escritoire stood open upon the table—without pausing a moment, he sat down, wrote the answer, and rose to summon the attendant.

"Stop," said the countess; "show me the duke's letter." Lorenzo obeyed. She read it. Therein the duke repeated his wishes, demanded instant compliance with them, and in case of disobedience, threatened the offender with the loss of liberty. The countess re-folded the letter, returned it, and went out of the apartment.

"I knew it," she cried, on entering the closet again, after the lapse of about a minute; "there are those without who are ready and able to put my uncle's threat into execution. Your answer, signor," added she.

Lorenzo handed it to the countess—one word was all that it contained—"Never"—yet seemed it as if the countess could not interpret the poet's reply. She looked alternately at the letter and its writer.

"You are much too bold," she at length exclaimed, resuming her seat.

"I am!—I am!" responded Lorenzo, throwing himself before her on his knee. The countess made an effort, as if she was about to rise, but he was desperate. He caught her by the hand and forcibly detained her—declared his passion—detailed his struggles with it—his hopelessness of overcoming it—his readiness to encounter imprisonment, slavery, death! rather than do violence to it, by espousing another—acknowledged his utter unworthiness of meeting a return, although if love alone were the coin that ought to purchase love, man could not pay down the sum for hers that he could! Yet her compassion he might presume to challenge: surely it was hard that she should deny it where most it was needed. Vehemently he pleaded for that—his eye—his cheek lit up with the passion which prompted him—his voice thrilling with it—his tears avouching all he uttered. He concluded, still retaining his humble posture. The countess's eyes, which at the commencement of his address had sternly encountered his, were now cast down. The hand which, at first, had struggled to release itself from his grasp, now lay unresistingly within it. It seemed as if the spirit of sweet ruth had returned to its proper biding-place—the soft and heaving bosom whence it had been so long excluded! A tear—a tear, the poet thought, stood trembling on the verge of the rich lid that veiled her eye, and was upon the point of falling! Could he believe it?—Yes. It trickled down her cheek!

"You pity me!" he cried. "You pity me!—I ask no other boon!—I make no merit of forbearance!—I know 'twere vain to look for any other! Welcome then the dungeons of the chateau!—welcome the bench of the galley! To the one or the other I know the duke can doom me. No matter to which!"

The answer to the duke's letter had fallen from the countess's hand. He picked it up, rose from his knee, and approached the door.

"Signor," said the countess.

He stopped and turned round—again his stern mistress stood before him. Not a vestige of her late relenting could he trace—save that it seemed as if scorn could not at once usurp the seat which pity had so recently occupied. She bent her eyes upon him, with an expression as if she had formed some fixed purpose, and was upon the point of executing it.

"Give me a proof that you love me," said the lady.

"Name it!" exclaimed the poet.

"Swear," said the countess, "by that love, that you will perform what I am about to ask."

"I swear it!" said Lorenzo, sinking upon his knee, and stretching his hand appealingly towards heaven.

"Write to the duke that you consent to marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré," said the countess.

Conceive how the poet looked as he dropped the witness-invoking hand, and stared in astonishment and stupor upon the collected countenance of her who had doomed him! It was too much for the inexorable lady herself to encounter; she dropped her eyes, and in silence awaited his answer. He uttered none—save what might be construed from a sigh—deep—long-drawn—and convulsive. Slowly he arose—approached the escritoire—wrote the consent—and left the room, half closing the door after him. Scarcely had he proceeded a pace or two when he thought he heard a sob. He stopped, turned, and without knowing wherefore, re-entered the apartment, but only in time to catch a glimpse of the fair figure of the countess vanishing through a portal that opened into another room. He looked for the paper upon which he had just been writing. It lay no longer on the escritoire.

"She has made all sure!" exclaimed the poet to himself, retracing his steps.

Descending the staircase, on the first landing he encountered the attendant who had brought the duke's letter. He was in company with several of his fellows, and informed the poet that it was their instructions to conduct him forthwith to their master. Lorenzo accompanied them to the library, where it was the duke's custom to pass the first two hours of the forenoon. He was now there—Lorenzo's consent was in his hand. The countess had lost no time: "Hate does its work as quick as love!" thought the poet to himself.

"'Tis well," said the duke; "your nuptials then take place at nine to-night. Prepare for them. I know your sense of honour," continued he courteously, "and I implicitly confide in it. You are at liberty. Nor foot nor eye shall track your movements. Remember at nine to-night! You care for your word!"

"More than I do for my life!" emphatically and pointedly rejoined the poet, and retired.

The poet was admired by the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—but he was beloved by another. A sequestered, natural alcove, in a remote and unfrequented part of the domain, was the spot whither it was the custom of the smitten fair one to resort and give vent to the passion which consumed her. Thither she retired that day.

Upon a rude couch, which a hillock presented, lay stretched that day the form of a maid, beauteous as eye ever feasted on!—formed for all the joys of love, yet writhing with all its pangs. Her tears had been flowing till they could flow no longer. Even the sob that succeeds the ecstasy of suffering was subsiding.

The maid started—she heard a footstep. She was on the point of plunging into the thicket to conceal herself, but it was too late.

"I have found you!" exclaimed a soft, sweet voice, and Victoria—not the countess, but her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—entered the alcove. "I am come to consult you about my wedding-dress. Brides should be fine, you know, and I always prefer your taste to my own——Why, what in the name of wonder is the matter?" continued she, checking the voluble strain in which she was running on, upon observing that the other stood with her back towards her, without appearing to notice what she said. "Nay, but I *will* know!" cried the frank, kind girl, and catching her by the waist, bent round, and looked up in her face. "Mercy!" she exclaimed, "you have been weeping?"

"Leave me," implored the other; "alas! that you, of all the palace, should have found me here, and thus."

"And wherefore not!" ejaculated Victoria with surprise, "who so fit? Who loves you as well as I do? Who would do so much to save you from suffering—to soothe you—to make you happy?"

"Happy!" echoed the other, laughing hysterically, "I shall never be happy; no one can ever make me happy—and you last of all! Forgive me," continued she; "I know that you love me—I know that you would do aught you could to serve me, but it is beyond your power. Leave me, Victoria; what you have witnessed, I know you will never disclose. Leave me; I am very, very miserable."

"I will not leave you," said Victoria, calmly; "you have a secret trouble, and I will never quit you till you tell me what it is."

"Why should I damp your happiness?" replied the forlorn one. "No! you shall wear nothing but smiles upon your wedding-day. Why should it be otherwise with the bride of the noblest man in Italy?"

"The noblest man in Italy!" reiterated the friend.

"In worth, I mean—genius—soul—honour—not to speak of feature and person; and even in those it would not be an easy thing to find his match in Italy."

Victoria stared upon her friend. Both for a time were silent.

"I know your secret!" at length exclaimed the former.

"You know my secret?"

"Yes; you told it me a month ago with your own lips."

"On what occasion?" inquired the alarmed and astonished maid.

"When we slept together, after the ball."

"I told it you with my own lips?"

"Yes; when you were unconscious of what you did. 'Twas in your sleep. I heard a sobbing which awakened me; it came from you. Your cheek lay close to mine; I found that it was drenched with tears. Your lips were murmuring something—breathless, I listened, and heard the name——"

"Stop!" interrupted the other, with a face and neck of crimson, "breathe it not to the air! You are wrong—you are right! No matter; you will be a bride to-night—to-night you will be married to the man you love."

"I never loved," replied the fair Victoria; "I love not him you speak of. I admire him—I like him, and feel no scruple in complying with the duke's wishes; but never did I think of him as a lover until he was named to me as such; and now, methinks, I should feel happier were he about to become *your* husband. It would be the saving of many a tear to the eyes of my friend; for what I only surmised before, I am convinced of now. Come, there is no use in withholding the avowal of it; come, confess you love Lorenzo."

"Generous girl!" replied the mourner; "and so not even to myself would you, till now, reveal what my unconscious lips betrayed to you? Do you want a confirmation of the truth of what you suspected? Then take it—behold it! Would you know your friend? Needs she tell you what has changed her? Would you ask her, were she the bride of Lorenzo, if she would love her lord?"

"Hush! I hear footsteps," whispered Victoria. Both listened in breathless suspense. "They stop—the person has turned; I'll follow, and direct those feet, whosesoe'er they are, into a different track. Compose yourself as quickly as you can. Hie to your chamber; thither will I repair in half an hour from this; there we can discourse without the dread of interruption." Away flew the maid; ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed the mourner followed her.

The duke apprehending, and no wonder, that Lorenzo's repugnance to the match would betray itself, had resolved that the nuptials should be private. His niece he would have permitted to attend; but the haughty lady returned an answer, in which she declined to avail herself of the privilege. The hour of nine drew near. The duke repaired to the chapel. The holy man and his assistant were the only persons whom he found there. Advancing towards the altar, as he passed the ducal pew, he heard a half-suppressed groan. It came from the poet, who was kneeling at the seat where the countess performed her devotions.

"Lorenzo," whispered the duke.

The young man started up, and turned upon him a countenance in which agony was depicted.

"I am here, my liege," replied Lorenzo, solemnly, "I am come to perform my promise."

"'Tis well," said the duke; "you see I have contrived that your nuptials shall be private. Not even the father of your bride shall be present—a matter of imperative moment has called him from Padua. Nor shall I tax you with mirth or feasting; until the hour of rest you shall pass the time with me in my closet, where I shall detail to you the plans which I have already formed for your prosperity: your bride shall keep company with her maidens —— But they might have lighted the chapel better," remarked the duke, "though I can see more than I wish to see," added he, looking at Lorenzo, "yet it is but imperfectly that I distinguish your features."

Footsteps were heard—the bride was approaching. She entered, timidly veiled, supported by her bridemaid and another female friend, and slowly approached the altar. The duke instinctively turned his eyes upon Lorenzo, and saw that it was with difficulty he could stand—he was tottering.

"One effort," whispered the duke, "and I am bound to you immeasurably and for ever—my all depends upon you!"

"I shall keep my word," replied the young man in an undertone, but with an accent which left but little doubt as to the cost at which that word must be kept.

"Proceed!" said the duke to his chaplain.

The ceremony commenced—proceeded—was concluded. In murmurs, scarcely audible, the bride delivered the repetitions and responses. During a ceremony, under the most auspicious circumstances trying to a woman, she received, indeed, but little support from the demeanour of the bridegroom, whose words fell upon the ear

> Like voice of augury foreboding woe.

"Come, Lorenzo," said the duke, "attend me to my closet."

"In a moment," replied the young man, and placing in the hand of the bride a paper which he took from his bosom, precipitately retired with his patron.

Two hours did the duke and the poet remain together. Not an argument that his ingenuity could suggest did the former fail to employ, in the hope of reconciling Lorenzo to his destiny. The young man listened in silence. Wealth, preferment, honours were promised him, but nothing could dispel the despondency which had taken entire possession of his soul. At length the clock chimed the first quarter of the midnight hour. The duke arose—rang—the summons was promptly obeyed.

"Conduct Signor Lorenzo to his chamber," said the duke. Lorenzo mechanically followed the attendant.

He entered the anteroom adjoining the bridal chamber. The door was closed after him by the attendant. His bride was there, attired as in the chapel. She had not even removed her veil, which so effectually concealed her countenance, that her thoughts could not be inferred from its workings. As soon as the sound of the attendant's receding footsteps ceased, she arose, and pointing to a paper which lay upon a table that was near her, retired by the door by which the bridegroom had entered. Lorenzo hastily opened the paper—its contents amazed him. Thus they ran:—

"I honour your feelings, little as they flatter her whom the duke did not deem unworthy of your hand. I have obeyed you, and refrained from entering the chamber which I know you regard with abhorrence. I have anticipated you; you mean to fly this night from Padua. At midnight a conveyance will be in readiness, and you shall be accompanied by a person who will not betray you, and who is provided with ample means to meet the exigencies of your flight. At the appointed hour repair to the gate of the palace. You shall find no stop, no difficulty, no disappointment."

"Most generous of women!" exclaimed Lorenzo; "would that I could love you!"

The second chime!—the third!—the fourth!—The hour of midnight struck! he descended. His bride—his slighted bride—had kept her word! Each door that might have arrested his progress yielded to him. He found himself in the open air. He turned to look once more upon the palace—he raised his eyes to the window of the countess. How his heart throbbed at the sight of the fair form that was leaning out of it! though seen but indistinctly, for there was no light except what the stars afforded. He thought she waved an arm to him as if to urge his flight. She did so. Could she be aware of what had taken place? He knelt—he breathed her name—he invoked a blessing upon it. She vanished—he rose and fled.

The palace gate opened to him. A vehicle and four was in waiting; he sprang into it. His promised companion was beside him. In a moment the wheels were in motion, and furious was the rate at which they revolved. Within a mile, however, of the first stage a smart tap was heard at the window. 'Twas opened.

"We are pursued!" whispered a horseman.

"Pursued!" exclaimed a voice that made Lorenzo's heart leap as it would bound out of his bosom.

"Yes; they are gaining upon us. I know them by their lights—you can see them half a mile behind, descending the hill."

"Stop, and let us out!" exclaimed Lorenzo's companion.

The vehicle no sooner stopped than it was empty.

"Now, drive on—you are safe! You know you have the duke's warrant for what you have done." The deserted vehicle proceeded. "Hush! and follow me," continued the same voice, addressing Lorenzo. He obeyed. They dived into a forest that skirted the road. Dark as the night was they threaded rapidly the mazes of the woody labyrinth till failing respiration commanded a pause.

"I must stop, Lorenzo," said his companion.

"The countess!" exclaimed the youth.

"Thy bride!" replied the countess, and sank into his arms, hanging with her own upon his neck.

It had been a contest between love and pride. The first bold act of the poet, when his passion mastered his discretion, discovered to the countess the interest which he had created in her heart; and at the same time presented to her in their full magnitude the impediments to their union, arising from the wide disparity of rank. In a moment she resolved to conquer her attachment; and, as the most effectual means of doing so, she ever after sedulously cultivated the sentiment that was hostile to it. 'Tis strange that the mood which a valued object excites is not unfrequently indulged in towards all besides. Hence the gentle Prince of Milan fared no better than the humble poet. But what she thought to eradicate was daily taking deeper root. She felt it, yet she endeavoured not to believe it. The secret was discovered by the duke, and the cause of the countess's repugnance to matrimony was, at last, apparent. If it were possible to remove that cause, it struck the duke that to affiance Lorenzo to another was the means. The poet's marriage with the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré was consequently resolved upon. The lady was consulted—was indifferent—consented—communicated to the countess the intention of the duke. Now was the time for an effort—she made that effort; collected all her pride, repaired to the closet of the duke, and triumphed; but the fruits of her victory were the repentance and despair which stretched her exhausted and almost lifeless along the hillock where the appointed bride had found her. Her secret, before conjectured, was now confessed; her suffering was apparent; the remedy suggested—urged—adopted. The countess was substituted for her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré.

A gloomy, stately man stood leaning against the trunk of a tree. Before him lay two that slept. He gazed upon them, meditating. At a distance a group of attendants was in waiting. A name, uttered unconsciously in accents of melting tenderness, awakened one of the sleepers. An eye, radiant as love's own star, opened. A cheek, a moment before as pale as alabaster, at once grew crimson red!—yet was it not raised from the breast which had served it for its pillow, nor withdrawn from another cheek, the consciousness of whose close neighbourhood had changed its hue.

"It is day!—It is day!" murmured a voice of dulcet tone. "Awake!—Awake! Let us continue our flight!"

The magic sounds were heard and obeyed. The eyes of the slumberer burst with a flash of transport from the spell that bound them—but soon their light began to fade as they started from the face on which they had opened, and stood glaring upon some object of aversion and alarm.

"Merciful Providence! what gaze you at?"

The arms of the speaker were gently disengaged by the object addressed, whom they surrounded; and both simultaneously sprang upon their feet.

"My uncle!" exclaimed the countess; and, clasping Lorenzo again, hid her face in his bosom.

"I will resign her only with my life!" said Lorenzo, as his rapier flew from its scabbard.

"Sheathe your sword, young man," said the duke. "I know you are not to blame, I feel no resentment towards you. The affair is an untoward one; but as it cannot be remedied, we must even make the best of it. I acknowledge you as the husband of my niece. You will have no objection to accompany me to Padua."

The duke motioned to his attendants, who instantly led the way. The party soon regained the road, where two carriages—the duke's own and that in which the lovers fled—were in waiting. The latter found, to their amazement, that instead of penetrating deeper into the forest they had wandered back almost to the place at which they had entered it, and there had reclined to rest themselves, overpowered with fatigue and watching. The duke commanded the door of his own carriage to be opened, desiring Lorenzo to hand the countess in. Lorenzo obeyed, and then stepped back.

"No," said the duke, "you shall not be separated from your bride; I shall ride in the other carriage." An hour and little more conveyed them to the palace, to which they were admitted by a private entrance.

"Repair to your respective chambers," said the duke; "refresh yourselves, change your attire, and be ready to obey my summons. You shall be presented, as man and wife, to my friends and household."

The duke kept his word. Before his friends and his household he acknowledged Lorenzo as the husband of the countess; and leading the way to the banqueting-room placed the one on his right hand and the other on his left, at the head of the table. The Prince of Milan had quitted the palace.

The evening was a joyous one—dancing, music—all the appliances and means of festivity. At length the bride, attended by her fair namesake, retired.

The day dawned upon eyes which had never closed their lids with watching for one who came not. The morning was far advanced when a knock at the chamber door startled the countess. Hastily she inquired, "Who was there?"

"Your uncle," replied the duke, entering as he spoke. The countess fixed on him a gaze of piercing scrutiny mingled with reproach.

"I see," said he, "you guess the purport of my visit. 'Tis even so—your bridegroom is by this time a hundred miles from Padua."

A groan—and senseless as a corse the bride lay stretched before him.

The duke having summoned the attendants of the countess, and committed her to their charge, descended to the library and threw himself into a chair. There he sat the greater part of an hour, without once changing his position or lifting his eyes from the ground. Deep was his abstraction, and gloomy were his thoughts. What was their tenor may be guessed, when the blood fled from his face, as raising his eyes, upon hearing a slight movement in the chamber, they encountered the form of the bride.

"Where is my husband?" she solemnly inquired.

The duke did not reply, but rose, and drawing a chair towards the one which he had been occupying himself, approached her to conduct her to it—she recoiled from the hand which he presented to her.

"Where is my husband?" she repeated.

"Where your own wishes would have him, were they subject to discretion," was the duke's reply; "where he is satisfied that it is to his interest and yours to remain, until he can demand, with grace, enjoyment of the right which your rashness has unhappily given him."

"Where is he?" she reiterated.

"On his way to the frontier, to join the army of the states—to acquire honours, fast as he chooses to win them—to obtain promotion, rapidly as my interest can command it—in a word, to render himself more worthy of the title of your husband." The duke's eyes here met those of the countess, and steadily returned her questioning gaze. "In a day or two you will hear from him," he continued; "he will then himself attest the truth of what I tell you. The commission which I intended to present him with as the reward of his obedience, I have conferred upon him as a means of obviating, as far as possible, the disgrace of this alliance; with the single stipulation, that he makes no attempt to see you, until his merits, backed by my influence, shall have advanced him to a command."

No comment did the countess pass upon the communication of the duke, except what a sigh might be thought to have uttered. She stood for a time regarding him, her brow slightly knit, a faint, tremulous movement upon her lips; then crossing her arms upon her breast, and lifting her eyes to heaven, turned from him and withdrew.

For a month the countess obstinately declined all society, save that of her faithful namesake. By her she was made acquainted with the manner in which the duke became aware of her flight, with the confusion which followed the discovery; with the circumstance of the duke's having summoned her fair friend, who, aware of the importance of thoroughly exculpating Lorenzo, declared to the duke that the plot had been exclusively of her own contrivance, and had been put into execution and perfected without the most remote suspicion on Lorenzo's part that the countess was his bride and fellow-traveller. The countess, in her turn, related what had happened from the moment of alighting from the carriage till that of re-entering it. How danger, and consequently caution, were for a time forgotten in the transports that succeeded Lorenzo's discovery of who was indeed his bride—how, at length, they bethought themselves of the necessity of flight—how they wandered till dawn broke in upon them—how fatigue overpowered them—how sleep surprised them—her dismay upon perceiving the duke.

The third week of the second month was approaching its close when a summons from the duke announced the arrival of a letter from Lorenzo. Hastily the countess descended to the saloon. She was astonished to find the Prince of Milan there; and her surprise was increased at learning that he was the bearer of Lorenzo's missive. He respectfully presented it, congratulating her upon the happy tenor of its contents. They were favourable indeed! Lorenzo had already gained a step: another one would bring him within a bound of the bright goal of his wishes. Nor was that all. The prince was charged with another commission, which, with the leave of the duke, he would execute. That leave was granted; and the unclasping of a small case of purple velvet displayed to the countess the breathing likeness of Lorenzo. The countess tremblingly snatched the costly present, half raised it to her lips, but, checking herself, deposited it in her bosom; and presenting her hand to the prince, would have permitted the kiss which he was on the point of imprinting upon it, had not a glance, which she accidentally cast towards the duke, discovered to her a smile of painful, yet indefinable meaning. Hastily she withdrew her hand, and, curtseying to the prince, retired.

Accompanied by her friend, she ascended to her apartment. As soon as she had reached it she took the portrait of Lorenzo from her bosom and gazed upon it, then caught it convulsively to her heart, then kissed it and wept over it; at length she dried her tears, replaced the miniature, and taking her friend's hand, looked steadfastly in her face.

"They would persuade me that it will be fair weather," she exclaimed; "but I know that a storm is gathering. God help me when it bursts! The sky looks clear, but the clouds are not away, but only lurking. The atmosphere is full of thunder; you cannot see it, but I feel it."

"What mean you?" anxiously inquired the other.

"We shall never meet again!" was the countess's reply. "We shall never meet again! His death, and not his exaltation, is what they seek. Unfortunate lover!—unhappy in loving!—more unhappy in being beloved! To possess me thou goest into the battle! There thou wilt win the plume; but it will wave, not in thy helm, but over thy bier! In seeking the good thou covetest, they know thou wilt be reckless of the bane, the chance of meeting which thou must encounter. 'Twill find thee! Thou wilt fall, Lorenzo! thou wilt fall! The bridegroom shall mount a bier—the bride shall be a widow. The Prince of Milan already counts upon the day when he shall invite her to other nuptials! Mark if I am not a true prophet," she said, as the duke entered the chamber.

"I am come," said he, "with further tidings of good fortune, which would have greeted you earlier had you not so abruptly quitted the saloon. The general in command, a friend of mine, has charged himself with the care of your husband's fortunes. An important post in the enemy's lines is to be carried, and the honour of leading the assault will be conferred upon Lorenzo."

The countess, for a moment or two, gazed upon her uncle with a look of piteous deprecation, mingled with reproach. Suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, her brow became darkened, her eye flashed, her lips grew firmly compressed together. She folded her arms, and drawing herself erect,

"It is murder!" she said, in a voice of appalling solemnity. "I call on Heaven to witness—it is murder!" Then throwing herself upon the neck of her friend, she burst into an agony of tears. The duke made no reply, but, scowling, left the apartment.

From that day week, a year did the sun rise and set, but light was a stranger to the mind of the countess. The sixth day from that on which she received her bridegroom's letter and portrait, the tidings of his death in battle were communicated to her. She heard the relation without shedding a tear; as she listened to it her reason became clouded. All that watchfulness and skill could do for her was attempted in vain; when, suddenly as it had deserted her, the native brightness of her mind returned. Her physicians declared that her recovery, should it ever take place, would be permanent. It was so: a tender melancholy, and a passiveness that readily granted compliance with aught that was demanded of her, were the sole remaining traces of her temporary insanity. She denied not her presence at the banquet, the ball, the chase; and the duke saw with satisfaction that she neither declined nor avoided the attentions of the Prince of Milan, who was constantly at her side. "A month or two longer," said he to himself, "and I may venture to propose him to her. My life upon it, she accepts him at last."

Two months passed over—two others were permitted to follow them, before he ventured even remotely to hint at a union with the Prince of Milan. She did not affect to misunderstand him.

"Talk of marriage to a corse," was her reply. "My husband in his shroud is not more the tenant of the grave than I am."

The duke, for that time, desisted from further importunity, but he soon renewed the theme. The attentions, too, of the prince became doubly assiduous, and although he had not yet the courage to trust his tongue with the direct avowal of his wishes, nevertheless he pleaded his passion with his looks. The demeanour of the countess suddenly changed. It was no longer passive. She obstinately kept her chamber, her fair friend, and a spaniel which she learned had been a favourite of Lorenzo's, her sole companions. Solicitations, commands, threats were disregarded. Nothing could draw her from her seclusion. The prince lost hope, the duke patience. From temporizing measures, he determined to have recourse to prompt and desperate ones.

The hour of rest had arrived—the friends were upon the point of separating for the night, when a summons at the door attracted their attention. The countess answered it; a servant presented himself, and a casket and a key were placed in the hands of the countess.

"From the duke," said the bearer, and retired.

The casket was opened. It contained a miniature of the prince, attached to a necklace of noble brilliants, a wedding-ring, and a note, which the countess hastily unfolded.

"The Prince of Milan, or the veil! Your decision to-morrow."

Such were the contents of the paper.

The countess threw herself into a chair, and sat for a considerable time in a state of perfect abstraction. At length she started from her reverie. Then taking a sheet of paper she hastily wrote upon it these two words—"*The Veil;*" and folding it, placed it with the portrait and the ring in the prince's casket.

The week following she entered upon her noviciate in a nunnery contiguous to Rome, of which her aunt, the niece of a cardinal, was the superior. Earnestly did she prepare herself for her dedication to Heaven; but no persuasion could induce her to discard the portrait of Lorenzo. "I am enjoined," was her constant reply, "I am enjoined to wean myself from things of earth. Earth has no property in him whom this resembles, to be united to whom I look towards those blessed realms whither you recommend me to direct my thoughts and wishes. The stronger my hope of that, the more must I be devoted to Heaven."

Towards the expiration of her novitiate her mind attained to that state of holy calm which may be conceived to impart a foretaste of a purely spiritual existence. Her probationary term was at length complete. She saw the dawn of the day upon which she was to take the vow that would place an impassable partition between her and the world, and she smiled upon it.

Attired in her most costly suit, set off with every ornament that the ingenuity of human vanity could invent—blazing with diamonds—she entered the church where her uncle the cardinal officiated. The soul-subduing ceremony began—the vow was propounded to her, she was upon the point of repeating it, when a sudden uproar at the door of the church, attracting the attention of every one, put a stop to the rites. All was surprise and alarm! The uproar increased. "Let him in! let him in!" exclaimed a hundred voices all at once; at the same moment an emaciated figure, wretchedly attired, with the fragment of a chain hanging from one of his arms, rushed wildly up the aisle, and, throwing himself upon the steps of the altar, grasped firmly the feet of the cardinal.

"Save me!" the wretch exclaimed; "I am an innocent man, doomed to die the death of the guilty. I fly to the altar of your God and mine for refuge. I appeal to that God and to you, his appointed servant, to save me from those who are thirsting for my blood, which they have no right to spill."

Here the clamour at the door of the church was renewed with tenfold violence. The crowd was evidently resisting the officers of justice, who, determined upon forcing way, at last obtained an entrance, amidst hootings and execrations; and, headed by their chief, approached their victim, between whom and them the cardinal hastily placed himself, in an attitude that commanded obedience and brought those in pursuit to a stand.

"His crime, signors?" with an air of overawing dignity, demanded the cardinal.

"He is an offender, condemned for life to the galleys, who has thrice attempted his escape, and thereby forfeited his life," replied the chief. "So please you, give him up to us," demanded he, with an air of constrained respect.

"Not yet," said the cardinal. "Retire into the vestry. Wait until the ceremony which you have interrupted shall have been concluded. You have my promise, from this place, that justice shall be done you. I charge myself with the custody of the man, and shall be answerable for his being forthcoming. Hence!" added he, in a tone of determined command, perceiving that they hesitated—"Hence! or remain at the peril of your souls!—What means this?" continued he, observing that still they moved not. "Know you not what you do? See you not where you are? Impious!—Lo, who is looking at you?" exclaimed he, pointing to the altar-piece—which was the crucifixion.

The officers hung their heads, crossed themselves, bent their knees to the marble floor, and, rising, slunk away into the vestry.

"Come, my child," said the cardinal, "let us perfect your espousals with your God. Meanwhile, unhappy man," continued he, addressing himself to the poor fugitive, "withdraw thou without the railing of the altar—for the present thou art safe. Withdraw!" he reiterated, perceiving that he was unheeded. "Hear you not?—What gaze you at?—What mean you?" successively, but to no purpose, interrogated the cardinal.

The being whom he accosted had raised himself upon one knee, and with his hands firmly clasped, remained in that posture, intently contemplating the countess; oblivious apparently of the fate with which he was threatened—of the place where he was—of everything that was passing around him.

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed the benevolent cardinal, "Misery and fear have bereft him of his senses. Remove him gently from the altar."

The assistants of the cardinal approached the unfortunate slave, raised him without his offering any resistance, and conducted him down the steps; he all the while looking back, his eyes rivetted upon the fair votary of the shrine.

"Come, my child!" said the cardinal, "come, let me make thee the happy bride of the cloister. Repeat the vow!"

"Forbear!" exclaimed the slave, endeavouring to free himself from those that held him. The countess started, and for the first time bent an inquiring look upon the slave.

"Poor maniac!" ejaculated the cardinal, "he knows not what he does! Hurt him not, but remove him to a distance."

The assistants obeyed, but not without difficulty did they now execute the cardinal's commands. Passiveness was turned into fury—the eyes of the slave seemed to start from their sockets—his limbs appeared to be suddenly endowed with supernatural strength. It was as much as the united efforts of the assistants could effect, to force him half-way down the aisle—nor that, until exhaustion, on his part, assisted them. At last he sank in their arms—they stopped, and the church, which was now in a state of confusion, again became silent.

"Come, thou promised bride of Heaven!" ejaculated the cardinal.

"She is mine!" shrieked the slave, starting up, his frame animated with renewed energy, "My bride, beyond my hope!—without my knowledge! Victoria!—Victoria!" continued he, his voice at the same thrilling, piercing pitch: "Remember you not, Victoria?—the flight!—the pursuit!—the escape!—the discovery!—the transport!—the overtaking!—the return!—the promised nuptial couch—the couch which they compelled me to exchange for the noisome floor of the galley!"

He stopped—he had not breath for more. The church was as still as a sepulchre, when a scream from the countess caused every heart to leap—turned towards her every eye. Her countenance was lighted up with intense recollection; she clasped her forehead with both her hands, and stood for a moment or two, gazing in the direction of him who had spoken; then suddenly extending her arms, rushed down the steps of the altar, through the aisle, and throwing herself upon the neck of the slave—the assistants mechanically making way for her—sank lifeless into his arms—which had scarcely supported her for a minute when their master became equally insensible.

. . . .

Lorenzo and the countess found themselves—they knew not how—alone. Long time they spake not, except with their eyes—or their hands, which, locked in one another, gave pressure back for pressure.

"And had you renounced me, my bride," at length said Lorenzo, "when you determined to take the veil?"

A smile of delicious sweetness played about the mouth of the countess, while slowly she drew Lorenzo's miniature from her bosom, and having first pressed it to her lips, presented it to him. He glanced at it; and catching the fair one to his bosom, strainingly held her there; nor was his embrace resisted or unreturned.

The Prince of Milan, led by his passion for the countess, had lent himself to the duke's plans. The letter and the miniature were delivered merely to lull suspicion and give effect to future measures. The latter Lorenzo had sat for, at the suggestion of his rival, who, until the real intentions of the duke were put into execution, was instructed to pass himself for Lorenzo's friend.

The cardinal was a man. For many a year

the duke and he had not been upon terms. The honour of the family requiring that the affair should be hushed up as effectually as possible, matters were so contrived that it made but little noise. Where power can affect it, justice is speedily done. The slave returned no more to the galleys; his chains of iron were exchanged for bonds of silk. He was adopted by the cardinal, and in his friendship, and the love of the countess, found more than a solace for the sufferings he had undergone.

WERE NA MY HEART LICHT.

[Lady Grizel Baillie, born at Redbraes Castle, Berwickshire 25th December, 1665; died in London, 6th December, 1746. She was the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, who became the first Earl of Marchmont. She married George Baillie of Jerviswood, whose father suffered death on account of his devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. George was himself obliged to seek safety in Holland, whence he returned to his native land in the train of William of Orange. Living in a period of much excitement, Lady Grizel performed many acts of heroism—whilst her father was in hiding in the vaults of Polwarth Church, she managed to supply him with food; and on various occasions, when the lives of those who were dear to her were in danger, she succeeded in helping them and outwitting all the vigilance of the authorities. It was during her residence in Holland, that she wrote her songs, many of them she left unfinished, but a few of the most perfect were published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and other collections of poetry. Her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, wrote an interesting account of her life, which was printed in 1809 and again in 1822.]

There was anes a May, and she loo'd na men:
She biggit her bonnie bower doun i' yon glen;
But now she cries Dool, and well-a-day!
Come doun the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee.
She main'd, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Albeit I was bonnie, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Nor pickles, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.
And then she ran in, &c.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
The live-lang nicht, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on yon lilie-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!
And linkin' it, &c.

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SADIK BEG.

Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage, but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Hooseinee's rank, was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave, and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace.

Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connection he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and, with malicious pleasure, wished him joy of his marriage. "Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik," said he, "on this happy event." "Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends." "Do you really mean to say you are happy?" said Merdek, with a smile. "I really am so," replied Sadik. "Nonsense!" said his friend; "do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet companion." Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. "My friend," said he, "I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but, I am happy to say, I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife." "But how has this miraculous change been wrought?" "Why," said Sadik, "I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear.

"After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went, in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hooseinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were anything but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head —"a word to the wise;" and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward, as usual, to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek, having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dissevered members of the cat, but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenaneh to zenaneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. "Take that," said she, as she gave him another cuff, "take that, you paltry wretch. You should," she added, laughing him to scorn, "have killed the cat on the wedding-day."

Sir John Malcom.

TO THE HUSBANDMAN.

A little furrow holds thy scatter'd seed,
One somewhat deeper will receive thy bones,
Yet plough and sow with gladness—from the soil
Springs the rich crop that feeds and gladdens life,
And hope is not quite vanish'd from the grave.

Goethe.

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born in Dublin, 1751; died in Saville Row, London, 7th July, 1816. Dramatist, poet, wit, and politician. Before he was twenty, he translated some of the lesser poems of Theocritus, and the Love Epistles of Aristænetus in conjunction with his friend H. Halhed. When aged about twenty-two he married Miss Linley, a very popular singer, but he never allowed his wife to appear on the stage after their union. Three years after his marriage, his first comedy, *The Rivals*, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre. It was followed by *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, a farce in two acts; *The Duenna*, a comic opera; *A Trip to Scarborough*, an adaptation from Vanbrugh's comedy of *The Relapse*. In 1777, when he had purchased Garrick's share in the patent of Drury Lane and become manager of that theatre, he produced there the *School for Scandal*, which immediately "took the town by storm," and its popularity seems to be unabated in our own time. Two years later, he produced *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed*, in which, with infinite humour, he burlesqued the style and method most in favour with dramatists and novelists. Of his subsequent dramatic works, *Pizarro* and *The Stranger*, adaptations from plays of Kotzebue, are the most notable. From 1780 until 1812, he was in Parliament, and distinguished himself as an orator, even more than he had done as a dramatic writer; but during this period, his own carelessness about business, his extravagance, and the destruction of Drury Lane by fire, involved him in pecuniary difficulties, which undoubtedly contributed to hasten his end, although they have been the source of many amusing anecdotes.[1]]

SCENE:—*The Theatre, before the Curtain.*
Enter PUFF, SNEER, *and* DANGLE.

Puff. Come, we must not lose time; so now for the underplot.

Sneer. What the plague, have you another plot?

Puff. O Lord, yes; ever while you live have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them is only to let your underplot have as little connection with your mainplot as possible.—I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine; for as in my chief plot the characters are all great people, I have laid my underplot in low life; and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce.—Well, we are ready; now then for the justices.

[*Curtain rises.*

"JUSTICES, CONSTABLES, *&c., discovered.*"

Sneer. This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.

Puff. To be sure; there has not been one yet.

Dang. It is the underplot, isn't it?

Puff. Yes.—What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery scene?

Just. If you please, sir.

Puff. Oh, very well!—Hark'ee, I don't choose to say anything more; but i' faith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner.

Dang. It's a great pity!

Puff. Now, then, Mr. Justice, if you please.

"*Just* . . Are all the volunteers without?
Const . . They are.
Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk.
Just. . . Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame
And clear convicted crimes have stamp'd him soldier?
Const. . . He waits your pleasure; eager to repay
The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields
Of glory, there to raise his branded hand
In honour's cause.
Just. . . 'Tis well—'tis justice arms him!
Oh! may he now defend his country's laws
With half the spirit he has broke them all!
If 'tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.
Const. . . I fly, the herald of your will. [*Exit.*"

Puff. Quick, sir.

Sneer. But, Mr. Puff, I think not only the Justice, but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them.

Puff. Heaven forbid they should not in a free country!—Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

Dang. That's very noble in you, indeed.

"*Enter* JUSTICE'S LADY."

Puff. Now, pray mark this scene.

"*Lady.* . Forgive this interruption, good my love;
But as I just now pass'd a prisoner youth,
Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seized
My fluttering heart, and to myself I said,
An if our Tom had lived, he'd surely been
This stripling's height!
Just. . . Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs
Us both——

Re-enter CONSTABLE *with* SON.

What is thy name?
Son. . . My name is Tom Jenkins—*alias* have I none—
Though orphan'd and without a friend!
Just . . Thy parents?
Son. . . My father dwelt in Rochester—and was,
As I have heard, a fishmonger—no more."

Puff. What, sir, do you leave out the account of your birth, parentage, and education?

Son. They have settled it so, sir, here.

Puff. Oh! oh!

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[1] See note to Hazlitt's essay on "The Want of Money," *Library*, vol. ii. page 364. In the following extract from the *Critic*, Puff is the author of the tragedy in rehearsal, Dangle and Sneer are his friends.

"*Lady.* . . How loudly nature whispers to my heart!
Had he no other name?
Son . . . I've seen a bill
Of his sign'd Tomkins, creditor.
Just. . . This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gipsy told!—Prepare!
Son . . . I do.
Just. . . No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—
I am thy father; here's thy mother; there
Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those
Are all your near relations!
Lady. . . O ecstacy of bliss!
Son . . . O most unlook'd for happiness!
Just. . . O wonderful event!
[*They faint alternately in each other's arms.*"

Puff. There, you see relationship, like murder, will out.

"*Just*. . Now let's revive—else were this joy too much!
But come—and we'll unfold the rest within;
And thou, my boy, must needs want rest and food.
Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,
To find a father—where he least expects!"
[*Exeunt.*"

Puff. What do you think of that?

Dang. One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw!—Why, this underplot would have made a tragedy itself.

Sneer. Ay, or a comedy either.

Puff. And keeps quite clear, you see, of the other.

Enter SCENEMEN, *taking away the seats.*

Puff. The scene remains, does it?

Sceneman. Yes, sir.

Puff. You are to leave one chair, you know.—But it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have you fellows coming in in your playhouse liveries to remove things.—I wish that could be managed better.—So now for my mysterious yeoman.

"*Enter* BEEFEATER.

Beef. . . Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee."

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not.—Where, pray?

Dang. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence; all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit, that's a rule.

"*Beef* . . Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
It never can endure a rival's bliss!
But soft—I am observed. [*Exit.*"

Dang. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hark'ee—I would not have you be too sure that he is a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter—I only give you a hint. But now for my principal character. Here he comes—Lord Burleigh in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

"*Enter* LORD BURLEIGH, *goes slowly to a chair, and sits.*"

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush!—Vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dang. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that!—Yes, it is a very likely thing—that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk!—But hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say anything!

Puff. There's the reason! why, his part is to think; and how the plague do you imagine he can think if you keep talking?

Dang. That's very true, upon my word!

"LORD BURLEIGH *comes forward, shakes his head, and exit.*"

Sneer. He is very perfect indeed! Now, pray what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No I don't, upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures—yet if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil! did he mean all that by shaking his head?

Puff. Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

Dang. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show and expression of face; and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. Oh, here are some of our old acquaintance.

"*Enter* SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Christ. My niece and your niece too!
By Heaven! there's witchcraft in't.—He could not else
Have gain'd their hearts.—But see where they approach:
Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!
Sir Walt. Let us withdraw and mark them. [*They withdraw.*"

Sneer. What is all this?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark!

"*Enter the two* NIECES.

1st Niece. . Ellena here!
She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still!"

Puff. O dear, madam, you are not to say that to her face!—aside, ma'am, aside.—The whole scene is to be aside.

"*1st Niece.* She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still. [*Aside.*
2nd Niece. I know he prizes not Pollina's love;
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart. [*Aside.*
1st Niece . But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
Revenge is all the good I've left. [*Aside.*
2nd Niece. He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.
Now, vengeance do thy worst. [*Aside.*

Enter DON FEROLO WHISKERANDOS.

Whisk. . . O hateful liberty—if thus in vain
I seek my Tilburina!
Both Nieces. . . And ever shalt!

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH *come forward.*

Sir Christ. and Sir Walt. Hold! we will avenge you.
Whisk. . . Hold *you*—or see your nieces bleed!
[*The two* NIECES *draw their two daggers to strike* WHISKERANDOS: *the two* UNCLES *at the instant, with their two swords drawn, catch their two* NIECES' *arms, and turn the points of their swords to* WHISKERANDOS, *who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two* NIECES' *bosoms.*"

Puff. There's situation for you! there's an heroic group!—you see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them, for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill him, because of their nieces—I have them all at a dead lock!—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then they must stand there for ever!

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't.—Now mind——

"*Enter* BEEFEATER, *with his halberd.*

Beef. . . In the queen's name I charge you all to drop
Your swords and daggers!
[*They drop their swords and daggers.*"

Sneer. That is a contrivance indeed!

Puff. Ay—in the queen's name.

"*Sir Christ.* Come, niece!
Sir Walter. Come, niece! [*Exeunt with the two* NIECES.
Whisk. . . What's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard?
Beef. . . . Thou must do more—renounce thy love!
Whisk. . . Thou liest—base Beefeater!
Beef. . . . Ha! hell! the lie!
By Heaven thou'st roused the lion in my heart!
Off, yeoman's habit!—base disguise! off! off!
[*Discovers himself by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine waistcoat.*
Am I a Beefeater now?
Or beams my crest as terrible as when
In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop?"

Puff. There, egad! he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner—and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's.

Dang. Admirably managed, indeed!

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

"*Whisk.* . I thank thee, Fortune, that hast thus bestowed
A weapon to chastise this insolent.
[*Takes up one of the swords.*
Beef. . . . I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank thee,
Fortune, too! [*Takes up the other sword.*"

Dang. That's excellently contrived!—It seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

"*Whisk.* . Vengeance and Tilburina!
Beef. . . . Exactly so——
[*They fight—and after the usual number of wounds given,* WHISKERANDOS *falls.*

Whisk. . . O cursèd parry!—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal.—Captain, thou hast fencèd well!
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——
Beef. . . . ——nity—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once!"

Puff. Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow:

now mind me.—Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

"*Whisk*. And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——
Beef. . . ——nity—he would have added,——"

Puff. No sir—that's not it—once more, if you please.

Whisk. I wish, sir, you would practise this without me—I can't stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well; we'll go over it by-and-by.—[*Exit* WHISKERANDOS.] I must humour these gentlemen!

"*Beef*. . . Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when next——"

Puff. Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech, as the body has walked off.

Beef. That's true, sir—then I'll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please.—[*Exit* BEEFEATER.] Now, who comes on?

"*Enter* GOVERNOR, *with his hair properly disordered.*

Gov. . . A hemisphere of evil planets reign!
And every planet sheds contagious frenzy!
My Spanish prisoner is slain! my daughter,
Meeting the dead corse borne along, has gone
Distract! [*A loud flourish of trumpets.*
But hark! I am summon'd to the fort:
Perhaps the fleets have met! amazing crisis!
O Tilburina! from thy aged father's beard
Thou'st pluck'd the few brown hairs which time had left! [*Exit*."

Sneer. Poor gentleman!

Puff. Yes—and no one to blame but his daughter!

Dang. And the planets——

Puff. True.—Now enter Tilburina!

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir—now she comes in stark mad in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin?

Puff. O Lord, sir—when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin.—Don't she, Dangle?

Dang. Always—it's a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is—[*Looking at the book.*] "Enter Tilburina stark mad in white satin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen."

"*Enter* TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT, *mad, according to custom.*"

Sneer. But, what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too?

Puff. To be sure she is; the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now, madam confidant—but keep your madness in the background, if you please.

"*Tilb*. . . The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage:
Is this a grasshopper?—Ha! no; it is my
Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
I know you have him in your pocket—
An oyster may be crossed in love!—Who says
A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?—
He's here! he's there!—He's everywhere!
Ah me! he's nowhere! [*Exit*."

Puff. There, do you ever desire to see anybody madder than that?

Sneer. Never while I live!

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre?

Dang. Yes—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

Sneer. And pray what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea, to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes, yes—you know my play is called *The Spanish Armada;* otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession!—You are all ready?

Und. Promp. [*Within.*] Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames dressed?

"*Enter* THAMES *with two* ATTENDANTS."

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well, indeed!—See, gentlemen, there's a river for you!—this is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy, you know—and very useful in my case; for as there must be a procession, I suppose Thames, and all his tributary rivers, to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

Puff. Yes, one crowned with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side.—Here, sir, come round.—Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks.—[*Bell rings.*] There, so, now for't!—Stand aside, my dear friends!—Away, Thames!

[*Exit* THAMES *between his banks.*

[*Flourish of drums, trumpets, cannon, &c. &c. Scene changes to the sea—the fleets engage—the music plays "Britons Strike Home."—Spanish fleet destroyed* *by fire-ships, &c.—English fleet advances —music plays "Rule Britannia."—The procession of all the English rivers, and their tributaries, with their emblems, &c., begins with Handel's water music, ends with a chorus to the march in Judas Maccabæus.—During this scene,* PUFF *directs and applauds everything—then*

Puff. Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect.—So, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

[*Curtain drops.*

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day:
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sigh
Cheer up, cheer up!
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up!
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring:
When icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up!
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace:
Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose:
With noontide fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Gray twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE TREASURE-SHIP.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

My heart is freighted full of love,
As full as any argosy,
With gems below and gems above,
And ready for the open sea;
For the wind is blowing summerly.

Full strings of nature's beaded pearl,
Sweet tears! composed in amorous ties
And turkis-lockets, that no churl
Hath fashioned out mechanic-wise,
But all made up of thy blue eyes.

And girdles wove of subtle sound,
And thoughts not trusted to the air,
Of antique mould,—the same as bound,
In Paradise, the primal pair,
Before Love's arts and niceness were.

And carcanets of living sighs;
Gums that have dropped from Love's own stem,
And one small jewel most I prize—
The darling gaud of all of them—
I wot, so rare and fine a gem
Ne'er glowed on Eastern anadem.

I've cased the rubies of thy smiles,
In rich and triply-plated gold;
But *this* no other wealth defiles,
Itself itself can only hold—
The stealthy kiss on Maple-wold.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on the muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HOW SHARP SNAFFLES GOT HIS CAPITAL AND WIFE.

[William Gilmore Simms, LL.D., born in Charleston, South Carolina, 17th April, 1806; died there, 11th June, 1870. He was one of the most prolific writers of America. A mere catalogue of his works in poetry, fiction, drama, history, biography, criticism, and miscellaneous literature would fill a page. It will be sufficient to state that his best known works are a series of revolutionary and border romances, published in eighteen volumes, the most notable of which are—*The Forayers*, *Mellichampe*, *Border Beagles*, *Woodcraft*, and *Beauchamp*. Griswold, in the *Prose Writers of America*, says: —"His (Mr. Simms') descriptions are bold and graphic, and his characters have considerable individuality. He is most successful in sketches of rude border life, in bustling, tumultuous action. . . . The shorter stories of Mr. Simms are his best works. They have unity, completeness, and strength." Notwithstanding his vast literary labours, Mr. Simms took an active part in politics.—*From Harper's Magazine, Copyrighted*, 1870, *by Harper & Bros.*]

The day's work was done, and a good day's work it was. We had bagged a couple of fine bucks and a fat doe; and now we lay camped at the foot of the "Balsam Range" of mountains in North Carolina, preparing for our supper. We were a right merry group of seven—four professional hunters, and three amateurs, myself among the latter. There was Jim Fisher, Aleck Wood, Sam or Sharp Snaffles *alias* "Yaou," and Nathan Langford *alias* the "Pious."

These were our *professional* hunters. Our *amateurs* may well continue nameless, as their achievements do not call for any present record.

There stood our tent pitched at the foot of the mountains, with a beautiful cascade leaping headlong toward us, and subsiding into a mountain runnel, and finally into a little lakelet, the waters of which, edged with perpetual foam, were as clear as crystal.

Our baggage waggon, which had been sent round to meet us by trail routes through the gorges, stood near the tent, which was of stout army canvas.

That baggage waggon held a variety of luxuries. There was a barrel of the best bolted wheat flour. There were a dozen choice hams, a sack of coffee, a keg of sugar, a few thousand of cigars, and last, not least, a corpulent barrel of Western usquebaugh, vulgarly "whisky," to say nothing of a pair of demijohns of equal dimensions, one containing peach brandy of mountain manufacture, the other the luscious honey from the mountain hives.

Supper over, and it is Saturday night. It is the night dedicated among the professional hunters to what is called "The Lying Camp."

"The Lying Camp!" I exclaimed to Columbus Mills, one of our party, a wealthy mountaineer, of large estates, whose guest I have been for some time. "What do you mean by the 'Lying Camp,' Columbus?"

The explanation soon followed.

Saturday night is devoted by the mountaineers engaged in a camp hunt, which sometimes contemplates a course of several weeks, to stories of their adventures—"long yarns"—chiefly relating to the objects of their chase and the wild experiences of their professional life. The hunter who naturally inclines to exaggeration is, at such a period, privileged to deal in all the extravagances of invention—nay—he is *required* to do so! To be literal, or confine himself to the bald and naked truth, is not only discreditable, but a *finable* offence! He is, in such a case, made to swallow a long, strong, and difficult potation! He cannot be too extravagant in his incident; but he is also required to exhibit a certain degree of *art* in their use; and he thus frequently rises into a certain realm of fiction, the ingenuities of which are made to compensate for the exaggerations, as they do in the *Arabian Nights* and other Oriental romances.

This will suffice for explanation.

Nearly all our professional hunters assembled on the present occasion were tolerable *raconteurs*. They complimented Jim Fisher by throwing the raw deer-skin over his shoulders; tying the antlers of the buck with a red handkerchief over his forehead; seating him on the biggest boulder which lay at hand; and, sprinkling him with a stoup of whisky, they christened him "The Big Lie" for the occasion. And in this character he complacently presided during the rest of the evening; till the company prepared for sleep, which was not till midnight, he was king of the feast.

It was the duty of the "Big Lie" to regulate proceedings, keep order, appoint the *raconteurs* severally, and admonish them when he found them foregoing their privileges, and narrating bald, naked, and uninteresting truth. They must deal in fiction.

Jim Fisher was seventy years old, and a veteran hunter, the most famous in all the country. He *looked* authority, and promptly began to assert it, which he did in a single word:—

"Yaou!"

"Yaou" was the *nom de nique* of one of the hunters, whose proper name was Sam Snaffles, but who, from his special smartness, had obtained the farther sobriquet of "*Sharp* Snaffles."

Columbus Mills whispered me that he was called "Yaou" from his frequent use of that word, which, in the Choctaw dialect, simply means "Yes." Snaffles had rambled considerably among the Choctaws, and picked up a variety of their words, which he was fond of using in preference to the vulgar English; and his common use of "Yaou" for the affirmative had prompted the substitution of it for his own name. He answered to the name.

"Ay—yee, Yaou," was the response of Sam. "I was *afeard*, 'Big Lie,' that you'd be hitching me up the very first in your team."

Sam Snaffles swallowed his peach and honey at a gulp, hemmed thrice lustily, put himself into an attitude, and began as follows.

I shall adopt his language as closely as possible; but it is not possible, in any degree, to convey any adequate idea of his *manner*, which was admirably appropriate to the subject-matter. Indeed, the fellow was a born actor.

The "Jedge" was the *nom de guerre* which the hunters had conferred upon me, looking, no doubt, to my venerable aspect—for I had travelled considerably beyond my teens—and the general dignity of my bearing.

"You see, Jedge," addressing me especially as the distinguished stranger, "I'm a telling this hyar history of mine jest to please *you*, and I'll try to please you ef I kin. These fellows hyar have hearn it so often that they knows all about it jest as well as I do my own self, and they knows the truth of it all, and would swear to it afore any hunters' court in all the county, ef so be the affidavy was to be tooken in camp and on a Saturday night.

"You see then, Jedge, it's about a dozen or fourteen years ago, when I was a young fellow without much beard on my chin, though I was full grown as I am now—strong as a horse, ef not quite so big as a buffalo. I was then jest a-beginning my 'prenticeship to the hunting business, and looking to sich persons as the 'Big Lie' thar to show me how to take the track of b'ar, buck, and painther.

"But I confess I weren't a-doing much. I hed a great deal to l'arn, and I reckon I miss'd many more bucks than I ever hit—that is, jest up to that time ——"

"Look you, Yaou," said "Big Lie," interrupting him, "you're gitting too close upon the etarnal stupid truth! All you've been a-saying is jest nothing but the naked truth, as I knows it. Jest crook your trail!"

"And how's a man to lie decently onless you lets him hev a bit of truth to go upon? The truth's nothing but a peg in the wall that I hangs the lie upon. A'ter a while I promise that you sha'n't see the peg."

"Worm along, Yaou!"

"Well, Jedge, I warn't a-doing much among the *bucks* yet—jest for the reason that I was quite too eager in the scent a'ter a sartin *doe!* Now, Jedge, you never seed my wife—my Merry Ann, as I calls her; and ef you was to see her *now*—though she's prime grit yit—you would never believe that, of all the womankind in all these mountains, she was the very yaller flower of the forest, with the reddest rose cheeks you ever did see, and sich a mouth, and sich bright curly hair, and so tall, and so slender, and so all over beautiful. O Lawd! when I thinks of it and them times, I don't see how 'twas possible to think of buck-hunting when thar was sich a doe, with sich eyes shining on me.

"Well, Jedge, Merry Ann was the only da'ter of Jeff Hopson and Keziah Hopson, his wife, who was the da'ter of Squire Claypole, whose wife was Margery Clough, that lived down upon Pacolet River ——"

"Look you, Yaou, ain't you getting into them derned facts agin, eh?"

"I reckon I em, 'Big Lie.' 'Scuse me; I'll kiver the pegs *direct-lie*, one a'ter t'other. Whar was I? Ah! Oh! Well, Jedge, poor hunter and poor man—jest, you see, a squatter on the side of a leetle bit of a mountain close on to Columbus Mills, at Mount Tryon, I was all the time on a hot trail a'ter Merry Ann Hopson. I went thar to see her a'most every night; and sometimes I carried a buck for the old people, and sometimes a doeskin for the gal; and I do think, bad hunter as I then was, I pretty much kept the fambly in deer meat through the whole winter.

"Well, Jedge, though Jeff Hopson was glad enough to git my meat always, he didn't affection me as I did his da'ter. He was a sharp, close, money-loving old fellow, who was always considerate of the main chaince; and the old lady, his wife, who hairdly dare say her soul was her own, she jest looked both ways, as I may say, for Sunday, never giving a fair look to me or my chainces, when his eyes were sot on *her*. But 'twa'n't so with my Merry Ann. She hed the eyes for me from the beginning, and soon she hed the feelings; and, you see, Jedge, we sometimes did git a chaince, when old Jeff was gone from home, to come to a sort of onderstanding about our feelings; and the long and the short of it was that Merry Ann confessed to me that she'd like nothing better than to be my wife. She liked no other man but me.

"Now, Jedge, a'ter that, what was a young fellow to do? That, I say, was the proper kind of incouragement. So I said, 'I'll ax your daddy.' Then she got scary, and said, 'Oh, don't, for somehow, Sam, I'm a-thinking daddy don't like you enough *yit.* Jest hold on a bit, and come often, and bring him venison, and try to make him laugh, which you kin do, you know, and a'ter a time you kin try him.' And so I did—or rether I didn't. I put off the axing. I come constant. I brought venison all the time, and b'ar meat a plenty, a'most three days in every week.

"Well, Jedge, this went on for a long time, a'most the whole winter, and spring, and summer, till the winter begun to come in agin. I carried 'em the venison, and Merry Ann meets me in the woods, and we hes sich a pleasant time when we meets on them little odd chainces that I gits hot as thunder to bring the business to a sweet honey finish.

"But Merry Ann keeps on scary, and she puts me off, until, one day, one a'ternoon, about sundown, she meets me in the woods, and she's all in a flusteration. And she ups and tells me how old John Grimstead, the old bachelor (a fellow about forty years old, and the dear gal not yet twenty), how he's a'ter her, and bekaise he's got a good fairm, and mules and horses, how her daddy's giving him the open mouth incouragement.

"Then I says to Merry Ann:

"'You sees, I kain't put off no longer. I must out with it, and ax your daddy at onst.' And then her scary fit come on again, and she begs me not to—not *jist yit.* But I swears by all the Hokies that I won't put off another day; and so, as I haird the old man was in the house that very hour, I left Merry Ann in the woods, all in a trimbling, and I jist went ahead, determined to have the figure straight, whether odd or even.

"I was jubious; but I jist bolted into the house, as free and easy and bold as ef I was the very best customer that the old man wanted to see."

Here Yaou paused to renew his draught of peach and honey.

"Well, Jedge, I put a bold face on the business, though my hairt was gitting up into my throat, and I was almost a-gasping for my breath, when I was fairly in the big room, and standing up before the old squaire. He was a-setting in his big squar hide-bottom'd armchair, looking like a jedge upon the bench jist about to send a poor fellow to the gallows. As he seed me come in, looking queer enough, I reckon, his mouth put on a sort of grin, which showed all his grinders, and he looked for all the world as ef he guessed the business I come about. But he said good-natured enough,

"'Well, Sam Snaffles, how goes it?'

"I said to myself,

"'It's jest as well to git the worst at onst, and then thar'll be an eend of the oneasiness.' So I up and told him, in pretty soft, smooth sort of speechifying, as how I was mighty fond of Merry Ann, and she, I was a-thinking, of me, and that I jest come to ax ef I might hev Merry Ann for my wife.

"Then he opened his eyes wide, as ef he never ixpected to hear sich a proposal from me.

"'What!' says he. 'You?'

"'Jest so, squaire,' says I. 'Ef it pleases you to believe me, and to consider it reasonable, the axing.'

"He sot quiet for a minit or more, then he gits up, knocks all the fire out of his pipe on the chimney, fills it, and lights it agin, and then comes straight up to me, whar I was a-setting on the chair in front of him, and without a word he takes the collar of my coat betwixt the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and he says:

"'Git up, Sam Snaffles. Git up, ef you please.'

"Well, I gits up, and he says:

"'Hyar. Come. Hyar.'

"And with that he leads me right across the room to a big looking-glass that hung agin the partition wall, and thar he stops before the glass, facing it and holding me by the collar all the time.

"Now that looking-glass, Jedge, was about the biggest I ever did see. It was a'most three feet high, and a'most two feet wide, and it had a bright, broad frame, shiny like gold, with a heap of leetle figgers worked all round it. I reckon thar's no sich glass now in all the mountain country.

"Well, thar he hed me up, both on us standing in front of this glass, whar we could a'most see the whole of our full figgers from head to foot.

"And when we hed stood thar for a minit or so, he says, quite solemn like:

"'Look in the glass, Sam Snaffles.

"So I looked.

"'Well,' says I. 'I sees you, Squaire Hopson, and myself, Sam Snaffles.'

"'Look good,' says he; '*obzarve* well.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I'm a-looking with all my eyes. I only sees what I tells you.'

"'But you don't *obzarve,*' says he. 'Looking and seeing's one thing,' says he, 'but obzarving's another. Now *obzarve.*'

"By this time, Jedge, I was getting sort o' riled, for I could see that somehow he was jest a-trying to make me feel redickilous. So I says:

"'Look you, Squaire Hopson, ef you thinks I never seed myself in a glass afore this, you're mighty mistaken.'

"'Very well,' says he. 'Now obzarve. You sees your own figger, and your face, and you air obzarving as well as you know how. Now, Mr. Sam Snaffles—now that you've hed a fair look at yourself—jest now answer me, from your honest conscience, a'ter all you've seen, ef you honestly thinks you're the sort of pusson to hev *my* da'ter.'

"And with that he gin me a twist, and when I wheeled round he hed wheeled round too, and thar we stood full facing one another.

"Lawd! how I was riled! But I answered, quick:

"'And why not, I'd like to know, Squaire Hopson? I ain't the handsomest man in the world, but I'm not the ugliest; and folks don't generally consider me at all among the uglies. I'm as tall a man as you, and as stout and strong, and as good a man o' my inches as ever stepped in shoe-leather. And it's enough to tell you, squaire, whatever *you* may think, that Merry Ann believes in me, and she's a way of thinking that I'm jest about the very pusson that ought to hev her.'

"'Merry Ann's thinking,' says he, 'don't run all fours with her fayther's thinking. I axed you, Sam Snaffles, to *obzarve* yourself in the glass. I telled you that seeing warn't edzactly obzarving. You seed only the inches; you seed that you hed eyes, and mouth, and nose, and the airms and legs of a man. But eyes and mouth, and legs and airms, don't make a man.'

"'Oh, they don't,' says I.

"'No, indeed,' says he. 'I seed that you hed all them; but then I seed thar was one thing that you hedn't got.'

"'Jimini!' says I, mighty confused. 'What thing's a-wanting to me to make me a man?'

"'*Capital*,' says he, and he lifted himself up and looked mighty grand.

"'Capital,' says I; 'and what's that?'

"'Thar air many kinds of capital,' says he. 'Money's capital, for it kin buy everything; house and lands is capital; cattle and horses and sheep, when thar's enough on 'em, is capital. And as I obzarved you in the glass, Sam Snaffles, I seed that *capital* was the very thing that you wanted to make a man of you. Now, I don't mean that any da'ter of mine shall marry a pusson that's not a *parfect* man. I obzarved you long ago, and seed whar you was wanting. I axed about you. I axed your horse.'

"'Axed my horse!' says I, pretty nigh dumfoundered.

"'Yes; I axed your horse, and he said to me, 'Look at me. I hain't got an ounce of spar' flesh on my bones. You kin count all my ribs. You kin lay the whole length of your airm betwixt any two on 'em, and it'll lie thar as snug as a black snake betwixt two poles of a log-house.' Says he, 'Sam's got *no capital*. He ain't got any time five bushels of corn in his crib, and he's such a monstrous feeder himself that he'll eat out four bushels, and think it mighty hard upon him to give *me* the other one.' Thar, now, was your horse's testimony, Sam, agin you. Then I axed about your cabin, and your way of living. I was curious, and went to see you one day when I knowed you waur at home. You hed but one chair, which you gin me to sit on, and you sot on the eend of a barrel for yourself. You gin me a rasher of bacon what hedn't a streak of fat in it. You hed a poor quarter of a poor doe hanging from the rafters, a poor beast that somebody hed disabled ——'

"'I shot it myself,' says I.

"'Well, it was a-dying when you shot it, and all the hunters say you was a poor shooter at anything. Your cabin had but one room, and that you slept in and ate in, and the floor was six inches deep in dirt. Says I to myself, says I, 'This poor fellow's got *no capital;* and he hasn't the head to git *capital:*' and from that moment, Sam Snaffles, the more I obzarved you the more sartin 'twas that you never could be a man ef you waur to live a thousand years.'

"A'ter that long speechifying, Jedge, you might ha' ground me up in a mill, biled me down in a pot, and scattered me over a manure heap, and I wouldn't ha' been able to say a word.

"I cotched up my hat, and was a-gwine, when he said to me, with his derned infernal big grin:

"'Take another look in the glass, Sam Snaffles, and obzarve well, and you'll see jest whar it is I thinks that you're wanting.'

"I didn't stop for any more. I jest bolted, like a hot shot out of a shovel, and didn't know my own self, or whatever steps I tuk, tell I got into the thicket and met Merry Ann coming towards me.

"I must liquor now.

"Well, Jedge, it was a hard meeting betwixt me and Merry Ann. The poor gal come to me in a sort of run, and hairdly drawing her breath, she cried out:

"'Oh, Sam! What does he say?'

"What could I say? How tell her? I jest wrapped her up in my arms, and I cries out, making some violent remarks about the old squaire.

"Then she screamed, and I hed to squeeze her up, more close than ever, and kiss her, I reckon, more than a dozen times, jest to keep her from gwine into historical fits. I telled her all, from beginning to eend.

"I telled her that thar waur some truth in what the old man said; that I hedn't been keerful to do the thing as I ought; that the house *was* mean and dirty; that the horse was mean and poor; that I hed been thinking too much about her own self to think about other things; but that I would do better, would see to things, put things right, git corn in the crib, git 'capital' ef I could, and make a good, comfortable home for *her*.

"'Look at me,' says I, 'Merry Ann. Does I look like a man?'

"'You're all the man I wants,' says she.

"'That's enough,' says I. 'You shall see what I kin do, and what I *will* do. That's ef you air true to me.'

"And she throwed herself upon my buzzom, and cried out:

"'I'll be true to you, Sam. I loves nobody in all the world so much as I loves you.'

"'And you won't marry any other man, Merry Ann, no matter what your daddy says?'

"'Never,' she says.

"'And you won't listen to this old bachelor fellow, Grimstead, that's got the 'capital' already, no matter how they spurs you?'

"'Never,' she says.

"'Sw'ar it,' says I, 'sw'ar it, Merry Ann, that you will be my wife, and never marry Grimstead.'

"'I sw'ars it,' she says, kissing *me*, bekaize we had no book.

"'Now,' says I, 'Merry Ann, that's not enough. Cuss him for my sake, and to make it sartin. Cuss that fellow Grimstead.'

"'Oh, Sam, I kain't cuss,' says she; 'that's wicked.'

"'Cuss him on my account,' says I—'to my credit.'

"'Oh,' says she, 'don't ax me. I kain't do that.'

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, if you don't cuss that fellow some way, I do believe you'll go over to him a'ter all. Jest you cuss him, now. Any small cuss will do, ef you're in airnest.'

"'Well,' says she, 'ef that's your idee, then I says, '*Drot his skin*,'[1] and drot *my* skin, too, ef ever I marries anybody but Sam Snaffles.'

"'That'll do, Merry Ann,' says I. 'And now I'm easy in my soul and conscience. And now, Merry Ann, I'm gwine off to try my best and git the 'capital.' Ef it's the 'capital' that's needful to make a man of me, I'll git it, by all the Holy-Hokies, if I kin.'

"And so, after a million of squeezes and kisses, we parted; and she slipt along through the woods, the back way to the house, and I mounted my horse to go to my cabin. But, afore I mounted the beast, I gin him a dozen kicks in his ribs, jest for bearing his testimony agin me, and telling the old squaire that I hedn't 'capital' enough for a corn crib.

"I was mightily let down, as you may think, by old Squaire Hopson; but I was mightily lifted up by Merry Ann.

"But when I got to my cabin, and seed how mean everything was there, and thought how true it was all that old Squaire Hopson had said, I felt overkim, and I said to myself, 'It's all true. How kin I bring that beautiful yaller flower of the forest to live in sich a mean cabin, and with sich poor accommydations? She that had everything comforting and nice about her.'

"Then I considered all about 'capital;' and it growed on me, until I begin to see that a man might hev good legs and arms and thighs, and a good face of his own, and yit not be a parfect and proper man a'ter all. I hed lived, you see, Jedge, to be twenty-three years of age, and was living no better than a three-year-old b'ar, in a sort of cave, sleeping on shuck and straw, and never looking after to-morrow.

"I couldn't sleep all that night for the thinking and obzarvations. That impudent talking of old Hopson put me on a new track. I couldn't give up hunting. I knowed no other business, and I didn't hafe know that.

"Well, Jedge, as I said, I had a most miserable night of consideration and obzarvation and concatenation accordingly. I felt all over mean, 'cept now and then, when I thought of dear Merry Ann, and her felicities and cordialities and fidelities; and then, the cuss which she gin, onder the kiver of 'Drot,' to that dried-up old bachelor Grimstead. But I got to sleep at last. And I had a dream. And I thought I seed the prettiest woman critter in the world, next to Merry Ann, standing close by my bedside; and, at first, I thought 'twas Merry Ann, and I was gwine to kiss her agin; but she drawed back and said:

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[1] "Drot," or "Drat," has been called an American vulgarism, but it is genuine old English, as ancient as the days of Ben Jonson. Originally the oath was, "God rot it," but Puritanism, which was unwilling to take the name of God in vain, was yet not prepared to abandon the oath, so the pious preserved it in an abridged form, omitting the G from God, and using, "Od rot it." It reached its final contraction, "Drot," before it came to America. "Drot it," "Drat it," "Drot your eyes," or "Drot his skin," are so many modes of using it among the uneducated classes.—W. G. S.

"''Scuse me. I'm not Merry Ann, but I'm her friend and your friend; so don't you be down in the mouth, but keep a good hairt, and you'll hev help, and git the 'capital' whar you don't look for it now. It's only needful that you be detarmined on good works and making a man of yourself.'

"A'ter that dream I slept like a top, woke at day-peep, took my rifle, called up my dog, mounted my horse, and put out for the laurel hollows.

"Well, I hunted all day, made several *starts*, but got nothing; my dog ran off, the rascally pup, and, I reckon, ef Squaire Hopson had met him he'd ha' said 'twas bekaise I starved him. Fact is, we hedn't any on us much to eat that day, and the old mar's ribs stood out bigger than ever.

"All day I rode and followed the track, and got nothing.

"Well, jest about sunset I come to a hollow of the hills that I hed never seed before; and in the middle of it was a great pond of water, what you call a lake; and it showed like so much purple glass in the sunset, and 'twas jest as smooth as the big looking-glass of Squaire Hopson's. Thar wa'n't a breath of wind stirring.

"I was mighty tired, so I eased down from the mar', tied up the bridle and check, and let her pick about, and laid myself down onder a tree, jest about twenty yards from the lake, and thought to rest myself ontil the moon riz, which I knowed would be about seven o'clock.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep, but I did it; and I reckon I must ha' slept a good hour, for when I woke the dark had set in, and I could only see one or two bright stars hyar and thar, shooting out from the dark of the heavens. But ef I seed nothing, I haird; and jest sich a sound and noise as I hed never haird before.

"Thar was a rushing and a roaring and a screaming and a splashing in the air and in the water as made you think the universal world was coming to an eend.

"All that set me up. I was waked up out of sleep and dream, and my eyes opened to everything that eye could see; and sich another sight I never seed before. I tell you, Jedge, ef there was one wild-goose settling down in that lake thar was one hundred thousand of 'em. I couldn't see the eend of 'em. They come every minit, swarm a'ter swarm, in tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds; and sich a fuss as they did make; sich a gabbling, sich a splashing, sich a confusion, that I was fairly conflusterated; and I jest lay whar I was, a-watching 'em.

"You never seed beasts so happy. How they flapped their wings; how they gabbled to one another; how they swam hyar and thar, to the very middle of the lake and to the very edge of it, jest a fifty yards from whar I lay squat, never moving leg or arm. It was wonderful to see. I wondered how they could find room, for I reckon thar waur forty thousand on 'em, all scuffling in that leetle lake together.

"Well, as I watched them, I said to myself:

"'Now, if a fellow could only captivate all them wild geese—fresh from Canniday, I reckon—what would they bring in the market at Spartanburg and Greenville?' Walker, I knowed, would buy 'em up quick at fifty cents a head. Forty thousand geese at fifty cents a head. Thar was 'capital.'

"I could ha' fired in among 'em with my rifle, never taking aim, and killed a dozen or more at a single shot; but what was a poor dozen geese when thar waur forty thousand to captivate?

"What a haul 'twould be ef a man could only get 'em all in one net! Kiver them all at a fling!

"The idee worked like so much fire in my brain.

"How can it be done?

"That was the question.

"'Kin it be done?' I axed myself.

"'It kin,' I said to myself; 'and I'm the very man to do it.'

"Then I got up and tuk to my horse and rode home.

"And thar, when I had swallowed my bit of hoe-cake and bacon and a good strong cup of coffee, and got into bed, I couldn't sleep for a long time, thinking how I was to git them geese.

"But I kept nearing the right idee every minit, and when I was fast asleep it came to me in my dream.

"I seed the same beautifulest young woman agin that hed given me the incouragement before to go ahead, and she helped me out with the idee.

"So in the morning I went to work. I rode off to Spartanburg, and bought all the twine and cord and hafe the plough-lines in town; and I got a lot of great fish-hooks, all to help make the tanglement parfect; and I got lead for sinkers, and I got cork-wood for floaters; and I pushed for home jist as fast as my poor mar' could streak it.

"I was at work day and night for nigh on to a week making my net; and when 'twas done I borrowed a mule and cart from Columbus Mills thar—he'll tell you all about it, he kin make his affidavy to the truth of it.

"Well, off I driv with my great net, and got to the lake about noonday. I knowed 'twould take me some hours to make my fixings parfect, and get the net fairly stretched across the lake, and jest deep enough to do the tangling of every leg of the birds in the very midst of their swimming, and snorting, and splashing, and cavorting. When I hed fixed it all fine, and jest as I wanted it, I brought the eends of my plough-lines up to where I was gwine to hide myself. This was onder a strong sapling; and my calkilation was, when I hed got the beasts all hooked, forty thousand, more or less—and I could tell how that was from feeling on the line—why, then, I'd whip the line round the sapling, hitch it fast, and draw in my birds at my own ease, without axing much about their comfort.

"'Twas a most beautiful and parfect plan, and all would ha' worked beautiful well but for one leetle oversight of mine. But I won't tell you about that part of the business yit, the more pretickilarly as it turned out for the very best, as you'll see in the eend.

"I hedn't long finished my fixing when the sun suddenly tumbled down the heights, and the dark begun to creep in upon me, and a pretty cold dark it waur. I remember it well. My teeth begun to chatter in my head, though I was boiling over with inward heat, all jest coming out of my hot eagerness to be captivating the birds.

"Well, Jedge, I hedn't to wait overlong. Soon I haird them coming, screaming fur away, and then I seed them pouring, jest like so many white clouds, straight down, I reckon, from the snow mountains off in Canniday.

"Down they come, millions upon millions, till I was sartin thar waur already pretty nigh on to forty thousand in the lake.

"Well, thar they waur, forty thousand, we'll say, with, it mout be, a few millions and hundreds over. And Lawd! how they played, and splashed, and screamed, and dived! I calkilated on hooking a good many of them divers, in pretikilar, and so I watched and waited, ontil I thought I'd feel of my lines; and I begun, leetle by leetle, to haul in, when, Lawd love you, Jedge! sich a ripping and raging, and bouncing and flouncing, and flopping and splashing, and kicking and screaming, you never did hear in all your born days!

"By this I knowed that I had captivated the captains of the host, and a pretty smart chaince, I reckoned, of the rigilar army, ef 'twa'n't edzactly forty thousand; for I calkilated that some few would get away—run off—jest as the cowards always does in the army jest when the shooting and confusion begins; still I reasonably calkilated on the main body of the rigiments; and so, gitting more and more hot and eager, and pulling and hauling, I made one big mistake, and, instid of wrapping the eends of my lines around the sapling that was standing jest behind me, what does I do but wraps em round my own thigh—the right thigh, you see—and some of the loops waur hitched round my left arm at the same time.

"All this come of my hurry and ixcitement, for it was burning like a hot fever in my brain, and I didn't know when or how I hed tied myself up, ontil suddently, with an all-fired scream, all together, them forty thousand geese rose like a great black cloud in the air, all tied up, tangled up—hooked about the legs, hooked about the gills, hooked and fast in some way in the beautiful leetle twistings of my net.

"Yes, Jedge, as I'm a living hunter to-night, hyar a-talking to you, they riz up all together, as ef they hed consulted upon it, like a mighty thunder-cloud, and off they went, screaming and flouncing, meaning, I reckon, to take the back track to Canniday, in spite of the freezing weather.

"Before I knowed whar I was, Jedge, I was twenty feet in the air, my right thigh up and my left arm, and the other thigh and arm a-dangling useless, and feeling every minit as ef they was gwine to drop off.

"You may be sure I pulled with all my might, but that waur mighty leetle in the fix I was in, and I jest hed to hold on, and see whar the infernal beasts would carry me. I couldn't loose myself, and ef I could I was by this time quite too fur up in the air, and darsn't do so, onless I was willing to hev my brains dashed out, and my whole body mashed to a mammock.

"Thar I was dangling, like a dead weight, at the tail of that all-fired cloud of wild geese, head downward, and gwine, the Lawd knows whar!—to Canniday, or Jericho, or some other heathen territory beyond the Massissipp, and it mout be, over the great etarnal ocean.

"When I thought of *that*, and thought of the lines giving way, and that on a suddent I should come down plump into the big sea, jest in the middle of a great gathering of shirks and whales, to be dewoured and tore to bits by their bloody grinders, I was ready to die of skeer outright. I thought over all my sinnings in a moment, and I thought of my poor dear Merry Ann, and I called out her name, loud as I could, jest as ef the poor gal could hyar me or help me.

"And jest then I could see we waur a drawing nigh a great thunder-cloud. I could see the red tongues running out of its black jaws; and 'Lawd!' says I, 'ef these all-fired infarnal wild beasts of birds should carry me into that cloud to be burned to a coal, fried, and roasted, and biled alive by them tongues of red fire.'

"But the geese fought shy of the cloud, though we passed mighty nigh on to it, and I could see one red streak of lightning run out of the cloud, and give us chase for a full hafe a mile; but we waur too fast for it, and, in a tearing passion, bekaise it couldn't ketch us, the red streak struck its horns into a great tree jest behind us, that we had passed over, and tore it into flinders in the twink of a musquito.

"But by this time I was beginning to feel quite stupid. I knowed that I waur fast gitting onsensible, and it did seem to me as ef my hour waur come, and I was gwine to die—and die by rope, and dangling in the air, a thousand miles from the airth!

"But jest then I was roused up. I felt something brush agin me; then my face was scratched; and, on a suddent, thar was a stop put to my travels by that conveyance. The geese had stopped flying, and waur in a mighty great conflusteration, flopping their wings as well as they could, and screaming with all the tongues in their jaws. It was clar to me now that we had run agin something that brought us all up with a short hitch.

"I was shook roughly agin the obstruction, and I put out my right arm and cotched a hold of a long arm of an almighty big tree; then my legs waur cotched betwixt two other branches, and I rekivered myself, so as to set up a leetle and rest. The geese was a tumbling and flopping among the branches. The net was hooked hyar and thar; and the birds waur all about me, swinging and splurging, but onable to break loose and git away.

"By leetle and leetle I come to my clar senses, and begun to feel my sitivation. The stiffness was passing out of my limbs. I could draw up my legs, and, after some hard work, I managed to onwrap the plough-lines from my right thigh and my left arm, and I hed the sense this time to tie the eends pretty tight to a great branch of the tree which stretched clar across and about a foot over my head.

"Then I begun to consider my sitivation. I hed hed a hard riding, that was sartin; and I felt sore enough. And I hed hed a horrid bad skeer, enough to make a man's wool turn white afore the night was over. But now I felt easy, bekaise I considered myself safe. With daypeep I calkilated to let myself down from the tree by my plow-lines, and thar, below, tied fast, warn't thar my forty thousand captivated geese?

"'Hurrah!' I sings out. 'Hurrah! Merry Ann; we'll hev the 'capital' now, I reckon.'

"And, singing out, I drawed up my legs and shifted my body so as to find an easier seat in the crutch of the tree, which was an almighty big chestnut oak, when, oh Lawd! on a suddent the stump I hed been a-setting on give way onder me. 'Twas a rotten jint of the tree. It gave way, Jedge, as I tell you, and down I went, my legs first, and then my whole body—slipping down, not on the outside, but into a great hollow of the tree, all the hairt of it being eat out by the rot; and afore I knowed whar I waur, I waur some twenty foot down, I reckon; and, by the time I touched bottom, I was up to my neck in honey.

"It was an almighty big honey-tree, full of the sweet treacle, and the bees all gone and left it, I reckon, for a hundred years. And I in it up to my neck.

"I could smell it strong. I could taste it sweet. But I could see nothing.

"Lawd! Lawd! From bad to worse; buried alive in a hollow tree, with never a chaince to git out! I would then ha' given all the world ef I was only sailing away with them bloody wild geese to Canniday and Jericho, even across the sea, with all its shirks and whales dewouring me.

"Buried alive! Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd! 'Lawd save me and help me!' I cried out from the depths. And, 'Oh, my Merry Ann!' I cried, 'shill we never meet agin no more?' 'Scuse my weeping, Jedge, but I feels all over the sinsation, fresh as ever, of being buried alive in a bee-hive tree and presarved in honey. I must liquor, Jedge."

After refreshing himself with another draught, Sam proceeded with the story of his strange adventure:—

"Only think of me, Jedge, in my sitivation! Buried alive in the hollow of a mountain chestnut oak! Up to my neck in honey, with never no more an appetite to eat than ef it waur the very gall of bitterness than we reads of in the Holy Scripters!

"All dark, all silent as the grave, 'cept for the gabbling and the cackling of the wild geese outside that every now and then would make a great splurging and cavorting, trying to break away from their hitch, which was jist as fast fixed as my own.

"Who would git them geese that hed cost me so much to captivate? Who would inherit my 'capital?' and who would hev Merry Ann? and what will become of the mule and cart of Mills fastened in the woods by the leetle lake?

"I cussed the leetle lake, and the geese, and all the 'capital.'

"I cussed. I couldn't help it. I cussed from the bottom of my hairt when I ought to ha' bin saying my prayers. And thar was my poor mar' in the stable with never a morsel of feed. She had told tales upon me to Squaire Hopson, it's true, but I forgin her, and thought of her feed, and nobody to give her none. Thar waur corn in the crib and fodder, but it warn't in the stable; and onless Columbus Mills should come looking a'ter me at the cabin, thar waur no hope for me or the mar'.

"Oh, Jedge, you couldn't jedge of my sitivation in that deep hollow, and cave, I may say, of mountain oak. My head waur jest above the honey, and ef I backed it to look up, my long ha'r at the back of the neck a'most stuck fast, so thick was the honey.

"But I couldn't help looking up. The hollow was a wide one at the top, and I could see when a star was passing over. Thar they shined, bright and beautiful, as if they waur the very eyes of the angels; and as I seed them come and go, looking smiling in upon me as they come, I cried out to 'em, one by one:

"'Oh, sweet sperrits, blessed angels! ef so be thar's an angel sperrit, as they say, living in all them stars, come down and extricate me from this fix, for, so fur as I kin see, I've got no chaince of help from mortal man or woman. Hairdly onst a year does a human come this way, and ef they did come how would they know I'm hyar? How could I make them hyar me?' I knowed I prayed like a heathen sinner, but I prayed as well as I knowed how; and thar warn't a star passing over me that I didn't pray to soon as I seed them shining over the opening of the hollow; and I prayed fast and faster as I seed them passing away and gitting out of sight.

"Well, Jedge, suddently, in the midst of my praying, and jest after one bright, big star hed gone over me without seeing my sitivation, I hed a fresh skear.

"Suddent I haird a monstrous fluttering among my geese—my 'capital.' Then I haird a great scraping and scratching on the outside of the tree, and, suddent, as I looked up, the mouth of the hollow was shet up.

"All was dark. The stars and sky waur all gone. Something black kivered the hollow, and, in a minit a'ter, I haird something slipping into the hollow right upon me.

"I could hairdly draw my breath. I begun to fear that I was to be siffocated alive; and as I haird the strange critter slipping down I shoved out my hands and felt ha'r—coarse wool—and with one hand I cotched hold of the ha'ry leg of a beast, and with t'other hand I cotched hold of his tail.

"'Twas a great b'ar, one of the biggest, come to git his honey. He knowed the tree, Jedge, you see, and ef any beast in the world loves honey, 'tis a b'ar beast. He'll go to his death on honey, though the hounds are tearing at his very haunches.

"You may be sure, when I onst knowed what he was, and onst got a good gripe on his hind-quarters, I warn't gwine to let go in a hurry. I knowed that was my only chance for gitting out of the hollow, and I do believe them blessed angels in the stars sent the beast, jest at the right time, to give me human help and assistance.

"Now, yer see, Jedge, thar was no chance for him turning round upon me. He pretty much filled up the hollow. He knowed his way, and slipped down, eend foremost—the latter eend, you know. He could stand up on his hind-legs and eat all he wanted. Then, with his great sharp claws and his mighty muscle, he could work up, holding on to the sides of the tree, and git out a'most as easy as when he come down.

"Now, you see, ef he weighed five hundred pounds, and could climb like a cat, he could easy carry up a young fellow that hed no flesh to spar', and only weighed a hundred and twenty-five. So I laid my weight on him, eased him off as well as I could, but held on to tail and leg as ef all life and etarnity depended upon it.

"Now I reckon, Jedge, that b'ar was pretty much more skeered than I was. He couldn't turn in his shoes, and with something fastened to his ankles, and as he thought, I reckon, some strange beast fastened to his tail, you never seed beast more eager to git away, and git upwards. He knowed the way, and stuck his claws in the rough sides of the hollow, hand over hand, jest as a sailor pulls a rope, and up we went. We hed, howsomdever, more than one slip back, but, Lawd bless you! I never let go. Up we went, I say, at last, and I stuck jest as close to his haunches as death sticks to a dead nigger. Up we went. I felt myself moving. My neck was out of the honey. My airms were free. I could feel the sticky thing slipping off from me, and a'ter a good quarter of an hour the b'ar was on the great mouth of the hollow; and as I felt that I let go his tail, still keeping fast hold of his leg, and with one hand I cotched hold of the outside rim of the hollow; I found it fast, held on to it; and jest then the b'ar sat squat on the very edge of the hollow, taking a sort of rest a'ter his labour.

"I don't know what 'twas, Jedge, that made me do it. I warn't a-thinking at all. I was only feeling and drawing a long breath. Jest then the b'ar sort o' looked round as ef to see what varmint it was a-troubling him, when I gin him a mighty push, strong as I could, and he lost his balance and went over outside down cl'ar to the airth, and I could hyar his neck crack, almost as loud as a pistol.

"I drawed a long breath a'ter that, and prayed a short prayer; and, feeling my way all the time, so as to be sure agin rotten branches, I got a safe seat among the limbs of the tree, and sot myself down, detarmined to wait tell broad daylight before I tuk another step in the business.

"And thar I sot. So fur as I could see, Jedge, I was safe. I hed got out of the tie of the flying geese, and thar they all waur, spread before me, flopping now and then, and trying to ixtricate themselves; but they couldn't come it. Thar they waur, captivated, and so much 'capital' for Sam Snaffles.

"And I hed got out of the lion's den—that is, I hed got out of the honey-tree, and warn't in no present danger of being buried alive agin. Thanks to the b'ar, and to the blessed, beautiful angel sperrits in the stars that hed sent him thar seeking honey to be my deliverance from my captivation.

"And thar he lay, jest as quiet as ef he waur a-sleeping, though I knowed his neck was broke. And that b'ar, too, was so much 'capital.'

"And I sot in the tree making my calkilations. I could see now the meaning of that beautiful young critter that come to me in my dreams. I was to hev the 'capital,' but I was to git it through troubles and tribulations, and a mighty bad skeer for life. I never knowed the valley of 'capital' till now, and I seed the sense in all that Squaire Hopson told me, though he did tell it in a mighty spiteful sperrit.

"Well, I calkilated.

"It was cold weather, freezing, and though I had good warm clothes on, I felt monstrous like sleeping, from the cold only, though perhaps the tire and the skeer together hed something to do with it. But I was afeard to sleep. I didn't know what would happen, and a man has never his right courage ontil daylight. I fou't agin sleep by keeping on my calkilation.

"Forty thousand wild geese!

"Thar wa'n't forty thousand edzactly—very far from it—but thar they waur, pretty thick; and for every goose I could git from forty to sixty cents in all the villages in South Carolina.

"Thar was 'capital!'

"Then thar waur the b'ar.

"Jedging from his strength in pulling me up, and from his size and fat in filling up that great hollow in the tree, I calkilated that he couldn't weigh less than five hundred pounds. His hide, I knowed, was worth twenty dollars. Then thar was the fat and tallow, and the biled marrow out of his bones, what they makes b'ar's grease out of, to make chicken whiskers grow big enough for game-cocks. Then thar waur the meat, skinned, cleaned, and all; thar couldn't be much onder four hundred and fifty pounds, and whether I sold him as fresh meat or cured he'd bring me ten cents a pound at the least.

"Says I, 'Thar's capital!'

"'Then,' says I, 'thar's my honey-tree. I reckon thar's a matter of ten thousand gallons in this hyar same honey-tree; and if I kint git fifty to seventy cents a gallon for it thar's no alligators in Flurriday.'

"And so I calkilated through the night, fighting agin sleep, and thinking of my 'capital' and Merry Ann together.

"By morning I had calkilated all I hed to do and all I hed to make.

"Soon as I got a peep of day I was up and on the look-out.

"Thar all around me were the captivated geese critters. The b'ar laid down parfectly easy and waiting for the knife; and the geese, I reckon they were much more tired than me, for they didn't seem to hev the hairt for a single flutter, even when they seed me swing down from the tree among 'em holding on to my plough-lines and letting myself down easy.

"But first I must tell you, Jedge, when I seed the first signs of daylight and looked around me, Lawd bless me! what should I see but old Tryon Mountain with his great head lifting itself up in the east! And beyant I could see the house and fairm of Columbus Mills; and as I turned to look a leetle south of that thar was my own poor leetle log-cabin standing quiet, but with never a smoke streaming out from the chimbley.

"'God bless them good angel sperrits,' I said, 'I ain't two miles from home!' Before I come down from the tree I knowed edzactly whar I waur. 'Twas only four miles off from the lake and whar I hitched the mule of Columbus Mills close by the cart. Thar, too, I had left my rifle. Yet in my miserable fix, carried through the air by them wild geese, I did think I hed gone a'most a thousand miles towards Canniday.

"Soon as I got down from the tree I pushed off at a trot to git the mule and cart. I was pretty sure of my b'ar and geese when I come back. The cart stood quiet enough. But the mule, having nothing to eat, was sharping her teeth upon a boulder, thinking she'd hev a bite or so before long.

"I hitched her up, brought her to my bee-tree, tumbled the b'ar into the cart, wrung the necks of all the geese that waur thar—many hed got away—and counted some twenty-seven hundred that I piled away atop of the b'ar."

"Twenty-seven hundred!" cried the "Big Lie" and all the hunters at a breath. "Twenty-seven hundred! Why, Yaou, whenever you telled of this thing before you always counted them at three thousand one hundred and fifty!"

"Well, ef I did, I reckon I was right. I was sartinly right then, it being all fresh in my 'membrance; and I'm not the man to go back agin his own words.

"Well, Jedge, next about the b'ar. Sold the hide and tallow for a fine market-price; sold the meat, got ten cents a pound for it fresh—'twas most beautiful meat; biled down the bones for the marrow; melted down the grease; sold fourteen pounds of it to the barbers and apothecaries; got a dollar a pound for that; sold that hide for twenty dollars; and got the cash for everything.

"Well, I kin only say, that a'ter all the selling—and I driv at it day and night, with Columbus Mills' mule and cart, and went to every house in every street in all them villages—I hed a'most fifteen hundred dollars, safe stowed away onder the pillows of my bed, all in solid gould and silver.

"But I warn't done. Thar was my bee-tree. Don't you think I waur gwine to lose that honey; no, my darlint. I didn't beat the drum about nothing. I didn't let on to a soul what I was a-doing. They axed me about the wild geese, but I sent 'em on a wild-goose chase; and 'twan't till I hed sold off all the b'ar meat and all the geese that I made ready to git at that honey. I reckon them bees must ha' been making that honey for a hundred years, and was then driv out by the b'ars.

"Columbus Mills will tell you; he axed me all about it; but though he was always my good friend, I never even telled it to him. But he lent me his mule and cart, good fellow as he is, and never said nothing more; and, quiet enough, without beat of drum, I bought up all the tight-bound barrels that ever brought whisky to Spartanburg and Greenville, whar they hes the taste for that article strong; and day by day I went off carrying as many barrels as the cart could hold and the mule could draw. I tapped the old tree—which was one of the oldest and biggest chestnut oaks I ever did see—close to the bottom, and drawed off the beautiful treacle. I was more than sixteen days about it, and got something over two thousand gallons of the purest, sweetest, yellowest honey you ever did see. I could hairdly git barrels and jimmyjohns enough to hold it; and I sold it out at seventy cents a gallon, which was mighty cheap. So I got from the honey a matter of fourteen hundred dollars.

"Now, Jedge, all this time, though it went very much agin the grain, I kept away from Merry Ann and the old squaire, her daddy. I sent him two hundred head of geese—some fresh, say one hundred, and another hundred that I hed cleaned and put in salt—and I sent him three jimmyjohns of honey, five gallons each. But I kept away and said nothing, beat no drum, and hed never a thinking but how to git in the 'capital.' And I did git it in.

"When I carried the mule and cart home to Columbus Mills I axed him about a sartin farm of one hundred and sixty acres that he hed to sell. It hed a good house on it. He selled it to me cheap. I paid him down, and put the titles in my pocket. 'Thar's capital,' says I.

"*That* waur a fixed thing for ever and ever. And when I hed moved everything from the old cabin to the new farm, Columbus let me hev a fine milch cow that gin eleven quarts a day, with a beautiful young caif. Jest about that time thar was a great sale of the furniter of the Ashmore family down at Spartanburg, and I remembered I hed no decent bedstead, or anything rightly sarving for a young woman's chamber; so I went to the sale, and bought a fine strong mahogany bedstead, a dozen chairs, a chist of drawers, and some other things that ain't quite mentionable, Jedge, but all proper for a lady's chamber; and I soon hed the house fixed up ready for anything. And up to this time I never let on to anybody what I was a-thinking about or what I was a-doing until I could stand up in my own doorway and look about me, and say to myself, 'This is my 'capital,' I reckon;' and when I hed got all that I thought a needcessity to git I took 'count of everything.

"I spread the title-deeds of my fairm out on the table. I read 'em over three times to see ef 'twaur all right. Thar was my name several times in big letters, 'to hev and to hold.'

"Then I fixed the furniter. Then I brought out into the stable-yard the old mar'— you couldn't count her ribs *now*, and she was spry as ef she hed got a new conceit of herself.

"Then thar was my beautiful cow and caif, sealing fat, both on 'em, and sleek as a doe in autumn.

"Then thar waur a fine young mule that I bought in Spartanburg; my cart, and a strong second-hand buggy, that could carry two pussons convenient of two different sexes. And I felt big, like a man of consekence and capital.

"That warn't all.

"I had the shiners, Jedge, besides—all in gould and silver—none of your dirty rags and blotty spotty paper.

"I hed a grand count of my money, Jedge. I hed it in a dozen or twenty little bags of leather —the gould —and the silver I hed in shot-bags. It took me a whole morning to count it up and git the figgers right. Then I stuffed it in my pockets, hyar and thar, everywhar wharever I could stow a bag; and the silver I stuffed away in my saddle-bags, and clapped it on the mar'.

"Then I mounted myself, and sot the mar's nose straight in a bee-line for the fairm of Squaire Hopson.

"I was a-gwine, you see, to surprise him with my 'capital;' but, fust, I meant to give him a mighty grand skeer.

"You see, when I was a-trading with Columbus Mills about the fairm and cattle and other things, I ups and tells him about my courting of Merry Ann; and when I telled him about Squaire Hopson's talk about 'capital,' he says:

"'The old skunk! What right hes he to be talking big so when he kain't pay his own debts. He's been owing me three hundred and fifty dollars now gwine on three years, and I kain't git even the *intrust* out of him. I've got a mortgage on his fairm for the whole, and ef he won't let you hev his da'ter, jest you come to me, and I'll clap the screws to him in short order.'

"Says I, 'Columbus, won't you sell me that mortgage?'

"'You shill hev it for the face of the debt,' says he, 'not considerin' the intrust.'

"'It's a bargin,' says I; and I paid him down the money, and he signed the mortgage over to me for a vallyable consideration.

"I hed that beautiful paper in my breast pocket, and felt strong to face the squaire in his own house, knowing how I could turn him out of it. And I mustn't forget to tell you how I got myself a new rig of clothing, with a mighty fine over-coat and a new fur cap; and as I looked in the glass I felt my consekence all over at every for'a'd step I tuk; and I felt my inches growing with every pace of the mar' on the high-road to Merry Ann and her beautiful daddy.

"Well, Jedge, before I quite got to the squaire's farm, who should come out to meet me in the road but Merry Ann, her own self. She hed spied me, I reckon, as I crossed the bald ridge a quarter of a mile away. I do reckon the dear gal hed been looking out for me every day the whole eleven days in the week, counting in all the Sundays. In the mountains, you know, Jedge, that the weeks sometimes run to twelve, and even fourteen days, specially when we're on a long camp-hunt.

"Well, Merry Ann cried and laughed together, she was so tarnation glad to see me agin. Says she:

"'Oh, Sam! I'm so glad to see you! I was afeard you had clean gin me up. And thar's that fusty old bachelor Grimstead, he's a-coming here a'most every day; and daddy, he sw'ars that I shill marry, and nobody else; and mammy, she's at me too, all the time, telling how fine a fairm he's got, and what a nice carriage, and all that; and mammy says as how daddy'll be sure to beat me ef I don't hev him. But I kain't bear to look at him, the old grisly.'

"'Cuss him,' says I. 'Cuss him, Merry Ann.'

"And she did, but onder her breath—the old cuss.

"'Drot him!' says she; and she said louder, 'and drot me too, Sam, ef I ever marries anybody but you.'

"By this time I hed got down and gin her a long, strong hug, and a'most twenty or a dozen kisses, and I says:

"'You shan't marry nobody but me, Merry Ann; and we'll hev the marriage this very night, ef you says so.'

"'Oh! psho, Sam! How you does talk!'

"'Ef I don't marry you to-night, Merry Ann, I'm a holy mortar, and a sinner not to be saved by any salting, though you puts the petre with the salt. I'm come for that very thing. Don't you see my new clothes?'

"'Well, you hev got a beautiful coat, Sam; all so blue, and with sich shiny buttons.'

"'Look at my waistcoat, Merry Ann. What do you think of that?'

"'Why, it's a most beautiful blue welvet.'

"'That's the very article,' says I. 'And see the breeches, Merry Ann; and the boots.'

"'Well,' says she, 'I'm fair astonished, Sam. Why, whar, Sam, did you find all the money for these fine things?'

"'A beautiful young woman, a'most as beautiful as you, Merry Ann, come to me the very night of that day when your daddy driv me off with a flea in my ear. She come to me to my bed at midnight ——'

"'Oh, Sam! *ain't* you ashamed!'

"''Twas in a dream, Merry Ann; and she tells me something to incourage me to go for'a'd, and I went for'a'd, bright and airly next morning, and I picked up three sarvants that hev been working for me ever sence.'

"'What sarvants?' says she.

"'One was a goose, one was a b'ar, and t'other was a bee!'

"'Now, you're a-fooling me, Sam.'

"'You'll see. Only you git yourself ready, for, by the eternal Hokies, I marries you this very night, and takes you home to *my* fairm bright and airly to-morrow morning.'

"'I do think, Sam, you must be downright crazy.'

"'You'll see and believe. Do you go home and get yourself fixed up for the wedding. Old Parson Stovall lives only two miles from your daddy, and I'll hev him hyar by sundown. You'll see.'

"'But ef I waur to b'lieve you, Sam——'

"'I've got on my wedding clothes o' purpose, Merry Ann.'

"'But *I* hain't got no clothes fit for a gal to be married in,' says she.

"'I'll marry you this very night, Merry Ann,' says I, 'though you hedn't a stitch of clothing at all!'

"'Git out, you sassy Sam,' says she, slapping my face. Then I kissed her in her very mouth, and a'ter that we walked on together, I leading the mar'.

"Says she, as we neared the house, 'Sam, let me go before, or stay hyar in the thick, and you go in by yourself. Daddy's in the hall smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers.'

"'We'll walk in together,' says I, quite consekential.

"Says she, 'I'm so afeard.'

"'Don't you be afeard, Merry Ann,' says I; 'you'll see that all will come out jest in I tells you. We'll be hitched to-night ef Parson Stovall, or any other parson, kin be got to tie us up.'

"Says she, suddently, 'Sam, you're a-walking lame, I'm a-thinking. What's the matter? Hev you hurt yourself any way?'

"Says I, 'It's only owing to my not balancing my accounts even in my pockets. You see I feel so much like flying in the air with the idee of marrying you to-night that I filled my pockets with rocks, jest to keep me down.'

"'I do think, Sam, you're a leetle cracked in the upper story.'

"'Well,' says I, 'ef so, the crack has let in a blessed chaince of the beautifullest sunlight! You'll see! Cracked, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Wait till I've done with your daddy! I'm gwine to square accounts with *him*, and I reckon, when I'm done with him, you'll guess that the crack's in *his* skull, and not in mine.'

"'What! you wouldn't knock my father, Sam!' says she, drawing off from me and looking skeary.

"'Don't you be afeard; but it's very sartin, ef our heads don't come together, Merry Ann, you won't hev me for your husband to-night. And that's what I've swore upon. Hyar we air!'

"When we got to the yard I led in the mar', and Merry Ann she ran away from me and dodged round the house. I hitched the mar' to the post, took off the saddle-bags, which was mighty heavy, and walked into the house stiff enough I tell you, though the gould in my pockets pretty much weighed me down as I walked.

"Well, in I walked, and thar sat the old squaire smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper. He looked at me through his specs over the newspaper, and when he seed who 'twas his mouth put on that same conceited sort of grin and smile that he ginerally hed when he spoke to me.

"'Well,' says he, gruffly enough, 'it's you, Sam Snaffles, is it?' Then he seems to diskiver my new clothes and boots, and he sings out, 'Heigh! you're tip-toe fine to-day! What fool of a shopkeeper in Spartanburg have you tuk in this time, Sam?'

"Says I, cool enough, 'I'll answer all them iligant questions a'ter a while, squaire; but would prefar to see to business fust.'

"'Business!' says he; 'and what business kin you hev with me, I wants to know?'

"'You shall know, squaire, soon enough! and I only hopes it will be to your liking a'ter you l'arn it.'

"So I laid my saddle-bags down at my feet and tuk a chair quite at my ease; and I could see that he was all astare in wonderment at what he thought my sassiness. As I felt I had my hook in his gills, though he didn't know it yit, I felt in the humour to tickle him and play him as we does a trout.

"Says I, 'Squaire Hopson, you owes a sartin amount of money, say 350 dollars, with intrust on it for now three years, to Dr. Columbus Mills.'

"At this he squares round, looks me full in the face, and says:

"'What the Old Harry's that to you?'

"Says I, gwine on cool and straight, 'You gin him a mortgage on this fairm for security.'

"'What's that to you?' says he.

"'The mortgage is over-due by two years, squaire,' says I.

"'What the Old Harry's all that to you, I say?' he fairly roared out.

"'Well, nothing much, I reckon. The three hundred and fifty dollars, with three years' intrust at seven per cent., making it now—I've calkelated it all without compounding—something over four hundred and twenty-five dollars—well, squaire, that's not much to *you*, I reckon, with your large capital. But it's something to me.'

"'But I ask you again, sir,' he says, 'what is all this to you?'

"'Jist about what I tells you—say four hundred and twenty-five dollars; and I've come hyar this morning, bright and airly, in hope you'll be able to square up and satisfy the mortgage. Hyar's the dockyment.'

"And I drawed the paper from my breast-pocket.

"'And you tell me that Dr. Mills sent you hyar,' says he, 'to collect this money?'

"'No; I come myself on my own hook.'

"'Well,' says he, 'you shill hev your answer at onst. Take that paper back to Dr. Mills and tell him that I'll take an airly opportunity to call and arrange the business with him. You hev your answer, sir,' he says, quite grand, 'and the sooner you makes yourself scarce the better.'

"'Much obleeged to you, squaire, for your ceveelity,' says I; 'but I ain't quite satisfied with that answer. I've come for the money due on this paper, and must hev it, squaire, or thar will be what the lawyers call *four closures* upon it!'

"'Enough! tell Dr. Mills I will answer his demand in person.'

"'You needn't trouble yourself, squaire; for ef you'll jest look at the back of that paper and read the 'signmeant, you'll see that you've got to settle with Sam Snaffles, and not with Columbus Mills.'

"Then he snatches up the dockyment, turns it over, and reads the rigilar 'signmeant, writ in Columbus Mills' own handwrite.

"Then the squaire looks at me with a great stare, and he says, to himself like:

"'It's a *bonny fodder* 'signmeant.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'it's *bonny fodder*—rigilar in law—and the titles all made out complete to me, Sam Snaffles; signed, sealed, and delivered, as the lawyers says it.'

"'And how the Old Harry come you by this paper?' says he.

"I was gitting riled, and I was detarmined, this time, to gin my hook a pretty sharp jerk in his gills; so I says:

"'See, I've got my wedding-breeches on. I'm to be married to-night, and I wants to take my wife to her own fairm as soon as I kin. Now, you see, squaire, I all along set my hairt on this fairm of yourn, and I detarmined ef ever I could git the 'capital,' to get hold of it; and that was the idee I hed when I bought the 'signmeant of the mortgage from Columbus Mills. So, you see, ef you kain't pay a'ter three years, you never kin pay, I reckon; and ef I don't git my money this day, why—I kain't help it—the lawyers will hev to see to the *four closures* to-morrow!"

"'Great God, sir!' says he, rising out of his chair, and crossing the room up and down, 'do you coolly propose to turn me and my family headlong out of my house?'

"'Well now,' says I, 'squaire, that's not edzactly the way to put it. As I reads this dockyment'—and I tuk up and put the mortgage in my pocket—'the house and fairm are *mine* by law. They onst was yourn; but it wants nothing now but the *four closures* to make 'em mine.'

"'And would you force the sale of property worth two thousand dollars and more for a miserable four hundred dollars?'

"'It must sell for what it'll bring, squaire; and I stands ready to buy it for my wife, you see, ef it costs me twice as much as the mortgage.'

"'Your wife!' says he; 'who the Old Harry is she? You once pertended to have an affection for my da'ter.'

"'So I hed; but you hedn't the proper affection for your da'ter that I hed. You prefar'd money to her affections, and you drive me off to git 'capital!' Well, I tuk your advice, and I've got the capital.'

"'And whar the Old Harry,' said he, 'did you get it?'

"'Well, I made good tairms with the old devil for a hundred years, and he found me in the money.'

"'It must hev been so,' said he. 'You waur not the man to git capital in any other way.'

"Then he goes on: 'But what becomes of your pertended affection for my da'ter?'

"''Twan't pertended; but you throwed yourself betwixt us with all your force, and broke the gal's hairt, and broke mine, so far as you could; and as I couldn't live without company, I hed to look for myself and find a wife as I could. I tell you, as I'm to be married to-night, and as I've swore a most etarnal oath to hev this fairm, you'll hev to raise the wind to-day, and square off with me, or the lawyers will be at you with the *four closures* to-morrow, bright and airly.'

"'Dod dern you!' he cries out. 'Does you want to drive me mad?'

"'By no manner of means,' says I, jest about as cool and quiet as a cowcumber.

"The poor old squaire fairly sweated, but he couldn't say much. He'd come up to me and say:

"'Ef you only did love Merry Ann!'

"'Oh,' says I, 'what's the use of your talking that? Ef you only hed ha' loved your own da'ter!'

Then the old chap begun to cry, and as I seed that I jest kicked over my saddle-bags lying at my feet, and the silver Mexicans rolled out—a bushel on 'em, I reckon—and, oh, Lawd! how the old fellow jumped, staring with all his eyes at me and the dollars.

"'It's money,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'jest a few hundreds of thousands of *my* 'capital.' I didn't stop at the figgers, you see.

"Then he turns to me, and says, 'Sam Snaffles, you're a most wonderful man. You're a mystery to me. Whar, in the name of Heaven, hev you been? and what hev you been doing? and whar did you git all this power of capital?'

"I jest laughed, and went to the door and called Merry Ann. She come mighty quick. I reckon she was watching and waiting.

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, that's money. Pick it up and put it back in the saddle-bags, ef you please.'

"Then says I, turning to the old man, 'Thar's that whole bushel of Mexicans, I reckon. Thar monstrous heavy. My old mar'—ax her about her ribs now!—she fairly squelched onder the weight of me and that money. And I'm pretty heavy loaded myself. I must lighten, with your leave, squaire.'

"And I pulled out a leetle doeskin bag of gould half-eagles from my right-hand pocket and poured them out upon the table; then I emptied my left-hand pocket, then the side-pockets of the coat, then the skairt-pockets, and jist spread the shiners out upon the table.

"Merry Ann was fairly frightened, and run out of the room; then the old woman she come in, and as the old squaire seed her, he tuk her by the shoulder and said:

"'Jest you look at that thar.'

"And when she looked and seed, the poor old hypercritical scamp sinner turned round to me and flung her airms round my neck, and said:

"'I always said you waur the only right man for Merry Ann.'

"The old spooney!

"Well, we were married that night, and hev been comfortable ever since."

That was the end of Yaou's story.

THE PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

There in yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell who know no parent's care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;

How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

George Crabbe.

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

FROM SWIFT.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chestful, and makes no more use of them than I."

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel." And I think he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "this critical age," as divines say, "this sinful age."

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this: this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants.

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes, in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies, indeed, but of another sort.

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

"That was excellently observed," said I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine: when we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present; but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

FROM POPE.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but, generally, true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit: and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Giving advice is, many times, only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense; it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

It is with narrowed-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things, whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable: but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude; be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never knew a man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.[1]

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

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[1] It is said of Frederick the Great that an additional guinea was only wanting to render his fêtes and entertainments magnificent.

There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue.

FROM LAVATER.

He who is open, without levity; generous, without waste; secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical: is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, virtue.

He who begins with severity in judging of another, ends commonly with falsehood.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.

There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.

He who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love unite, the more radiant when they meet.

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence: who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

Sagacity in selecting the good, and courage to honour it, according to its degree, determines your own degree of goodness.

Who cuts is easily wounded. The readier you are to offend, the sooner you are offended.

He who is respectable when thinking himself alone and free from observation, will be so before the eye of all the world.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself: there is a princely manner of giving and a royal manner of accepting.

He who affects useless singularity, has a little mind.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint: the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

The wrangler, the puzzler, the word-hunter, are incapable of great actions.

Who, at the relation of some unmerited misfortune smiles, is either a fool, a fiend, or a villain.

Know, that the great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him: humanity has power over all that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never *can* throw off all taste for what belongs to man—but you must learn to wait.

The most abhorred thing in nature is the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to the lap of a tender, helpless family.

Between passion and lie there is not a finger's breadth.

Then talk of patience, when you have borne him who has none, without repining.

Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and great man.

He who believes not in virtue, must be vicious; all faith is only the reminiscence of the good that once arose and the omen of the good that may arise within us.

If you mean to know yourself, interline such of these aphorisms as affected you, and set a mark to such as left a sense of uneasiness with you, and then show your copy to whom you please.

PLEASURES OF PROMISE.

Things may be well to seem that are not well to be,
And thus hath fancy's dream been realized to me.
We deem the distant tide a blue and solid ground;
We seek the green hill's side, and thorns are only found.

Is hope then ever so?—or is it as a tree,
Whereon fresh blossoms grow, for those that faded be?
Oh, who may think to sail from peril and from snare,
When rocks beneath us fail, and bolts are in the air?

Yet hope the storm can quell with a soft and happy tune,
Or hang December's cell with figures caught from June:
And even unto me there cometh, less forlorn,
An impulse from the sea, a promise from the morn.

When summer shadows break, and gentle winds rejoice,
On mountain or on lake ascends a constant voice
With a hope and with a pride, its music woke of old,
And every pulse replied in tales as fondly told.

Though illusion aids no more the poetry of youth,
Its fabled sweetness o'er, it leaves a pensive truth:—
That tears the sight obscure, that sounds the ear betray,
That nothing can allure the heart to go astray.

S. Laman Blanchard.

[illegible] PINX GEBBIE & CO

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.[1]

[Robert Southey, LL.D., born at Bristol, 2th August, 1774; died at Keswick, Cumberland, 21st March, 1843. Poet, historian, biographer, and miscellaneous writer. For some time he was uncertain what profession to adopt: his friends advised the church; he flirted with law, and at length devoted himself to literature. In 1807 he received a pension of £144 a year for literary services; in 1813 he was appointed poet laureate; in 1835 he was placed on the civil list for £300 a year, and Sir Robert Peel offered him a baronetcy, which he declined. Of his numerous works we may mention, amongst his poems: *Joan of Arc; Thalaba the Destroyer; Madoc; Metrical Tales and other Poems; Roderick, the Last of the Goths; Wat Tyler; The Curse of Kehama; The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*, &c. Amongst his prose writings—*The Life of Nelson*—which Macaulay said was, "beyond all doubt, the most perfect of his works"—*Life of John Wesley; History of the Peninsular War; Lives of Uneducated Poets; Essays, Moral and Political*, &c. In his *Poetic Literature*, D. M. Moir observed: "Southey shone in the paths of gentle meditation and philosophic reflection; but his chief strength lay in description, where he had few equals. . . . His capacious mind may be likened to a variegated continent, one region of which is damp with fogs, rough with rocks, barren and unprofitable; the other bright with glorious sunshine, valleys of rich luxuriance, and forests of perpetual verdure." *Joan of Arc* was his first publication of any importance, and appeared in 1795. In his later years the poet carefully revised the poem for the complete edition of his works published by Longmans and Co. *The Maid of Orleans*—so-called on account of her heroic defence of that city—was born in the hamlet of Domremy, near the Meuse, in 1410 or 1411, and her marvellous career closed in May, 1431, in the market-place of Rouen, where she was burned as a sorceress. Southey in his preface to the poem wrote: "That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, few will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois. That she discovered the king when he disguised himself, among the courtiers, to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from the tomb of St. Catherine, are facts in which all historians agree. . . . The Maid was not knowingly an impostor."]

Orleans was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay; with toil
Exhausted, and sore anguish, soon she closed
Her heavy eyelids; not reposing then,
For busy phantasy in other scenes
Awaken'd: whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Instructing best the passive faculty;
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
And all things *are* that *seem*.
Along a moor,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd, a wanderer through the cheerless night.
Far through the silence of the unbroken plain
The bittern's boom was heard; hoarse, heavy, deep,
It made accordant music to the scene.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing: through their broken folds the moon
Struggled at times with transitory ray,
And made the moving darkness visible.
And now arrived beside a fenny lake
She stands, amid whose stagnate waters, hoarse
The long reeds rustled to the gale of night.
A time-worn bark receives the maid, impell'd
By powers unseen; then did the moon display
Where through the crazy vessel's yawning side
The muddy waters oozed. A woman guides,
And spreads the sail before the wind, which moan'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,
As ever by a dungeon'd wretch was heard
Howling at evening round his prison towers.
Wan was the pilot's countenance, her eyes
Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were furrow'd deep,
Channell'd by tears! a few gray locks hung down
Beneath her hood: and through the maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood, when, as the night-breeze pass'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless bats with short shrill note flit by,
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
Leapt, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
In recollection.
There, a mouldering pile
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
Shone through its fretted windows: the dark yew,
Withering with age, branch'd there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy cypress rear'd
Its head; the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
The virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged man
Sate near, seated on what in long-past days
Had been some sculptured monument, now fallen
And half-obscured by moss, and gather'd heaps
Of wither'd yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones.
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
Upon the maid; the tomb-fires on his face
Shed a blue light; his face was of the hue
Of death; his limbs were mantled in a shroud
Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,

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[1] In the first edition of *Joan of Arc* this Vision formed the ninth book, allegorical machinery having been introduced throughout the poem as originally written. All that remained of such machinery was expunged in the second edition, and the Vision was then struck out, as no longer according with the general design.

Exclaim'd the spectre, "Welcome to these realms,
These regions of despair, O thou whose steps
Sorrow hath guided to my sad abodes!
Welcome to my drear empire, to this gloom
Eternal, to this everlasting night,
Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
Dark as the bosom of their gloomy king."

So saying, he arose, and drawing on,
Her to the abbey's inner ruin led,
Resisting not his guidance. Through the roof
Once fretted and emblazed, but broken now
In part, elsewhere all open to the sky,
The moonbeams enter'd, chequer'd here, and here
With unimpeded light. The ivy twined
Round the dismantled columns; imaged forms
Of saints and warlike chiefs, moss-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground,
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
And rusted trophies. Meantime overhead
Roar'd the loud blast, and from the tower the owl
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
He, silent, led her on, and often paused,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leisure the drear scene.
He dragg'd her on
Through a low iron door, down broken stairs;
Then a cold horror through the maiden's frame
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
The fragments of the dead.
"Look here!" he cried,
"Damsel, look here! survey this house of death;
O soon to tenant it; soon to increase
These trophies of mortality, . . . for hence
Is no return. Gaze here; behold this skull,
These eyeless sockets, and these unflesh'd jaws,
That with their ghastly grinning seem to mock
Thy perishable charms; for thus thy cheek
Must moulder. Child of grief! shrinks not thy soul,
Viewing these horrors? trembles not thy heart
At the dread thought that here its life's-blood soon
Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon
With the cold clod? thing horrible to think, . . .
Yet in thought only, for reality
Is none of suffering here; here all is peace;
No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.
Dreadful it is to think of losing life,
But having lost, knowledge of loss is not,
Therefore no ill. Oh, wherefore then delay
To end all ills at once!"
So spake Despair.
The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
And all again was silence. Quick her heart
Panted. He placed a dagger in her hand,
And cried again, "Oh wherefore then delay!
One blow, and rest for ever!" On the fiend
Dark scowl'd the virgin with indignant eye,
And threw the dagger down. He next his heart
Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the maid
Along the downward vault.
The damp earth gave
A dim sound as they pass'd: the tainted air
Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews.
"Behold!" the fiend exclaim'd, "how loathsomely
The fleshly remnant of mortality
Moulders to clay!" then fixing his broad eye
Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
Lay livid; she beheld with horrent look,
The spectacle abhorr'd by living man.

"Look here!" Despair pursued, "this loathsome mass
Was once as lovely, and as full of life
As, damsel, thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes
Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,
And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,
Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought
That at the hallow'd altar, soon the priest
Should bless her coming union, and the torch
Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy,
Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth
That priest consign'd her, for her lover went
By glory lured to war, and perish'd there;
Nor she endured to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
Dost thou then, maiden, tremble at the tale?
Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
The self-devoted hero!"
Fearfully
The maid look'd down, and saw the well-known face
Of Theodore. In thoughts unspeakable,
Convulsed with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd
Her cold damp hands: "Shrink not," the phantom cried,
"Gaze on!" and unrelentingly he grasp'd
Her quivering arm: "this lifeless mouldering clay,
As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow
Of youth and love; this is the hand that cleft
Proud Salisbury's crest, now motionless in death,
Unable to protect the ravaged frame
From the foul offspring of mortality
That feed on heroes. Though long years were thine
Yet never more would life reanimate
This slaughter'd youth; slaughter'd for thee! for thou
Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
Where else he had survived to good old age:
In thy defence he died: strike then! destroy
Remorse with life."
The Maid stood motionless,
And, wistless what she did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
"Avaunt, Despair! Eternal Wisdom deals
Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
Alike design'd; and shall the creature cry,
'Why hast thou done this?' and with impious pride
Destroy the life God gave?"
The fiend rejoin'd,
"And thou dost deem it impious to destroy
The life God gave? What, Maiden, is the lot
Assign'd to mortal man? born but to drag,
Through life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load

Of being; care-corroded at the heart;
Assail'd by all the numerous train of ills
That flesh inherits; till at length worn out,
This is his consummation!—Think again!
What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life,
But lengthen'd sorrow? If protracted long,
Till on the bed of death thy feeble limbs
Stretch out their languid length, oh think what thoughts,
What agonizing feelings, in that hour,
Assail the sinking heart! slow beats the pulse,
Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
The shuddering frame; then in its mightiest force,
Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
Seizes the throbbing heart; the faltering lips
Pour out the impious prayer that fain would change
The Unchangeable's decree; surrounding friends
Sob round the sufferer, wet his cheeks with tears;
And all he loved in life embitters death.

"Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
Of easiest dissolution! yet weak man
Resolves, in timid piety, to live;
And veiling fear in superstition's garb,
He calls her resignation!
Coward wretch!
Fond coward, thus to make his reason war
Against his reason. Insect as he is,
This sport of chance, this being of a day,
Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast,
Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,
That God regards man, miserable man,
And preaching thus of power and providence,
Will crush the reptile that may cross his path!

"Fool that thou art! the Being that permits
Existence, gives to man the worthless boon:
A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest,
Bask in the sunshine of prosperity,
And such do well to keep it. But to one
Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
With many a hard unmerited affliction,
It is a hair that chains to wretchedness
The slave who dares not burst it!
Thinkest thou,
The parent, if his child should unrecall'd
Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
'Oh! the wide world is comfortless, and full
Of fleeting joys and heart-consuming cares,
I can be only happy in my home
With thee—my friend!—my father!' Thinkest thou,
That he would thrust him as an outcast forth?
Oh! he would clasp the truant to his heart,
And love the trespass."
Whilst he spake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul
Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,
Even as a wretch, whose famish'd entrails crave
Supply, before him sees the poison'd food
In greedy horror.
Yet, not silent long.
"Eloquent tempter, cease!" the Maiden cried,
"What though affliction be my portion here,
Thinkest thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back
Upon a life of duty well perform'd,
Then lift mine eyes to heaven, and there in faith
Know my reward? . . . I grant, were this life all,
Was there no morning to the tomb's long night,
If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
A wise and friendly comforter! . . . But, fiend,
There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
He shall not gain who never merited.
If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose
The precious privilege, while life endures
To do my Father's will. A mighty task
Is mine, . . . a glorious call. France looks to me
For her deliverance."
"Maiden, thou hast done
Thy mission here," the unbaffled fiend replied:
"The foes are fled from Orleans: thou, perchance
Exulting in the pride of victory,
Forgettest him who perish'd: yet albeit
Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth,
That hour allotted canst thou not escape,
That dreadful hour, when contumely and shame
Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid!
Destined to drain the cup of bitterness,
Even to its dregs, . . . England's inhuman chiefs
Shall scoff thy sorrows, blacken thy pure fame,
Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
And force such burning blushes to the cheek
Of virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
The earth might cover thee. In that last hour,
When thy bruis'd breast shall heave beneath the chains
That link thee to the stake, a spectacle
For the brute multitude, and thou shalt hear
Mockery more painful than the circling flames
Which then consume thee; wilt thou not in vain
Then wish my friendly aid? then wish thine ear
Had drank my words of comfort? that thy hand
Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved
Insulted modesty?"
Her glowing cheek
Blush'd crimson; her wide eye on vacancy
Was fix'd; her breath short panted. The cold fiend,
Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, "Too timid Maid,
So long repugnant to the healing aid
My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold
The allotted length of life."
He stamp'd the earth,
And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
Two Gouls came on, of form more fearful-foul
Than ever palsied in her wildest dream
Hag-ridden Superstition. Then Despair
Seized on the Maid, whose curdling blood stood still,
And placed her in the seat, and on they pass'd
Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
Shot from the dæmons, as they dragg'd along
The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren feast
On carcasses.

Below, the vault dilates
Its ample bulk. "Look here!"—Despair addrest
The shuddering virgin, "see the dome of Death!"
It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
The entrails of the earth, as though to form
A grave for all mankind: no eye could reach
Its distant bounds. There, throned in darkness, dwelt
The unseen power of Death.
Here stopt the Gouls,
Reaching the destined spot. The fiend stepped out,
And from the coffin as he led the Maid,
Exclaim'd, "Where mortal never stood before,
Thou standest: look around this boundless vault;
Observe the dole that nature deals to man,
And learn to know thy friend."
She answer'd not,
Observing where the Fates their several tasks
Plied ceaseless. "Mark how long the shortest web
Allow'd to man!" he cried; "observe how soon,
Twined round yon never-resting wheel, they change
Their snowy hue, darkening through many a shade,
Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers."

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,
Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
Or as the spotless lily of the vale,
Was never one beyond the little span
Of infancy untainted; few there were
But lightly tinged; more of deep crimson hue,
Or deeper sable dyed. Two Genii stood,
Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
The one unsparing dash'd the bitter drops
Of woe; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form
Shed less profusely there his lesser store;
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
Compassionating man; and happy he
Who on his thread those precious tears receives;
If it be happiness to have the pulse
That throbs with pity, and in such a world
Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
With anguish at the sight of human woe.

To her the fiend, well hoping now success,
"This is thy thread; observe how short the span;
And little doth the evil Genius spare
His bitter tincture there." The Maiden saw
Calmly. "Now gaze!" the tempter fiend exclaim'd,
And placed again the poniard in her hand,
For Superstition, with a burning torch,
Approach'd the loom. "This, damsel, is thy fate!
The hour draws on—now strike the dagger home!
Strike now, and be at rest!"
The Maid replied,
"Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
Impious I strive not: let that will be done!"

She spake, and lo! celestial radiance beam'd
Amid the air, such odours wafting now
As erst came blended with the evening gale,
From Eden's bowers of bliss. An angel form
Stood by the Maid; his wings, ethereal white,
Flash'd like the diamond in the noontide sun,
Dazzling her mortal eye: all else appear'd
Her Theodore.
Amazed she saw: the fiend
Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
Sounded, though now more musically sweet
Than ever yet had thrill'd her soul attuned,
When eloquent affection fondly told
The day-dreams of delight.
"Beloved Maid!
Lo! I am with thee, still thy Theodore!
Hearts in the holy bands of love combined,
Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine!
A little while and thou shalt dwell with me
In scenes where sorrow is not. Cheerily
Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
Rough though it be and painful, for the grave
Is but the threshold of eternity."

THE ADMIRAL ON SHORE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I do not know any moment in which the two undelightful truisms which we are all so ready to admit and to run away from—the quick progress of time and the instability of common events—are brought before us with a more uncomfortable consciousness than that of visiting, after a long absence, a house with whose former inhabitants we had been on terms of intimacy. The feeling is still more unpleasant when it comes to us unexpectedly and finds us unprepared, as has happened to me to-day.

A friend requested me this morning to accompany her to call on her little girl, whom she had recently placed at the Belvidere, a new and celebrated boarding-school—I beg pardon! —establishment for young ladies, about ten miles off. We set out accordingly, and, my friend being a sort of person in whose company one is apt to think little of anything but herself, had proceeded to the very gate of the Belvidere before I had at all recollected the road we were travelling, when in our momentary stop at the entrance of the lawn, I at once recognized the large substantial mansion, surrounded by magnificent oaks and elms, whose shadow lay broad and heavy on the grass in the bright sun of August; the copse-like shrubbery, which sunk with a pretty natural wildness to a dark clear pool, the ha ha, which parted the pleasure-ground from the open common, and the beautiful country which lay like a panorama beyond—in a word, I knew at a glance, in spite of the disguise of its new appellations, the White House at Hannonby, where ten years ago I had so often visited my good old friend Admiral Floyd.

The place had undergone other transmogrifications besides its change of name; in particular, it had gained a few prettinesses and had lost much tidiness. A new rustic bench, a green-house, and a verandah, may be laid to the former score; a torn book left littering on the seat, a broken swing dangling from the trees, a skipping-rope on the grass, and a straw bonnet on a rose-bush, to the latter; besides which, the lawn which, under the naval reign, had been kept almost as smooth as water, was now in complete neglect, the turf in some places growing into grass, in others trodden quite bare by the continual movement of little rapid feet; leaves lay under the trees; weeds were on the gravel; and dust upon the steps. And in two or three chosen spots small fairy gardens had been cribbed from the shrubberies, where seedy mignonette and languishing sweet-peas, and myrtles over-watered, and geraniums, trained as never geraniums were trained before, gave manifest tokens of youthful gardening. None of the inhabitants were visible, but it was evidently a place gay and busy with children, devoted to their sports and their exercise. As we neared the mansion, the sounds and sights of school-keeping became more obvious. Two or three pianos were jingling in different rooms, a guitar tinkling, and a harp twanging; a din of childish voices, partly French partly English, issued from one end of the house; and a foreign-looking figure advanced from the other, whom, from his silk stockings, his upright carriage, and the boy who followed him carrying his kit, I set down for the dancing-master; whilst in an upstair apartment were two or three rosy laughing faces, enjoying the pleasure of disobedience in peeping out of window, one of which faces disappeared the moment it caught sight of the carriage, and was in another instant hanging round its mother's neck in the hall. I could not help observing to the governess, who also met us there, that it was quite shocking to think how often disobedience prospers amongst these little people. If Miss Emily had not been peeping out of the window when we drove up to the door, she would have been at least two minutes later in kissing her dear mamma —a remark to which the little girl assented very heartily, and at which her accomplished preceptress tried to look grave.

Leaving Emily with her mother, I sallied forth on the lawn to reconnoitre old scenes and recollect old times. My first visit especially forced itself on my remembrance. It had been made, like this, under the sultry August sun. We then lived within walking distance, and I had been proceeding hither to call on our new neighbours, Admiral and Mrs. Floyd, when a very unaccountable noise on the lawn induced me to pause at the entrance; a moment's observation explained the nature of the sounds. The admiral was shooting wasps with a pocket-pistol; a most villanous amusement, as it seemed to me, who am by nature and habit a hater of such poppery, and indeed of all noises which are at once sudden and expected. My first impulse was to run away, and I had actually made some motions towards a retreat, when, struck with the ludicrous nature of the sport, and the folly of being frightened at a sort of squibbery, which even the unusual game (though the admiral was a capital marksman, and seldom failed to knock down his insect) did not seem to regard, I faced about manfully, and contenting myself with putting my hands to my ears to keep out the sound, remained at a very safe distance to survey the scene. There, under the shade of the tall elms, sat the veteran, a little old withered man, very like a pocket-pistol himself, brown, succinct, grave, and fiery. He wore an old-fashioned naval uniform of blue, faced with white, which set off his mahogany countenance, drawn into a thousand deep wrinkles, so that his face was as full of lines as if it had been tattooed, with the full force of contrast. At his side stood a very tall, masculine, large-boned, middle-aged woman, something like a man in petticoats, whose face, in spite of a quantity of rouge and a small portion of modest assurance, might still be called handsome, and could never be mistaken for belonging to other than an Irish woman. There was a touch of the brogue in her very look. She, evidently his wife, stood by marking the covies, and enjoying, as it seemed to me, the smell of gunpowder, to which she had the air of being quite as well accustomed as the admiral. A younger lady was watching them at a little distance, apparently as much amused as myself, and far less frightened; on her advancing to meet me the pistol was put down, and the admiral joined us. This was my first introduction: we were acquainted in a moment; and before the end of my visit he had shown me all over his house, and told me the whole history of his life and adventures.

In these there was nothing remarkable, excepting their being so entirely of the sea. Some sixty-five years before, he had come into the world in the middle of the British Channel, while his mother was taking a little trip from Portsmouth to Plymouth on board her husband's flag-ship (for he, too, had been an admiral), when, rather before he was expected, our admiral was born. This *début* fixed his destiny. At twelve years old he went to sea, and had remained there ever since, till now, when an unlucky promotion sent him ashore, and seemed likely to keep him there. I never saw a man so unaffectedly displeased with his own title. He forbade any of his family from calling him by it, and took it as a sort of affront from strangers.

Being, however, on land, his first object was to make his residence as much like a man-of-war as possible, or rather as much like that *beau-ideal* of a habitation his last frigate, the *Mermaiden,* in which he had by different prizes made above sixty thousand pounds. By that standard his calculations were regulated; all the furniture of the White House at Hannonby was adapted to the proportions of his majesty's ship the *Mermaiden.* The great drawing-room was fitted up exactly on the model of her cabin, and the whole of that spacious and commodious mansion made to resemble, as much as possible, that wonderfully inconvenient abode, the inside of a ship; every thing crammed into the smallest possible compass; space most unnecessarily economized, and contrivances devised for all those matters which need no contriving at all. He victualled the house as for an East-India voyage, served out the provisions in rations, and swung the whole family in hammocks.

It will easily be believed that these innovations, in a small village in a midland county, where nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants had never seen a piece of water larger than Hannonby great pond, occasioned no small commotion. The poor admiral had his own troubles. At first every living thing about the place rebelled—there was a general mutiny; the very cocks and hens whom he crammed up in coops in the poultry-yard screamed aloud for liberty; and the pigs, ducks, and geese, equally prisoners, squeaked and gabbled for water; the cows lowed in their stall—the sheep bleated in their pens, the whole live-stock of Hannonby was in durance.

The most unmanageable of these complainers were of course the servants; with the men, after a little while, he got on tolerably, sternness and grog (the wind and sun of the fable) conquered them: his stanchest opponents were of the other sex, the whole tribe of housemaids and kitchenmaids abhorred him to a woman, and plagued and thwarted him every hour of the day. He, on his part, returned their aversion with interest; talked of female stupidity, female awkwardness, and female dirt; and threatened to compound an household of the crew of the *Mermaiden,* that should shame all the twirlers of mops and brandishers of brooms in the county. Especially, he used to vaunt the abilities of a certain Bill Jones, as the best laundress, sempstress, cook, and housemaid in the navy; him he was determined to procure, to keep his refractory household in some order; accordingly, he wrote to desire his presence; and Bill, unable to resist the summons of his old commander, arrived accordingly.

This Avatar, which had been anticipated by the revolted damsels with no small dismay, tended considerably to ameliorate matters. The dreaded major-domo turned out to be a smart young sailor, of four or five-and-twenty, with an arch smile, a bright merry eye, and a most knowing nod, by no means insensible to female objurgation or indifferent to female charms. The women of the house, particularly the pretty ones, soon perceived their power; and as this Admirable Crichton, of his majesty's ship the *Mermaiden,* had, amongst his other accomplishments, the address completely to govern his master, all was soon in the smoothest track possible. Neither, universal genius though he were, was Bill Jones at all disdainful of female assistance, or averse to the theory of a division of labour. Under his wise direction and discreet patronage, a peace was patched up between the admiral and his rebellious handmaids. A general amnesty was proclaimed, with the solitary exception of an old crone of a she-cook, who had, on some occasion of culinary interference, turned her master out of his own kitchen, and garnished Bill Jones' jacket with an unseemly rag, yclept a dishclout. She was dismissed by mutual consent; and Sally the kitchenmaid, a pretty black-eyed girl, promoted to the vacant post, which she filled with eminent ability.

Soothed, guided, and humoured by his trusty adherent, and influenced perhaps a little by the force of example and the effect of the land breeze, which he had never breathed so long before, our worthy veteran soon began to show symptoms of a man of this world. The earth became, so to say, his native element. He took to gardening, to farming, for which Bill Jones had also a taste; set free his prisoners in the *basse-cour,* to the unutterable glorification and crowing of cock and hen, and cackling and gabbling of goose and turkey, and enlarged his own walk from pacing backwards and forwards in the dining-room, followed by his old shipmates, a Newfoundland dog and a tame goat, into a stroll round his own grounds, to the great delight of those faithful attendants. He even talked of going pheasant-shooting, bought a hunter, and was only saved from following the fox-hounds by accidentally taking up *Peregrine Pickle,* which, by a kind of Sortes Virgilianæ, opened on the mischances of Lieutenant Hatchway and Commodore Trunnion in a similar expedition.

After this warning, which he considered as nothing less than providential, he relinquished any attempt at mounting that formidable animal a horse, but having found his land-legs, he was afoot all day long in his farm or his garden, setting people to rights in all quarters, and keeping up the place with the same scrupulous nicety that he was wont to bestow on the planks and rigging of his dear *Mermaiden.* Amongst the country people he soon became popular. They liked the testy little gentleman, who dispensed his beer and grog so bountifully and talked to them so freely. He would have his own way, to be sure, but then he paid for it; besides, he entered into their tastes and amusements, promoted May-games, revels, and other country sports, patronized dancing-dogs and monkeys, and bespoke plays in barns. Above all, he had an exceeding partiality to vagrants, strollers, gipsies, and such like persons; listened to their tales with a delightful simplicity of belief; pitied them, relieved them, fought their battles at the bench and the vestry, and got into two or three scrapes with constables and magistrates by the activity of his protection. Only one counterfeit sailor with a sham wooden-leg, he found out at a question, and, by aid of Bill Jones, ducked in the horse-pond, for an impostor, till the unlucky wretch, who was, as the worthy seaman suspected, totally unused to the water, a thorough land-lubber, was nearly drowned; an adventure which turned out the luckiest of his life, he having carried his case to an attorney, who forced the admiral to pay fifty pounds for the exploit.

Our good veteran was equally popular amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood. His own hospitality was irresistible, and his frankness and simplicity, mixed with a sort of petulant vivacity, combined to make him a most welcome relief to the dulness of a country dinner-party. He enjoyed society extremely, and even had a spare bed erected for company; moved thereunto by an accident which befel the fat rector of Kinton, who having unfortunately consented to sleep at Hannonby one wet night, had alarmed the whole house, and nearly broken his own neck, by a fall from his hammock. The admiral would have put up twenty spare beds if he could have been sure of filling them, for besides his natural sociability, he was, it must be confessed, in spite of his farming, and gardening, and keeping a log-book, a good deal at a loss how to fill up his time. His reading was none of the most extensive: *Robinson Crusoe,* the naval *Chronicle,* Southey's admirable *Life of Nelson,* and Smollett's novels, formed the greater part of his library; and for other books he cared little, though he liked well enough to pore over maps and charts, and to look at modern voyages, especially if written by landsmen or ladies; and his remarks on those occasions often displayed a talent for criticism, which, under different circumstances, might have ripened into a very considerable reviewer.

For the rest, he was a most kind and excellent person, although a little testy and not a little absolute; and a capital disciplinarian, although addicted to the reverse sins of making other people tipsy whilst he kept himself sober, and of sending forth oaths in volleys whilst he suffered none other to swear. He had besides a few prejudices incident to his condition—loved his country to the point of hating all the rest of the world, especially the French; and regarded his own profession with a pride which made him intolerant of every other. To the army he had an intense and growing hatred, much augmented since victory upon victory had deprived him of the comfortable feeling of scorn. The battle of Waterloo fairly posed him. "To be sure to have drubbed the French was a fine thing—a very fine thing—no denying that! but why not have fought out the quarrel by sea?"

I made no mention of Mrs. Floyd in enumerating the admiral's domestic arrangements, because, sooth to say, no one could have less concern in them than that good lady. She had not been Mrs. Floyd for five-and-twenty years without thoroughly understanding her husband's despotic humour, and her own light and happy temper enabled her to conform to it without the slightest appearance of reluctance or discontent. She liked to be managed—it saved her trouble. She turned out to be Irish, as I had suspected. The admiral, who had reached the age of forty without betraying the slightest symptom of matrimony, had, during a sojourn in Cork harbour, fallen in love with her, then a buxom widow, and married her in something less than three weeks after their acquaintance began, chiefly moved to that unexpected proceeding by the firmness with which she bore a salute to the lord-lieutenant which threw half the ladies on board into hysterics.

Mrs. Floyd was indeed as gallant a woman as ever stood fire. Her first husband had been an officer in the army, and she had followed the camp during two campaigns; had been in one battle and several skirmishes, and had been taken and retaken with the carriages and baggage without betraying the slightest symptom of fear. Her naval career did not shame her military reputation. She lived chiefly on board, adopted sea-phrases and sea-customs, and but for the petticoat might have passed for a sailor herself.

And of all the sailors that ever lived she was the merriest, the most generous, the most unselfish; the very kindest of that kindest race! There was no getting away from her hearty hospitality, no escaping her prodigality of presents. It was dangerous to praise or even to approve of anything belonging to herself in her hearing; if it had been the carpet under her feet or the shawl on her shoulders, either would instantly have been stripped off to offer. Then her exquisite good humour! Coarse and boisterous she certainly was, and terribly Irish; but the severest stickler for female decorum, the nicest critic of female manners, would have been disarmed by the contagion of Mrs. Floyd's good humour.

My chief friend and favourite of the family was however one who hardly seemed to belong to it—Anne, the eldest daughter. I liked her even better than I did her father and mother, although for very different qualities. She was "inland bred," and combined in herself sufficient self-possession and knowledge of the world, of literature, and of society, to have set up the whole house, provided it had been possible to supply their deficiency from her superabundance; she was three or four-and-twenty, too, past the age of mere young ladyism, and entirely unaccomplished, if she could be called so, who joined to the most elegant manners a highly cultivated understanding and a remarkable talent for conversation. Nothing could exceed the fascination of her delicate and poignant raillery, her voice and smile were so sweet, and her wit so light and glancing. She had the still rarer merit of being either entirely free from vanity, or of keeping it in such good order, that it never appeared in look or word. Conversation, much as she excelled in it, was not necessary to her, as it is to most eminent talkers. I think she enjoyed quiet observation full as much, if not more; and at such times there was something of good-humoured malice in her bright hazel eye, that spoke more than she ever allowed her tongue to utter. Her father's odd ways, for instance, and her mother's odd speeches, and her sister's lack-a-daisicalness, amused her rather more than they ought to have done; but she had never lived with them, having been brought up by an aunt who had recently died leaving her a splendid fortune; and even now that she had come to reside at home, was treated by her parents, although very kindly, rather as an honoured guest than a cherished daughter.

Anne Floyd was a sweet creature in spite of a little over-acuteness. I used to think she wanted nothing but falling in love to soften her proud spirit and tame her bright eye; but falling in love was quite out of her way—she had the unfortunate distrust of an heiress, satiated with professions of attachment, and suspecting every man of wooing her fortune rather than herself. By dint of hearing exaggerated praise of her beauty, she had even come to think herself plain; perhaps another circumstance a little contributed to this persuasion—she was said to be, and undoubtedly was, remarkably like her father. There is no accounting for the strange freaks that nature plays in the matter of family likeness. The admiral was certainly as ugly a little man as one should see in a summer day, and Anne was as certainly a very pretty young woman: yet it was quite impossible to see them together, and not be struck with the extreme and even absurd resemblance between his old battered face and her bright and sparkling countenance. To have been so like my good friend the admiral might have cured a lighter spirit of vanity.

Julia, the younger and favourite daughter, was a fine tall handsome girl of nineteen, just what her mother must have been at the same age; she had been entirely brought up by Mrs. Floyd, except when deposited from time to time in various country boarding-schools, whilst that good lady enjoyed the pleasure of a cruise. Miss Julia exhibited the not uncommon phenomenon of having imbibed the opposite faults to those of her instructress, and was soft, mincing, languid, affected, and full of airs and graces of the very worst sort; but I don't know that she was much more ignorant and silly than a girl of nineteen, with a neglected education, must needs be; and she had the farther excuse of being a spoiled child. Her father doated upon her, and thought her the most accomplished young woman of the age; for certain, she could play a little, and sing a little, and paint a little, and talk a little very bad French, and dance and dress a great deal. She had also cultivated her mind by reading all the love-stories and small poetry that came in her way; corresponded largely with half-a-dozen bosom friends picked up at her different seminaries; and even aspired to the character of authoress, having actually perpetrated a sonnet to the moon, which sonnet, contrary to the well-known recipe of Boileau and the ordinary practice of all nations, contained eighteen lines, four quatrains, and a couplet; a prodigality of words which the fair poetess endeavoured to counterbalance by a corresponding sparingness of idea. There was no harm in Julia, poor thing, with all her affectation. She was really warm-hearted and well-tempered, and might have improved under her sister's kind and judicious management, but for a small accident which interrupted the family harmony, and eventually occasioned their removal from Hannonby.

The admiral, always addicted to favouritism, had had under his protection, from boyhood to manhood, one youth of remarkable promise. He had been his first lieutenant on board the *Mermaiden*, and was now, at three-and-twenty, a master and commander; which promotion, although it ejected him from that paragon of frigates, the young captain did not seem to think so great an evil as the admiral had found his advancement. He was invited to the White House forthwith; and the gallant veteran, who seldom took the trouble to conceal any of his purposes, soon announced that Captain Claremont was his intended son-in-law, and that Miss Julia was the destined bride.

The gentleman arrived, and did as much honour to the admiral's taste as his other favourite Bill Jones. Captain Claremont was really a very fine young man, with the best part of beauty, figure and countenance, and a delightful mixture of frankness and feeling, of spirit and gaiety, in his open and gentlemanly manners; he was, at a word, just the image that one conjures up when thinking of a naval officer. His presence added greatly to the enjoyment of the family; the admiral "fought his battles over again," and so did his lady, who talked and laughed all day long: Anne watched the proceedings with evident amusement, and looked even archer than usual; whilst Julia, the heroine of the scene, behaved as is customary in such cases, walked about, exquisitely dressed, with a book in her hand, or reclined in a picturesque attitude, expecting to be made love to; and Captain Claremont, who had never seen either sister before, pleased with Julia's beauty and a little alarmed at Anne's wit, appeared in a fair way of losing his heart in the proper quarter. In short, the flirtation seemed going on very prosperously; and the admiral, in high glee, vented divers sea-jokes on the supposed lovers, and chuckled over the matter to Bill Jones, who winked and grinned and nodded responsively.

After a few weeks that sagacious adherent began to demur.

"Things seemed," as he observed, "rather at a stand-still—the courtship was a deal slacker, and his honour, the captain, had talked of heaving anchor and sailing off for Lincolnshire."

To this the admiral answered nothing but "Tush!" and "pshaw!" and as the captain actually relinquished, with very little pressing, his design of leaving Hannonby, Bill Jones' suspicions did seem a little super-subtle. Bill, however, at the end of ten days, retained his opinion.

"For certain," he said, "Miss Julia had all the signs of liking upon her, and moped and hung her head and talked to herself like the negro who drowned himself for love on board the *Mermaiden;* and the captain, he could not say but he might be in love—he was very much fallen away since he had been in that latitude—had lost his spunk, and was become extraordinarily forgetsome—he might be in love, likely enough, but not with Miss Julia—he was sure to sheer away from her; never spoke to her at breakfast or dinner, and would tack a hundred ways not to meet her, whilst he was always following in the wake of Miss Anne; and she (Miss Julia) had taken to writing long letters, again, and to walking the terrace between the watches, and did not seem to care for the captain. He could not make the matter out. Miss Anne, indeed!"

Here the admiral, to whom the possibility of a failure in his favourite scheme had never occurred, interrupted his confidant by a thousand exclamations of "Ass! blockhead! lubber!" to which tender appellations that faithful satellite made no other reply than a shake of the head as comprehensive as Lord Burleigh's.

The next morning vindicated Bill's sagacity. Anne, who, for obvious reasons, had taken the task upon herself, communicated to her father that Captain Claremont had proposed to her and that she had accepted his offer. The admiral was furious, but Anne, though very mild, was very firm; she would not give up her lover, nor would her lover relinquish her; and Julia, when appealed to, asserted her female privilege of white-lying, and declared that if there was not another man in the world she would never have married Captain Claremont.

The admiral, thwarted by everybody, and compelled to submit for the first time in his life (except in the affair of his promotion and that of the ducked sailor), stormed, and swore, and scolded all round, and refused to be pacified; Mrs. Floyd, to whom his fiat had seemed like fate, was frightened at the general temerity, and vented her unusual discomfort in scolding too; Anne took refuge in the house of a friend; and poor Julia, rejected by one party and lectured by the other, comforted herself by running away, one fine night, with a young officer of dragoons, with whom she had had an off-and-on correspondence for a twelvemonth. This elopement was the copestone of the admiral's misfortunes; he took a hatred to Hannonby, and left it forthwith; and it seemed as if he had left his anger behind him, for the next tidings we heard of the Floyds, Julia and her spouse were forgiven in spite of his soldiership, and the match had turned out far better than might have been expected; and Anne and her captain were in high favour, and the admiral gaily anticipating a flag-ship and a war, and the delight of bringing up his grandsons to be the future ornaments of the British navy.

THE WORLD.[1]

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the earth can not!"

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[1] From *Lilliput Lectures*, by the author of *Lilliput Levee* (Mathew Browne). London: Strahan & Co.

THE DORTY BAIRN.

[David Wingate, born at Cowglen, Renfrewshire, 1828. At the age of nine years he began work in a coal-mine; he subsequently studied at the Glasgow School of Mines, and qualified himself for the responsible position of manager of extensive collieries in Lanarkshire. In 1862 appeared his first volume, *Poems and Songs*, and in 1866 another volume, *Anne Weir and other Poems*, both published by Blackwood and Sons. Mr. Wingate at once obtained general recognition as one of the foremost of modern Scottish poets. Healthy pathos, honest humour, and a spirit of sturdy independence, are the most prominent characteristics of his verse.]

Preserve me! Lizzie Allan,
Hae ye no your breakfast taen?
Sic a face ye hae wi' greetin'!
What's the matter wi' ye, wean?

Aye! "A flee ran owre your parritch?"
"Fanny snowkit at your bread?"
My certie! Leddy Lizzie!
Ye're a dainty dame indeed!

But the parritch can be keepit,
And the bread can be laid bye,
And if hunger proves nae kitchen,
Then the tawse we'll hae to try.

Aye! a bairn may weel be saucy
Whare there's plenty and to spare;
But there's mony a better lassie
Would be blythe to see sic fare.

Oh! waes me! but it's vexin',
Yet it's needless to misca'—
See, there's the glass. What think ye?
D'ye ken yoursel ava?

There's the een I praised this mornin',
For the happy licht within,
Noo as red's the fire wi' rubbin',
Baith as blear't's the cludit moon.

There's the pina'[1] that an hour sin'
Was as white's the driven snaw,
Noo as draiglet as the dish-cloot,—
D'ye ken yoursel ava'?

And your hauns that were like lilies,
Saw ye e'er sic hauns as thae?
And your cheeks! Their verra roses
Ye'll hae rubbit aff some day.

Oh Lizzie, Lizzie Allan!
Ye maun mend, or ye shall learn
That it's mair o' cuffs than cuddlin'
That awaits a dorty bairn.

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[1] "Pina'," *i.e.* pinafore.

"You've a kiss to gie me," hae ye?
"You've a kiss as weel as him?"
Oh thae een! There's nae resistin'
When it's sorrow makes them dim.

Ay, you'll get anither pina',
And I'll kame your curls sae broon,
And you'll be my ain wee Lizzie,
And the best in a' the toun.

THE MORTAL IMMORTAL.

[**Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley**, born 1798; died in London, 1st February, 1851. She was the daughter of William Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams*, &c., and became the second wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. During their residence on the banks of the Lake of Geneva in 1816, Byron, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley agreed to beguile a rainy season by writing something in imitation of the weird German legends they had been reading. Mrs. Shelley produced *Frankenstein*, a romance, which, by its wildness and daring originality, obtained popularity at the date of its publication. She subsequently wrote: *Valperga*, or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca; *Lodore; The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck; The Last Man; Falkner*—novels which are now little known. She also contributed to the annuals, &c., and published an edition of the works of Shelley with biographical preface and notes. The following is a specimen of Mrs. Shelley's eerie powers of imagination.]

July 16, 1833.—This is a memorable anniversary for me; on it I complete my three hundred and twenty-third year!

The Wandering Jew?—certainly not. More than eighteen centuries have passed over his head. In comparison with him, I am a very young Immortal.

Am I, then, immortal? This is a question which I have asked myself, by day and night, for now three hundred and three years, and yet cannot answer it. I detected a gray hair amidst my brown locks this very day—that surely signifies decay. Yet it may have remained concealed there for three hundred years—for some persons have become entirely white-headed before twenty years of age.

I will tell my story, and my reader shall judge for me. I will tell my story, and so contrive to pass some few hours of a long eternity, become so wearisome to me. For ever! Can it be? to live for ever! I have heard of enchantments, in which the victims were plunged into a deep sleep, to wake, after a hundred years, as fresh as ever: I have heard of the Seven Sleepers—thus to be immortal would not be so burdensome: but, oh! the weight of never-ending time—the tedious passage of the still-succeeding hours! How happy was the fabled Nourjahad!——but to my task.

All the world has heard of Cornelius Agrippa. His memory is as immortal as his arts have made me. All the world has also heard of his scholar, who, unawares, raised the foul fiend during his master's absence, and was destroyed by him. The report, true or false, of this accident, was attended with many inconveniences to the renowned philosopher. All his scholars at once deserted him—his servants disappeared. He had no one near him to put coals on his ever-burning fires while he slept, or to attend to the changeful colours of his medicines while he studied. Experiment after experiment failed, because one pair of hands was insufficient to complete them: the dark spirits laughed at him for not being able to retain a single mortal in his service.

I was then very young—very poor—and very much in love. I had been for about a year the pupil of Cornelius, though I was absent when this accident took place. On my return, my friends implored me not to return to the alchemist's abode. I trembled as I listened to the dire tale they told; I required no second warning; and when Cornelius came and offered me a purse of gold if I would remain under his roof, I felt as if Satan himself tempted me. My teeth chattered—my hair stood on end:—I ran off as fast as my trembling knees would permit.

My failing steps were directed whither for two years they had every evening been attracted,—a gently bubbling spring of pure living waters, beside which lingered a dark-haired girl, whose beaming eyes were fixed on the path I was accustomed each night to tread. I cannot remember the hour when I did not love Bertha; we had been neighbours and playmates from infancy—her parents, like mine, were of humble life, yet respectable—our attachment had been a source of pleasure to them. In an evil hour a malignant fever carried off both her father and mother, and Bertha became an orphan. She would have found a home beneath my paternal roof, but unfortunately, the old lady of the near castle, rich, childless, and solitary, declared her intention to adopt her. Henceforth Bertha was clad in silk—inhabited a marble palace—and was looked on as being highly favoured by fortune. But in her new situation among her new associates, Bertha remained true to the friend of her humbler days; she often visited the cottage of my father, and when forbidden to go thither, she would stray towards the neighbouring wood, and meet me beside its shady fountain.

She often declared that she owed no duty to her new protectress equal in sanctity to that which bound us. Yet still I was too poor to marry, and she grew weary of being tormented on my account. She had a haughty but an impatient spirit, and grew angry at the obstacles that prevented our union. We met now after an absence, and she had been sorely beset while I was away; she complained bitterly, and almost reproached me for being poor. I replied hastily,—

"I am honest, if I am poor!—were I not, I might soon become rich!"

This exclamation produced a thousand questions. I feared to shock her by owning the truth, but she drew it from me; and then, casting a look of disdain on me, she said—

"You pretend to love, and you fear to face the Devil for my sake!"

I protested that I had only dreaded to offend her;—while she dwelt on the magnitude of the reward that I should receive. Thus encouraged—shamed by her—led on by love and hope, laughing at my late fears, with quick steps and a light heart I returned to accept the offers of the alchemist, and was instantly installed in my office.

A year passed away. I became possessed of no insignificant sum of money. Custom had banished my fears. In spite of the most painful vigilance, I had never detected the trace of a cloven foot; nor was the studious silence of our abode ever disturbed by demoniac howls. I still continued my stolen interviews with Bertha, and hope dawned on me—hope—but not perfect joy; for Bertha fancied that love and security were enemies, and her pleasure was to divide them in my bosom. Though true of heart, she was somewhat of a coquette in manner; and I was jealous as a Turk. She slighted me in a thousand ways, yet would never acknowledge herself to be in the wrong. She would drive me mad with anger, and then force me to beg her pardon. Sometimes she fancied that I was not sufficiently submissive, and then she had some story of a rival, favoured by her protectress. She was surrounded by silk-clad youths—the rich and gay——What chance had the sad-robed scholar of Cornelius compared with these?

On one occasion the philosopher made such large demands upon my time, that I was unable to meet her as I was wont. He was engaged in some mighty work, and I was forced to remain, day and night, feeding his furnaces and watching his chemical preparations. Bertha waited for me in vain at the fountain. Her haughty spirit fired at this neglect; and when at last I stole out during the few short minutes allotted to me for slumber, and hoped to be consoled by her, she received me with disdain, dismissed me in scorn, and vowed that any man should possess her hand rather than he who could not be in two places at once for her sake. She would be revenged!—And truly she was. In my dingy retreat I heard that she had been hunting, attended by Albert Hoffer. Albert Hoffer was favoured by her protectress, and the three passed in cavalcade before my smoky window. Methought that they mentioned my name—it was followed by a laugh of derision, as her dark eyes glanced contemptuously towards my abode.

Jealousy, with all its venom and all its misery, entered my breast. Now I shed a torrent of tears, to think that I should never call her mine; and, anon, I imprecated a thousand curses on her inconstancy. Yet still I must stir the fires of the alchemist, still attend on the changes of his unintelligible medicines.

Cornelius had watched for three days and nights, nor closed his eyes. The progress of his alembics was slower than he expected: in spite of his anxiety, sleep weighed upon his eyelids. Again and again he threw off drowsiness with more than human energy; again and again it stole away his senses. He eyes his crucibles wistfully. "Not ready yet," he murmured; "will another night pass before the work is accomplished? Winzy, you are vigilant—you are faithful—you have slept, my boy—you slept last night. Look at that glass vessel. The liquid it contains is of a soft rose-colour: the moment it begins to change its hue, awaken me—till then I may close my eyes. First, it will turn white, and then emit golden flashes; but wait not till then; when the rose-colour fades, rouse me." I scarcely heard the last words, muttered as they were in sleep. Even then he did not quite yield to nature. "Winzy, my boy," he again said, "do not touch the vessel—do not put it to your lips; it is a philter—a philter to cure love; you would not cease to love your Bertha—beware to drink!"

And he slept. His venerable head sunk on his breast, and I scarce heard his regular breathing. For a few minutes I watched the vessel—the rosy hue of the liquid remained unchanged. Then my thoughts wandered—they visited the fountain, and dwelt on a thousand charming scenes never to be renewed—never! Serpents and adders were in my heart as the word "Never!" half formed itself on my lips. False girl!—false and cruel!

Never more would she smile on me as that evening she smiled on Albert. Worthless, detested woman! I would not remain unrevenged—she should see Albert expire at her feet—she should die beneath my vengeance. She had smiled in disdain and triumph—she knew my wretchedness and her power. Yet what power had she?—the power of exciting my hate—my utter scorn—my—oh, all but indifference! Could I attain that—could I regard her with careless eyes, transferring my rejected love to one fairer and more true, that were indeed a victory!

A bright flash darted before my eyes. I had forgotten the medicine of the adept; I gazed on it with wonder: flashes of admirable beauty, more bright than those which the diamond emits when the sun's rays are on it, glanced from the surface of the liquid; an odour the most fragrant and grateful stole over my sense; the vessel seemed one globe of living radiance, lovely to the eye, and most inviting to the taste. The first thought, instinctively inspired by the grosser sense, was, I will—I must drink. I raised the vessel to my lips. "It will cure me of love—of torture!" Already I had quaffed half of the most delicious liquor ever tasted by the palate of man, when the philosopher stirred. I started—I dropped the glass—the fluid flamed and glanced along the floor, while I felt Cornelius's grip at my throat, as he shrieked aloud, "Wretch! you have destroyed the labour of my life!"

The philosopher was totally unaware that I had drunk any portion of his drug. His idea was, and I gave a tacit assent to it, that I had raised the vessel from curiosity, and that, frighted at its brightness, and the flashes of intense light it gave forth, I had let it fall. I never undeceived him. The fire of the medicine was quenched—the fragrance died away—he grew calm, as a philosopher should under the heaviest trials, and dismissed me to rest.

I will not attempt to describe the sleep of glory and bliss which bathed my soul in paradise during the remaining hours of that memorable night. Words would be faint and shallow types of my enjoyment, or of the gladness that possessed my bosom when I woke. I trod air—my thoughts were in heaven. Earth appeared heaven, and my inheritance upon it was to be one trance of delight. "This it is to be cured of love," I thought; "I will see Bertha this day, and she will find her lover cold and regardless; too happy to be disdainful, yet how utterly indifferent to her!"

The hours danced away. The philosopher, secure that he had once succeeded, and believing that he might again, began to concoct the same medicine once more. He was shut up with his books and drugs, and I had a holiday. I dressed myself with care; I looked in an old but polished shield, which served me for a mirror; methought my good looks had wonderfully improved. I hurried beyond the precincts of the town, joy in my soul, the beauty of heaven and earth around me. I turned my steps towards the castle—I could look on its lofty turrets with lightness of heart, for I was cured of love. My Bertha saw me afar off, as I came up the avenue. I know not what sudden impulse animated her bosom, but at the sight she sprung with a light fawn-like bound down the marble steps, and was hastening towards me. But I had been perceived by another person. The old high-born hag, who called herself her protectress, and was her tyrant, had seen me also; she hobbled, panting, up the terrace; a page, as ugly as herself, held up her train, and fanned her as she hurried along, and stopped my fair girl with a "How, now, my bold mistress? whither so fast? Back to your cage—hawks are abroad!"

Bertha clasped her hands—her eyes were still bent on my approaching figure. I saw the contest. How I abhorred the old crone who checked the kind impulses of my Bertha's softening heart. Hitherto, respect for her rank had caused me to avoid the lady of the castle; now I disdained such trivial considerations. I was cured of love, and lifted above all human fears; I hastened forwards, and soon reached the terrace. How lovely Bertha looked! her eyes flashing fire, her cheeks glowing with impatience and anger, she was a thousand times more graceful and charming than ever—I no longer loved—Oh! no, I adored—worshipped—idolized her!

She had that morning been persecuted, with more than usual vehemence, to consent to an immediate marriage with my rival. She was reproached with the encouragement that she had shown him—she was threatened with being turned out of doors with disgrace and shame. Her proud spirit rose in arms at the threat; but when she remembered the scorn that she had heaped upon me, and how, perhaps, she had thus lost one whom she now regarded as her only friend, she wept with remorse and rage. At that moment I appeared. "O, Winzy!" she exclaimed, "take me to your mother's cot; swiftly let me leave the detested luxuries and wretchedness of this noble dwelling—take me to poverty and happiness."

I clasped her in my arms with transport.

The old lady was speechless with fury, and broke forth into invective only when we were far on our road to my natal cottage. My mother received the fair fugitive, escaped from a gilt cage to nature and liberty, with tenderness and joy; my father, who loved her, welcomed her heartily; it was a day of rejoicing, which did not need the addition of the celestial potion of the alchemist to steep me in delight.

Soon after this eventful day I became the husband of Bertha. I ceased to be the scholar of Cornelius, but I continued his friend. I always felt grateful to him for having, unawares, procured me that delicious draught of a divine elixir, which, instead of curing me of love (sad cure! solitary and joyless remedy for evils which seem blessings to the memory), had inspired me with courage and resolution, thus winning for me an inestimable treasure in my Bertha.

I often called to mind that period of trance-like inebriation with wonder. The drink of Cornelius had not fulfilled the task for which he affirmed that it had been prepared, but its effects were more potent and blissful than words can express. They had faded by degrees, yet they lingered long—and painted life in hues of splendour. Bertha often wondered at my lightness of heart and unaccustomed gaiety; for, before, I had been rather serious, or even sad, in my disposition. She loved me the better for my cheerful temper, and our days were winged by joy.

Five years afterwards I was suddenly summoned to the bedside of the dying Cornelius. He had sent for me in haste, conjuring my instant presence. I found him stretched on his pallet, enfeebled even to death; all of life that yet remained animated his piercing eyes, and they were fixed on a glass vessel, full of a roseate liquid.

"Behold," he said, in a broken and inward voice, "the vanity of human wishes! a second time my hopes are about to be crowned, a second time they are destroyed. Look at that liquor—you remember five years ago I had prepared the same, with the same success;—then, as now, my thirsting lips expected to taste the immortal elixir—you dashed it from me! and at present it is too late."

He spoke with difficulty, and fell back on his pillow. I could not help saying—

"How, revered master, can a cure for love restore you to life?"

A faint smile gleamed across his face as I listened earnestly to his scarcely intelligible answer.

"A cure for love and for all things—the Elixir of Immortality. Ah! if now I might drink, I should live for ever!"

As he spoke, a golden flash gleamed from the fluid; a well-remembered fragrance stole over the air; he raised himself, all weak as he was—strength seemed miraculously to re-enter his frame—he stretched forth his hand—a loud explosion startled me—a ray of fire shot up from the elixir, and the glass vessel which contained it was shivered to atoms! I turned my eyes towards the philosopher; he had fallen back—his eyes were glassy—his features rigid—he was dead!

But I lived, and was to live for ever! So said the unfortunate alchemist, and for a few days I believed his words. I remembered the glorious drunkenness that had followed my stolen draught. I reflected on the change I had felt in my frame—in my soul. The bounding elasticity of the one—the buoyant lightness of the other. I surveyed myself in a mirror, and could perceive no change in my features during the space of the five years which had elapsed. I remembered the radiant hues and grateful scent of that delicious beverage—worthy the gift it was capable of bestowing—I was, then, IMMORTAL!

A few days after I laughed at my credulity. The old proverb, that "a prophet is least regarded in his own country," was true with respect to me and my defunct master. I loved him as a man—I respected him as a sage—but I derided the notion that he could command the powers of darkness, and laughed at the superstitious fears with which he was regarded by the vulgar. He was a wise philosopher, but had no acquaintance with any spirits but those clad in flesh and blood. His science was simply human; and human science, I soon persuaded myself, could never conquer nature's laws so far as to imprison the soul for ever within its carnal habitation. Cornelius had brewed a soul-refreshing drink—more inebriating than wine—sweeter and more fragrant than any fruit: it possessed probably strong medicinal powers, imparting gladness to the heart and vigour to the limbs; but its effects would wear out; already were they diminished in my frame. I was a lucky fellow to have quaffed health and joyous spirits, and perhaps long life, at my master's hands; but my good fortune ended there: longevity was far different from immortality.

I continued to entertain this belief for many years. Sometimes a thought stole across me—Was the alchemist indeed deceived? But my habitual credence was, that I should meet the fate of all the children of Adam at my appointed time—a little late, but still at a natural age. Yet it was certain that I retained a wonderfully youthful look. I was laughed at for my vanity in consulting the mirror so often, but I consulted it in vain—my brow was untrenched—my cheeks—my eyes—my whole person continued as untarnished as in my twentieth year.

I was troubled. I looked at the faded beauty of Bertha—I seemed more like her son. By degrees our neighbours began to make similar observations, and I found at last that I went by the name of the scholar bewitched. Bertha herself grew uneasy. She became jealous and peevish, and at length she began to question me. We had no children; we were all in all to each other; and though, as she grew older, her vivacious spirit became a little allied to ill-temper, and her beauty sadly diminished, I cherished her in my heart as the mistress I had idolized, the wife I had sought and won with such perfect love.

At last our situation became intolerable: Bertha was fifty—I twenty years of age. I had, in very shame, in some measure adopted the habits of a more advanced age; I no longer mingled in the dance among the young and gay, but my heart bounded along with them while I restrained my feet; and a sorry figure I cut among the Nestors of our village. But before the time I mention things were altered—we were universally shunned; we were—at least, I was—reported to have kept up an iniquitous acquaintance with some of my former master's supposed friends. Poor Bertha was pitied, but deserted. I was regarded with horror and detestation.

What was to be done? we sat by our winter fire—poverty had made itself felt, for none would buy the produce of my farm; and often I had been forced to journey twenty miles. to some place where I was not known, to dispose of our property. It is true we had saved something for an evil day—that day was come.

We sat by our lone fireside—the old-hearted youth and his antiquated wife. Again Bertha insisted on knowing the truth; she recapitulated all she had ever heard said about me, and added her own observations. She conjured me to cast off the spell; she described how much more comely gray hairs were than my chestnut locks; she descanted on the reverence and respect due to age—how preferable to the slight regard paid to mere children: could I imagine that the despicable gifts of youth and good looks outweighed disgrace, hatred, and scorn? Nay, in the end I should be burned as a dealer in the black art, while she, to whom I had not deigned to communicate any portion of my good fortune, might be stoned as my accomplice. At length she insinuated that I must share my secret with her, and bestow on her like benefits to those I myself enjoyed, or she would denounce me—and then she burst into tears.

Thus beset, methought it was the best way to tell the truth. I revealed it as tenderly as I could, and spoke only of a *very long life*, not of immortality—which representation, indeed, coincided best with my own ideas. When I ended, I rose and said,

"And now, my Bertha, will you denounce the lover of your youth?—You will not, I know. But it is too hard, my poor wife, that you should suffer from my ill-luck and the accursed arts of Cornelius. I will leave you—you have wealth enough, and friends will return in my absence. I will go; young as I seem, and strong as I am, I can work and gain my bread among strangers, unsuspected and unknown. I loved you in youth; God is my witness that I would not desert you in age, but that your safety and happiness require it."

I took my cap and moved towards the door; in a moment Bertha's arms were round my neck, and her lips were pressed to mine. "No, my husband, my Winzy," she said, "you shall not go alone—take me with you; we will remove from this place, and, as you say, among strangers we shall be unsuspected and safe. I am not so very old as quite to shame you, my Winzy; and I dare say the charm will soon wear off, and, with the blessing of God, you will become more elderly-looking, as is fitting; you shall not leave me."

I returned the good soul's embrace heartily. "I will not, my Bertha; but for your sake I had not thought of such a thing. I will be your true, faithful husband while you are spared to me, and do my duty by you to the last."

The next day we prepared secretly for our emigration. We were obliged to make great pecuniary sacrifices—it could not be helped. We realized a sum sufficient, at least, to maintain us while Bertha lived; and, without saying adieu to any one, quitted our native country to take refuge in a remote part of western France.

It was a cruel thing to transport poor Bertha from her native village, and the friends of her youth, to a new country, new language, new customs. The strange secret of my destiny rendered this removal immaterial to me; but I compassionated her deeply, and was glad to perceive that she found compensation for her misfortunes in a variety of little ridiculous circumstances. Away from all tell-tale chroniclers, she sought to decrease the apparent disparity of our ages by a thousand feminine arts—rouge, youthful dress, and assumed juvenility of manner. I could not be angry—Did not I myself wear a mask? Why quarrel with hers, because it was less successful? I grieved deeply when I remembered that this was my Bertha, whom I had loved so fondly, and won with such transport—the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, with smiles of enchanting archness and a step like a fawn—this mincing, simpering, jealous old woman. I should have revered her gray locks and withered cheeks; but thus!——It was my work, I knew; but I did not the less deplore this type of human weakness.

Her jealousy never slept. Her chief occupation was to discover that, in spite of outward appearances, I was myself growing old. I verily believed that the poor soul loved me truly in her heart, but never had woman so tormenting a mode of displaying fondness. She would discern wrinkles in my face and decrepitude in my walk, while I bounded along in youthful vigour, the youngest looking of twenty youths. I never dared address another woman: on one occasion, fancying that the belle of the village regarded me with favouring eyes, she brought me a gray wig. Her constant discourse among her acquaintances was, that though I looked so young, there was ruin at work within my frame; and she affirmed that the worst symptom about me was my apparent health. My youth was a disease, she said, and I ought at all times to prepare, if not for a sudden and awful death, at least to awake some morning white-headed, and bowed down with all the marks of advanced years. I let her talk—I often joined in her conjectures. Her warnings chimed in with my never-ceasing speculations concerning my state, and I took an earnest, though painful, interest in listening to all that her quick wit and excited imagination could say on the subject.

Why dwell on these minute circumstances? We lived on for many long years. Bertha became bed-rid and paralytic; I nursed her as a mother might a child. She grew peevish, and still harped upon one string—of how long I should survive her. It has ever been a source of consolation to me, that I performed my duty scrupulously towards her. She had been mine in youth, she was mine in age, and at last, when I heaped the sod over her corpse, I wept to feel that I had lost all that really bound me to humanity.

Since then how many have been my cares and woes, how few and empty my enjoyments! I pause here in my history—I will pursue it no further. A sailor without rudder or compass, tossed on a stormy sea—a traveller lost on a wide-spread heath, without landmark or stone to guide him—such have I been: more lost, more hopeless than either. A nearing ship, a gleam from some far cot, may save them; but I have no beacon except the hope of death.

Death! mysterious, ill-visaged friend of weak humanity! Why alone of all mortals have you cast me from your sheltering fold? O, for the peace of the grave! the deep silence of the iron-bound tomb! that thought would cease to work in my brain, and my heart beat no more with emotions varied only by new forms of sadness!

Am I immortal? I return to my first question. In the first place, is it not more probable that the beverage of the alchemist was fraught rather with longevity than eternal life? Such is my hope. And then be it remembered, that I only drank *half* of the potion prepared by him. Was not the whole necessary to complete the charm? To have drained half the Elixir of Immortality is but to be half immortal—my For-ever is thus truncated and null.

But again, who shall number the years of the half of eternity? I often try to imagine by what rule the infinite may be divided. Sometimes I fancy age advancing upon me. One gray hair I have found. Fool! do I lament? Yes, the fear of age and death often creeps coldly into my heart; and the more I live, the more I dread death, even while I abhor life. Such an enigma is man—born to perish—when he wars, as I do, against the established laws of his nature.

But for this anomaly of feeling surely I might die: the medicine of the alchemist would not be proof against fire—sword—and the strangling waters. I have gazed upon the blue depths of many a placid lake, and the tumultuous rushing of many a mighty river, and have said, Peace inhabits those waters; yet I have turned my steps away, to live yet another day. I have asked myself, whether suicide would be a crime in one to whom thus only the portals of the other world could be opened. I have done all, except presenting myself as a soldier or duellist, an object of destruction to my—no, *not* my fellow-mortals, and therefore I have shrunk away. They are not my fellows. The inextinguishable power of life in my frame, and their ephemeral existence, places us wide as the poles asunder. I could not raise a hand against the meanest or the most powerful among them.

Thus I have lived on for many a year—alone, and weary of myself—desirous of death, yet never dying—a mortal immortal. Neither ambition nor avarice can enter my mind, and the ardent love that gnaws at my heart, never to be returned—never to find an equal on which to expend itself—lives there only to torment me.

This very day I conceived a design by which I may end all—without self-slaughter, without making another man a Cain—an expedition, which mortal frame can never survive, even endued with the youth and strength that inhabits mine. Thus I shall put my immortality to the test, and rest for ever—or return, the wonder and benefactor of the human species.

Before I go, a miserable vanity has caused me to pen these pages. I would not die, and leave no name behind. Three centuries have passed since I quaffed the fatal beverage: another year shall not elapse before, encountering gigantic dangers—warring with the powers of frost in their home—beset by famine, toil, and tempest—I yield this body, too tenacious a cage for a soul which thirsts for freedom, to the destructive elements of air and water—or, if I survive, my name shall be recorded as one of the most famous among the sons of men; and, my task achieved, I shall adopt more resolute means, and, by scattering and annihilating the atoms that compose my frame, set at liberty the life imprisoned within, and so cruelly prevented from soaring from this dim earth to a sphere more congenial to its immortal essence.

THE CHARM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Wind the shell, bind the spell;—
What is in it? Fond farewell!
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it on the maiden's soul!
Suns may set, and years may roll;
Yet beneath the tender twine
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
But the spell's as strong and deep!
Anguish, distance, time are vain—
Death alone can loose the chain.

Literary Gazette.

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I saw a child some four years old,
Along a meadow stray;
Alone she went—unchecked—untold—
Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—
Now paused, and now proceeded;
Hill, valley, wood—she passed them by,
Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright,
In circling thickets bound her—
Yet on she went with footsteps light,
Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,
And plucked a little flower—
A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped
Within a rosy bower.

The child did kiss the little gem,
And to her bosom pressed it;
And there she placed the fragile stem,
And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true,
From nature's open book—
And oft I learn a lesson new
From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple—loving—true;
'Tis Heaven that made them so;
And would you teach them—be so too—
And stoop to what they know.

Begin with simple lessons—things
On which they love to look:
Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings.—
These are God's spelling-book.

And children know His A, B, C,
As bees where flowers are set:
Would'st thou a skilful teacher be?—
Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,
Guide thou thy pupil's look,
And when he says, with aspect sage,
"Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou with reverent gaze to heaven,
And kneel in earnest prayer,
That lessons thou hast humbly given,
May lead thy pupil there.

THE PANTOFLES.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOZZI.

In Bagdad lived an old merchant of the name of Abon Casem, who was famous for his riches, but still more for his avarice. His coffers were small to look at (if you could get a sight of them), and very dirty; but they were crammed with jewels. His clothes were as scanty as need be; but then, even in his clothes there was *multum in parvo;* to wit, much dirt in little space. All the embroidery he wore was of that kind which is of necessity attendant upon a ragged state of drapery. It meandered over his bony form in all the beauty of ill-sewn patches. His turban was of the finest kind of linen for lasting; a kind of canvas, and so mixed with elementary substances, that its original colour, if it still existed, was invisible. But of all his habiliments, his slippers were most deserving the study of the curious. They were the extreme cases both of his body and his dirt. The soles consisted chiefly of huge nails, and the upper leathers of almost everything. The ship of the Argonauts was not a greater miscellany. During the ten years of their performance in the character of shoes, the most skilful cobblers had exercised their science and ingenuity in keeping them together. The accumulation of materials had been so great, and their weight was so heavy in proportion, that they were promoted to honours of proverbialism; and Abon Casem's slippers became a favourite comparison when a superfluity of weight was the subject of discourse.

It happened one day, as this precious merchant was walking in the market, that he had a great quantity of fine glass bottles offered him for sale; and as the proposed bargain was greatly on his side, and he made it still more so, he bought them. The vendor informed him, furthermore, that a perfumer having lately become bankrupt, had no resource left but to sell, at a very low price, a large quantity of rose-water; and Casem, greatly rejoicing at this news, and hastening to the poor man's shop, bought up all the rose-water at half its value. He then carried it home, and comfortably put it in his bottles. Delighted with these good bargains, and buoyant in his spirits, our hero, instead of making a feast, according to the custom of his fellows, thought it more advisable to go to the bath, where he had not been for some time.

While employed in the intricate business of undressing, one of his friends, or one whom he believed such (for your misers seldom have any), observed that his pantofles had made him quite the by-word of the city, and that it was high time to buy a new pair. "To say the truth," said Casem, "I have long thought of doing so, but they are not yet so worn as to be unable to serve me a little longer!"—and having undressed himself, he went into the stove.

During the luxury he was there enjoying, the Cadi of Bagdad came in, and having undressed himself, he went into the stove likewise. Casem soon after came out, and having dressed himself, looked about for his pantofles, but nowhere could he find them. In the place of his own he found a pair sufficiently different to be not only new, but splendid; and feeling convinced that they were a gift from his friend (not the less so, perhaps, because he wished it), he triumphantly thrust his toes in them, and issued forth into the air, radiant with joy and a skin nearly clean.

On the other hand, when the cadi had performed the necessary purifications, and was dressed, his slaves looked for his lordship's slippers in vain. Nowhere could they be found. Instead of the embroidered pantofles of the judge, they detected, in a corner, only the phenomena left by Casem, which were too well known to leave a doubt how their master's had disappeared. The slaves made out immediately for Casem, and brought him back to the indignant magistrate, who, deaf to his attempts at defence, sent him to prison. Now in the East, the claws of justice open just as wide, and no wider, as the purse of the culprit; and it may be supposed that Abon Casem, who was known to be as rich as he was miserly, did not get his freedom at the same rate as his rose-water.

The miserable Casem returned home, tearing his beard, for beard is not a dear stuff; and being mightily enraged with the pantofles, he seized upon them, and threw them out of his window into the Tigris. It happened a few days after, that some fishermen drew their nets under the window, and the weight being greater than usual, they were exulting in their success, when out came the pantofles. Furious against Casem (for who did not know Casem's pantofles?) they threw them in at the window, at the same time reviling him for the accident. Unhappy Casem! The pantofles flew into his room, fell among his bottles, which were ranged with great care along the shelf, and overthrowing them, covered the room with glass and rose-water. Imagine, if you can, the miser's agony! With a loud voice, and tearing his beard, according to custom, he roared out, "Accursed pantofles, will you never cease persecuting the wretched Casem?" So saying, he took a spade, and went into his garden to bury them.

It so happened that one of his neighbours was looking out of the window at the time; and seeing Casem poking about the earth in his garden, he ran to the cadi, and told him that his old friend had discovered a treasure. Nothing more was requisite to excite the cupidity of the judge. He allowed the miser to aver, as loudly as he pleased, that he was burying his slippers, and had found no treasure, but at the same time demanded the treasure he had found. Casem talked to no purpose. Wearied out at last with his own asseverations, he paid the money, and departed, cursing the very souls of the pantofles.

Determined to get rid of these unhappy movables, our hero walked to some distance from the city, and threw them into a reservoir, hoping he had now fairly seen the last of them; but the devil, not yet tired of tormenting him, guided the pantofles precisely to the mouth of the conduit. From this point they were carried along into the city, and sticking at the mouth of the aqueduct, they stopped it up, and prevented the water from flowing into the basin. The overseers of the city fountains, seeing that the water had stopped, immediately set about repairing the damage; and at length dragged into the face of day the old reprobate slippers, which they immediately took to the cadi, complaining loudly of the damage they had caused.

The unfortunate proprietor was now condemned to pay a fine still heavier than before: but far was he from having the luck of seeing his chattels detained. The cadi, having delivered the sentence, said, like a conscientious magistrate, that he had no power of retaining other people's property, upon which the slippers, with much solemnity, were faithfully returned to their distracted master. He carried them home with him; and meditating as he went, and as well as he was able to meditate, how he should destroy them; at length he determined upon committing them to the flames. He accordingly tried to do so, but they were too wet; so he put them on a terrace to dry. But the devil, as aforesaid, had reserved a still more cruel accident than any before: for a dog, whose master lived hard by, seeing these strange wild fowl of a pair of shoes, jumped from one terrace to the other, till he came to the miser's, and began to play with one of them; in his sport he dropped it over the balustrade, and it fell, heavy with hobnails and the accumulated guilt of years, on the tender head of an infant, and killed him on the spot. The parents went straight to the cadi and complained that they had found their child dead, and Casem's pantofle lying by it, upon which the judge condemned him to pay a very heavy fine.

Casem returned home, and taking the pantofles, went back to the cadi, crying out with an enthusiasm that convulsed everybody, "Behold! behold! See here the fatal cause of all the sufferings of Casem, these accursed pantofles, which have at length brought ruin upon his head. My lord cadi, be so merciful, I pray you, as to give an edict that may free me from all imputation of accident which these slippers henceforth may occasion, as they certainly will to anybody who ventures into their accursed leather." The cadi could not refuse this request; and the miser learned to his cost the ill effects of not buying a new pair of shoes.

THE VIOLET-GIRL.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

When Fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the eye,
'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yester-eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood and short my way,
But sad experience, in one moment earned,
Can crush the heap'd enjoyments of a day.

Passing the corner of a pop'lous street,
I marked a girl whose wont it was to stand,
With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March weathe
She plied with accents miserably mild;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those healthy blossoms and that fading child:—

—Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth
On life's wild waste to struggle as it can!

To me that odorous purple ministers
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
While meanest images alone are hers,
The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
In the disfurnished chamber of dim cold,

How she must loathe the very scented flowers
That on the squalid table lie unsold!

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
Sweet preluders of spring! far better so,
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much, and harbingers of more—
But a most bitter irony to lift
The veil that hides our sorest mortal sore.

EDUCATION.

[**Martin Luther**, born at Eisleben, Saxony, 10th November, 1483; died 18th February, 1546. The great Reformer, and reverenced by his countrymen as the father of the German language and literature. The following extract from "A Discourse on the Spiritual Advantages arising from the Futherance of Schools, and the Injury consequent on the Neglect of Them," is an interesting specimen of Luther's powers as an essayist, and has a curious significance in these days of school-boards.]

Now if thou hast a child that is fit to receive instruction, and art able to hold him to it and dost not, but goest thy way and carest not what shall become of the secular government, its laws, its peace, &c., thou warrest against the secular government, as much as in thee lies, like the Turk, yea, like the devil himself. For thou withholdest from the kingdom, principality, country, city, a redeemer, comfort, corner-stone, helper, and saviour. And on thy account the emperor loses both sword and crown; the country loses safeguard and freedom, and thou art the man through whose fault (as much as in thee lies) no man shall hold his body, wife, child, house, home, and goods in safety. Rather thou sacrificest all these without ruth in the shambles, and givest cause that men shall become mere beasts, and at last devour one another. This all thou wilt assuredly do, if thou withdraw thy child from so wholesome a condition, for the belly's sake. Now art thou not a pretty man and a useful in the world? who makest daily use of the kingdom and its peace, and by way of thanks, in return, robbest the same of thy son, and deliverest him up to avarice, and labourest with all diligence to this end, that there may be no man who shall help maintain the kingdom, law, and peace; but that all may go to wreck, notwithstanding thou thyself possessest and holdest body and life, goods and honour, by means of said kingdom.

I will say nothing here of how fine a pleasure it is for a man to be learned, albeit he have never an office; so that he can read all manner of things by himself at home, talk and converse with learned people, travel and act in foreign lands. For peradventure there be few who will be moved by such delights. But seeing thou art so bent upon mammon and victual, look here and see how many and how great goods God has founded upon schools and scholars, so that thou shalt no more despise learning and art by reason of poverty. Behold! emperors and kings must have chancellors and scribes, counsellors, jurists, and scholars. There is no prince but he must have chancellors, jurists, counsellors, scholars, and scribes: so likewise, all counts, lords, cities, castles, must have syndics, city clerks, and other learned men; nay, there is not a nobleman but must have a scribe. Reckon up, now, how many kings, princes, counts, lords, cities, and towns, &c. Where will they find learned men three years hence? seeing that here and there already a want is felt. Truly I think kings will have to become jurists and princes chancellors, counts and lords will have to become scribes, and burgomasters sacristans.

Therefore I hold that never was there a better time to study than now; not only for the reason that the art is now so abundant and so cheap, but also because great wealth and honour must needs ensue, and they that study now will be men of price; insomuch that two princes and three cities shall tear one another for a single scholar. For look above or around thee and thou wilt find that innumerable offices wait for learned men, before ten years shall have sped; and that few are being educated for the same.

Besides honest gain, they have also honour. For chancellors, city clerks, jurists, and people in office, must sit with those who are placed on high, and help, counsel, and govern. And they, in fact, are the lords of this world, although they are not so in respect of person, birth, and rank.

Solomon himself mentions that a poor man once saved a city, by his wisdom, against a mighty king. Not that I would have, herewith, warriors, troopers, and what belongs to strife done away, or despised and rejected. They also, where they are obedient, help to preserve peace and all things with their fist. Each has his honour before God as well as his place and work.

On the other hand, there are found certain scratchers[1] who conceit that the title of writer is scarce worthy to be named or heard. Well, then, regard not that, but think on this wise: these good people must have their amusement and their jest. Leave them their jest, but remain thou, nevertheless, a writer before God and the world. If they scratch long, thou shalt see that they honour, notwithstanding, the pen above all things; that they place it[2] upon hat and helmet, as if they would confess, by their action, that the pen is the top of the world, without which they can neither be equipped for battle nor go about in peace; much less scratch so securely. For they also have need of the peace which the emperors, preachers, and teachers (the lawyers) teach and maintain. Wherefore thou seest that they place our implement, the dear pen, uppermost. And with reason, since they gird their own implement, the sword, about the thighs; there it hangs fitly and well for their work; but it would not beseem the head: there must hover the plume. If, then, they have sinned against thee, they herewith expiate the offence, and thou must forgive them.

There be some that deem the office of a writer to be an easy and trivial office; but to ride in armour, to endure heat, cold, dust, thirst, and other inconvenience, they think to be laborious. Yea! that is the old, vulgar, daily tune; that no one sees where the shoe pinches another. Every one feels only his own troubles, and stares at the ease of others. True it is, it would be difficult for me to ride in armour; but then, on the other hand, I would like to see the rider who should sit me still the whole day long and look into a book, though he were not compelled to care for aught, to invent, or think, or read. Ask a chancery-clerk, a preacher, or an orator, what kind of work writing and haranguing is? Ask a schoolmaster what kind of work is teaching and bringing up of boys? The pen is light, it is true, and among all trades no tool so easily furnished as that of the writing trade, for it needeth only a goose's wing, of which one shall everywhere find a sufficiency *gratis*. Nevertheless, in this employment, the best piece in the human body (as the head), and the noblest member (as the tongue), and the highest work (as speech) must take part and labour most; while, in others, either the fist, or the feet, or the back, or members of that class alone work; and they that pursue them may sing merrily the while, and jest freely, which a writer cannot do. Three fingers do the work (so they say of writers), but the whole body and soul must co-operate.

I have heard of the worthy and beloved emperor Maximilian, how, when the great boobies complained that he employed so many writers for missions and other purposes, he is reported to have said: "What shall I do? They will not suffer themselves to be used in this way, therefore I must employ writers." And further: "Knights I can create, but doctors I cannot create." So have I likewise heard of a fine nobleman, that he said, "I will let my son study. It is no great art to hang two legs over a steed and be a rider; he shall soon learn me that; and he shall be fine and well-spoken."

They say, and it is true, the pope was once a pupil too. Therefore despise me not the fellows who say "*panem propter Deum*" before the doors and sing the bread-song.[3] Thou hearest, as this psalm says, great princes and lords sing. I too have been one of these fellows, and have received bread at the houses, especially at Eisenach, my native city. Although, afterward, my dear father maintained me, with all love and faith, in the high-school at Erfurt, and, by his sore sweat and labour, has helped me to what I have become—still I have been a beggar at the doors of the rich, and, according to this psalm, have attained so far by means of the pen, that now I would not compound with the Turkish emperor, to have his wealth and forego my art. Yea, I would not take for it the wealth of the world many times multiplied; and yet, without doubt, I had never attained to it had I not chanced upon a school and the writers' trade.

Therefore let thy son study, nothing doubting, and though he should beg his bread the while, yet shalt thou give to our Lord God a fine piece of wood out of which he can whittle thee a lord. And be not disturbed that vulgar niggards contemn the art so disdainfully, and say, Aha! if my son can write German, and read and cipher, he knows enough; I will have him a merchant. They shall soon become so tame that they will be fain to dig with their fingers, ten yards deep in the earth, for a scholar. For my merchant will not be a merchant long, when law and preaching fail. That know I for certain; we theologians and lawyers must remain, or all must go down with us together. It cannot be otherwise. When theologians go, then goes the Word of God, and remains nothing but the heathen, yea! mere devils. When jurists go, then goes justice together with peace, and remains only murder, robbery, outrage, force, yea! mere wild beasts. But what the merchant shall earn and win, when peace is gone, I will leave it to his books to inform him. And how much profit all his wealth shall be to him when preaching fails, his conscience, I trow, shall declare to him.

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[1] *Scharrhansen*, men who scratch for money, and think of nothing else.—Tr.

[2] The word *Feder*, feather, is used indifferently in German to denote pen or plume.—Tr.

[3] A song or psalm which the poor students of Luther's time sang, when they went about imploring charity at the doors of the rich.

I will say briefly of a diligent pious school-teacher or magister, or of whomsoever it is, that faithfully brings up boys and instructs them, that such an one can never be sufficiently recompensed or paid with money; as also the heathen Aristotle says. Yet is this calling so shamefully despised among us, as though it were altogether nought. And we call ourselves Christians!

And if I must or could relinquish the office of preacher and other matters, there is no office I would more willingly have than that of schoolmaster or teacher of boys. For I know that this work, next to the office of preacher, is the most profitable, the greatest, and the best. Besides, I know not even which is the best of the two. For it is hard to make old dogs tame and old rogues upright; at which task, nevertheless, the preacher's office labours, and often labours in vain. But young trees be more easily bent and trained, howbeit some should break in the effort. *Beloved! count it one of the highest virtues upon earth, to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do by their own.*

MY LOVE.

A tender paleness stealing o'er her cheek
Veiled her sweet smile as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avowed,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak.

Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in heaven; so beamed serene
That pitying thought, by every eye unseen
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.

Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love ere to his fairest votaries lent,
By this, were deemed ungentle cold disdain.

Her lovely looks in sadness downward bent,
In silence, to my fancy, seemed to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?

PETRARCH.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and WHO was HE?—
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name hath perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

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[1] In 1806 Byron wrote an "Answer to a beautiful poem entitled *The Common Lot*," in which he pleads that honour and fame never die. The following stanzas will show the argument of the poem:

"The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time untiring waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

What though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoyed
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot,
Shall burst the bondage of the grave."

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Arma Virumque *Canoe.*"

I was once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in *Joe Miller* of a man who, being *pressed* to serve his majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as "*Quite a Gentleman.*"

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St. M———, and endorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the ballot.

At the sight of the orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision, which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—"except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them next that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed at Ramsgate the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in *transports!*"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they both declared, they never did, and never would believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping sergeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rainbow, of party-coloured ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor sergeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the militiaman having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6, in short, whether he was as tall as the flag, or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly, I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the sergeant with a note to the war-secretary to this purport—"That I considered myself *drawn,* and expected therefore to be well *quarter'd.* That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militiamen 'to be mustarded;' but that if his majesty did '*call me out,*' I hoped I should '*give him satisfaction.*'"

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the general's red-coats, or general postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the war-office seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge," by which I was officially absolved from serving on horse or on foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

And why, I know not—unless his majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation by which the services of all militiamen were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied.*

—*From the Comic Annual.*

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A VARIATION.

Youth rambles on life's arid mount,
And strikes the rock, and finds the vein,
And brings the water from the fount,
The fount which shall not flow again.

The man mature with labour chops
For the bright stream a channel grand,
And sees not that the sacred drops
Ran off and vanish'd out of hand.

And then the old man totters nigh,
And feebly rakes among the stones.
The mount is mute, the channel dry!
And down he lays his weary bones.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HAPPINESS.

Because the Few with signal virtue crowned,
The heights and pinnacles of human mind,
Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,
Wish not thy soul less wise or less refined.
True, that the small delights which every day
Cheer and distract the pilgrim are not theirs;
True, that, though free from passion's lawless sway,
A loftier being brings severer cares.
Yet have they special pleasures, even mirth,
By those undreamt-of who have only trod
Life's valley smooth; and if the rolling earth
To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
They know, man does not live by joy alone,
But by the presence of the power of God.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.[1]

On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at daybreak, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shoghing the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists, clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or maybe the misfortune," said he, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now, the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

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[1] From *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.*

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you Mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she, "I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was sometime before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be. "Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father:—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and maybe now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? maybe you have not such thing as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—

"Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your reverence," said Dick again, in an undertone, "she's as mild and beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and the stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her: and," said Dick, looking up slily, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the priest; "why, there's some reason now in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that maybe would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus, well pleased with each other. Everything prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife, minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing-tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing-net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth.*

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathleen, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange-looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth.* It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "for," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country, as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

WM. MOTHERWELL.

HOPE.

The wretch, condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HEIRESS.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time, and in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess, at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanour, I had thought little or nothing on the subject till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouttes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me, while I am writing—appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented unison they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband—for the husband of an orphan—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her:—a professed rake too—who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate, who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians—revere their office—and tremble at their authority—but to make myself wretched merely to please them—no! no! I positively cannot think of it.

Well—time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one, and on the day of his attaining age he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion I found was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my godmother; why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog.* The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Vale-Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour I remember my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprise when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting, and distracted baronet! Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room.

Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, "You had better return home." Still I lingered—till one evening, towards the close of a long tête-a-tête conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied,

"One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If foregoing more brilliant prospects you would condescend to share my retirement."

His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me, and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart,

"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing."

"But why? Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments—or any estates induce me to place, at the head of my table, a hump-backed bas-bleu in green spectacles?"

"Hump-backed?"

"Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?"

"Intimately. She's my most particular friend!"

"I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?"

"Offended! offended! offended! oh no—not offended. Hump-backed! good heavens! Not the least offended. Hump-backed! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass.

"I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance."

"The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing."

"The deuce!"

"Don't swear, but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine." And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape.

I heard something very like "Curse Miss Vavasour!" on the way to my own apartment. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blythely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose—in a darkened room—I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated.

"No—no," said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy, "no! no! it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl."

Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railleries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

—From *The Blank-Book of a Small Colleger.*

WHILE TAKIN' A WIFT O' MY PIPE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.[1]

While takin' a wift o' my pipe tother neet,
A thowt trickled into my pate,
That sulkin' becose everything isn't sweet,
Is nought but a foolish consate;
Iv mon had bin made for a bit of a spree,
An' th' world were a marlockin' schoo',
Wi' nought nobbut heytin', an' drinkin', an' glee,
An' haliday gam to go through,
He'd sicken afore
His frolic were o'er,
An' feel he'd bin born for a foo'.

Poor crayter, he's o' discontentment an' deawt,
Whatever his fortin may be;
He's just like a chylt at goes cryin' abeawt,
"Eawr Johnny's moor traycle nor me;"
One minute he's trouble't, next minute he's fain,
An' then, they're so blended i' one,
It's hard to tell whether he's laughin' through pain,
Or whether he's peawtin' for fun;—
He stumbles, an' grumbles,
He struggles, an' juggles,—
He capers a bit,—an' he's gone.

It's wise to be humble i' prosperous ways,
For trouble may chance to be nee;
It's wise for to struggle wi' sorrowful days
Till sorrow breeds sensible glee;
He's rich that, contented wi' little, lives weel,
An' nurses his little to moor;
He's weel off 'at's rich, iv he nobbut can feel
He's brother to thoose that are poor;
An' to him 'at does fair,
Though his livin' be bare,
Some comfort shall olez be sure.

We'n nobbut a lifetime a-piece here below,
An' th' lungest is very soon spent;
There's summat aboon measur's cuts for us o',
An' th' most on 'em nobbut a fent;
Lung or short, rough or fine, little matter for that,
We'n make th' best o'th stuff till it's done,
An' when it leets eawt to get rivven a bit,
Let's darn it as weel as we con;
When th' order comes to us
To doff these owd clooas,
There'll surely be new uns to don.

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[1] From *Lancashire Songs.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[Alexander Wilson, born in Paisley, 6th July, 1766; died in Philadelphia, 23d August, 1813. A poet and the founder of American ornithology. For several years he worked at the loom as a weaver in his native town, and afterwards travelled through the country as a peddler. He published his first volume of poems in 1790, and two years later issued, anonymously, his humorous ballad of *Watty and Meg*, which, much to the author's delight, was attributed to Burns. He emigrated to America in 1794; and found occupation as a schoolmaster. Upon settling at Kingsessing, he began to prepare for his great work on American ornithology; he explored the country, generally alone, and personally collected all his specimens. He lived to complete the eighth volume of the work; the ninth was produced under the care of his friend and occasional companion in his explorations, George Ord. Wilson's poetical talent has been almost forgotten, whilst his fame as an ornithologist remains undiminished.]

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use
(If skill'd to teach and diligent to rule),
Is the learn'd master of a little school.
Not he who guides his legs, or skills the clown
To square his fist, and knock his fellow down:
Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
To parry thrusts and pierce th' unguarded heart;
But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;
And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
From humble A, B, C, to God's own page;
From black, rough *pothooks*, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
From *numeration*, through an opening way,
Till dark *annuities* seem clear as day;
Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
Till earth's remotest bound, and heaven's bright train
He trace, weigh, measure, picture, and explain.
If such his toils, sure honour and regard
And wealth and fame will be his dear reward.
Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
And blessings gild the evening of his days!
Yes!—bless'd indeed, by cold ungrateful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn,
Despised by those who to his labours owe
All that they read, and almost all they know;
Condemn'd, each tedious day, such cares to bear
As well might drive e'en Patience to despair;
The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
The blockhead's dark impenetrable skull—
The endless round of A, B, C's whole train
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge, his merits disappear:

If mild—"*Our lazy master loves his ease,*
The boys at school do anything they please."
If rigid—"*He's a cross hard-hearted wretch,*
He drives the children stupid with his birch.
My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;
But frowns and flogging frighten him to death."
Do as he will his conduct is arraign'd,
And dear the little that he gets is gain'd;
E'en *that* is given him, on the quarter day,
With looks that call it—*money thrown away.*
Just heaven! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that teachers share;
If such their fate, by thy divine control
O give them health and fortitude of soul!
Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame.
Grant this, ye powers! to Dominies distress'd,
Their sharp-tailed *hickories* will do the rest.

THE TURNIP.

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

There were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one was rich, the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there never was such a one seen before, and never will again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, "What shall I do with it? if I sell it, it will bring no more than another; and for eating the little turnips are better than this; the best thing perhaps is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect."

Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king; "I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune." "Ah, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune; I am a poor soldier, who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother, who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor, everybody forgets me."

The king then took pity on him, and said, "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother." Then he gave him gold and lands and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king; and thought he must have a much larger gift in return: for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth?

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart, and drag it home with him. When he reached home he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and spite; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he resolved to kill his brother.

So he hired some villains to murder him; and having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother and said, "Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure; let us go and dig it up, and share it between us." The other had no suspicions of his roguery; so they went out together, and as they were travelling along the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree.

But whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse at a distance, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner neck and shoulders together into a sack, and swung him up by a cord to the tree, where they left him dangling, and ran away. Meantime he worked and worked away, till he made a hole large enough to put out his head.

When the horseman came up he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the sack saw him passing under the tree, he cried out, "Good morning! good morning to thee, my friend!" The student looked about everywhere, and seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, "Who calls me?"

Then the man in the tree answered, "Lift up thine eyes, for behold here I sit in the sack of wisdom; here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to this seat all the learning of the schools is as empty air. A little longer, and I shall know all that man can know, and shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars, the laws that control the winds, the number of the sands on the sea-shore, the healing of the sick, the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst feel and own the power of knowledge."

The student listened to all this, and wondered much; at last he said, "Blessed be the day and hour when I found you; cannot you contrive to let me into the sack for a little while?" Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, "A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well and entreat me kindly; but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learned some little matters that are yet unknown to me."

So the student sat himself down and waited a while; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged earnestly that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst of knowledge was great. Then the other pretended to give way, and said, "Thou must let the sack of wisdom descend, by untying yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter." So the student let him down, opened the sack, and set him free. "Now, then," cried he, "let me ascend quickly." As he began to put himself into the sack, heels first, "Wait awhile," said the gardener, "that is not the way." Then he pushed him in head first, tied up the sack, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom, dangling in the air. "How is it with thee, friend?" said he, "dost thou not feel that wisdom comes unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert."

So saying, he trotted off on the student's nag, and left the poor fellow to gather wisdom till somebody should come and let him down.

WOMAN.[1]

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[George Gordon, Lord Byron, born in London, 22d January, 1788; died at Missolonghi, 19th April, 1824. He was the only child of Captain John Byron, of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon, of Gight, Aberdeenshire. Until the age of ten he was educated at Aberdeen under the care of his mother; he was then—having become heir to the title and estate of his grand-uncle, Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey—removed to Harrow, and subsequently to Cambridge. In 1807 appeared the *Hours of Idleness*, and the severe comments made upon it by the *Edinburgh Review* inspired the poet with his satire of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809). He travelled on the Continent for a couple of years, and soon after his return issued the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812), which at once elevated him to the pinnacle of poetic fame. In 1815 he married Miss Millbanke; a year afterwards Lady Byron, with her infant daughter Ada, returned to her father's house in Leicestershire. Byron thereupon quitted England with the determination never to return. He flitted about from place to place, but spent most of his time in Italy. In 1823 he proved his devotion to Greece by joining in the attempt to secure its independence, giving to that object his fortune and his life—for it was in the course of this enterprise that he was attacked by the illness which closed his career. His life provoked many scandals, which have been more than once revived since his death; and on this subject a French critic makes the following observations:[1]—"Our curiosity has killed our enthusiasm; whether it regards a great poet or a great man, we lose sight of his work or his actions to occupy ourselves only with his private life. . . . The heritage of a great man is not in that which brings him down to our level, but in that which exalts him above us."[2]]

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

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[1] First printed in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, c. xxiv.

[1] Henri Blaze de Bury in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st October, 1872.

[2] Of Byron's works Macaulay wrote:—"It was in description and meditation that he excelled. 'Description,' as he said in *Don Juan*, 'was his *forte*. His manner is indeed peculiar, and is almost unequalled—rapid, sketchy, full of vigour; the selection happy; the strokes few and bold. . . . Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. . . . But, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

THE WAVERLEY MYSTERY.

It is difficult nowadays to realize the intensity of the curiosity which long prevailed regarding the authorship of the Waverley Novels. The secret was well kept; several intimate friends had no doubt that Scott was the author, but few were certain of it. The works were attributed to various known and unknown men; then the rapidity with which one novel followed the other gave rise to the idea that they could not be the productions of one man. This suggested to Scott the most humorous of all his introductions, namely, the preface to the *Betrothed*, which he called "Minutes of sederunt of a general meeting of the shareholders designing to form a joint-stock company, united for the purpose of writing and publishing the class of works called the Waverley Novels." Curiosity was at length satisfied and false rumours extinguished by Sir Walter Scott's public acknowledgment of the authorship at the first dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, held in the Assembly Rooms, on Friday, 23d February, 1827. The fund had been established in 1819, under the patronage of Frederick, Duke of York, for the benefit of sick and aged players. It was considered advisable by the managers of the institution to attract attention to the charity by means of a public dinner, and Sir Walter Scott consented to preside on the occasion. The following sketch of the proceedings appeared shortly after the event in a Glasgow periodical called the *Ant*, and is valuable as the report of an eye-witness:—

"Never was dinner so delayed, or so little worth being waited for, till the company was stupified, and in that mood taken by surprise on the entrance of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Fife, and other gentlemen, by the centre door. When they were recognized, every man stood up and cheered, as the chairman, with his 'peers,' halted his way up the middle passage to the elevated seat beneath the royal canopy at the cross table, looking down the room. There was no grace before meat, and very little at it, believe me, for we were all as ravenous as wolves, and every man was there 'his own carver.'

"As I sent you more than one of the Edinburgh papers, it is needless for me to recapitulate the proceedings of the evening, as, upon the whole, they were faithfully reported; although it was impossible for them to convey an idea of the intense spirit of sociality, and intimate brotherhood of feeling, as it were, which speedily pervaded the meeting, and distinguished it from the stiff formality and ostentatious parade of public dinners in general. All that I can do is merely to gather up a few crumbs of intelligence that escaped the regular caterers for the public, or were deemed too trivial for their notice. Sir Walter spoke of the memory of the Duke of York with the feeling of one who had lost a friend, but we were obliged to pledge it and many other toasts with empty glasses. Mr. Robertson, the jolly croupier, even whose rotundity hardly made him visible to one-half of the company, so lowly was he seated, did not relish this, and prevented Sir Walter from going farther till he, at least, was supplied. At a later period he rose up and declared, with rich emphasis, that 'the room was still full of waiters, but empty of wine,' and at last we all got to port. The chairman hesitated considerably in his opening or formal speech. He seemed to have written and forgotten it; but no sooner was the task-work over, than he felt at his own ease, and made his auditors be at theirs. In fact, each of us very speedily experienced the same agreeable feeling that would have been ours had we been seated at table with Sir Walter, and been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. At length Lord Meadowbank got up and petrified us all by his direct, and, as it at first appeared, scandalously rude allusion to his friend's being the author of *Waverley*. The next sensation was that of wonder, how Sir Walter, so involved, would contrive to extricate himself from the dilemma. He rose up; a smile played upon his rough and shagged, but expressive face; and in a low tone, which yet was heard in the remotest corner of the room, revealed the truth that no one there had doubted, but that every one was electrified to hear from his own lips— that he was the author —or, as he added, the sole author of the writings that have placed *Waverley* and its successors at the head of the romance literature of the world. There was, as you may guess, cheering at this till the roof sent back the thundering plaudits. . . . I must conclude. Mackay's speech was well *written;* but he has only one way of delivery, whether of 'my conscience!' or 'the immortal Garrick,' &c. He can sing plaintively, however, and with feeling, as well as comically and with mirth, as he that night evinced. The badinage between him and Sir Walter was highly dramatic—so much so, as to appear premeditated to some. Good-nature, rather than very good taste, at all events, prompted the giving a second-rate actor's health next, after such a ceremony as the revelation of the 'Veiled Prophet.' The more minute touches—in which it was that the chairman excelled,—of course could not be detailed in the newspaper reports—as where he alluded to his son's being a hussar—where he spoke of auld Scotland, and 'every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle'—and of Mrs. Siddons—Mrs. Anne Page, and 'her probabilities'—and Lord Ogilby and his 'twinge'—nor can they convey to you the Northumbrian raciness of his 'hurra'—of P. Robertson's mellow tones, smacking of old port and good living."

Sir Walter Scott took the chair, amid enthusiastic greetings, at six o'clock, supported on his right hand by the Earl of Fife, and on the left by Lord Meadowbank. On the right of the Earl of Fife were Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., Admiral Adam, Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, and several officers of the 7th Hussars; and on the left of the chair sat Baron Clerk Rattray, Gilbert Innes, Esq. of Stow, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, and several officers: Patrick Robertson, Esq., Advocate, and Sir Samuel Stirling of Glorat, Bart., croupiers. Professor Wilson was ill, and unable to attend the meeting.

After the toasts of "The King," "The Duke of Clarence and the Royal Family," and the late "Duke of York," the chairman proposed the Theatrical Fund. He spoke with much fervour of the dramatic art, and warmly pleaded for the poor player, whose wants were not of his own making, but arose from the natural sources of sickness and old age. Mackay, the popular Scottish actor who was long identified with the character he represented in the stage version of *Rob Roy*, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, returned thanks on behalf of his brethren. Before sitting down he proposed the health of the Patrons of the Theatrical Fund; and then came what proved to be the event of the evening.

Lord Meadowbank begged to return the thanks of the patrons for the honour now conferred on them. He could bear testimony to the anxiety which they all felt for the interests of the institution. And now, that he might in some measure repay the gratification which had been afforded himself, he begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But the clouds were now dispelled—the *darkness visible* was cleared away—and the Great Unknown—(here the room literally rung with applauses, which were continued for some minutes)—the minstrel of our country—the mighty magician who had rolled back the current of time, and conjured up the men and the manners which had long passed away, stood revealed to the hearts and the eyes of his affectionate and admiring countrymen. If he himself were capable of imagining all that belonged to this mighty subject—were he even able to give utterance to all that, as a friend, as a man, and as a Scotsman, he must feel regarding it; yet knowing, as he well did, that this illustrious individual was not more distinguished for his towering talents, than for those feelings which rendered such allusions ungrateful to him, however sparingly introduced, he would on that account still refrain from doing that which would otherwise be no less pleasing to him than to his audience. But this his lordship hoped he would be allowed to say—his auditors would not pardon him were he to say less—we owe to him as a people a large and heavy debt of gratitude. He it is who has opened to foreigners the grand and characteristic beauties of our country. It is by him that our gallant ancestors and the struggles of our illustrious patriots, who fought and bled in order to secure that independence and that liberty we now enjoy, have obtained a fame no longer confined to the boundaries of a remote and comparatively obscure nation: it is he who has called down on their struggles for glory and freedom the admiration of foreign countries. He has conferred a new reputation on our national character, and bestowed on Scotland an imperishable name, were it only by her having given birth to himself. [Loud and rapturous applause showed that the audience thoroughly appreciated and endorsed this encomium.]

Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of Not Proven. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. A variety of reasons had led to the concealment; perhaps caprice had the greatest share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (Long and loud cheering.) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again, I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, but as this would go to the public, he wished to speak seriously; and when he said that he was the author, he meant that *he was the total and undivided author*. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, "Your breath has filled my sails;" and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie (loud applause)—and he was sure, that when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed, and that they would take care that on the present occasion it should be PRODIGIOUS!—(Long and vehement applause.)

Mr. Mackay, after a short pause, exclaimed, in the character of Bailie Jarvie,—"My conscience! My worthy faither the deacon could not have believed that siccan a great honour should befa' me his son—that I should hae had sic a compliment paid to me by the Great Unknown."

Sir Walter Scott—"The Small Known now, Mr. Bailie."

Mr. Mackay.—He had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had now worn for eight years; and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had gi'en sic universal satisfaction to a' parties—(loud laughter and applause).—Before he sat down, he begged to propose "The Lord Provost and the City of Edinburgh."

Bailie Bonar returned thanks.

Mr. Patrick Robertson, one of the wittiest and most jovial of the old school of Scottish lawyers—who afterwards became one of the lords of the Court of Session, and astounded everybody by publishing two volumes of poems and sonnets—next proposed the health of Mrs. Henry Siddons and success to the Theatre Royal of Edinburgh. Mr. Murray, the brother of Mrs. H. Siddons and then manager of the Theatre, returned thanks for his sister, and told how the theatre had been rescued from ruin, and all its difficulties overcome, by the production of *Rob Roy*—a statement which might have been made by many subsequent managers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, for in these cities the play always proves attractive. The toasts which followed were: by the chairman, "Mr. Murray," who replied; "The Stewards," which Mr. Vandenhoff, the actor, acknowledged; by Lord Meadowbank, "The Earl of Fife," who replied, and concluded by giving the health of the "Edinburgh Theatrical Company;" by P. Robertson, "Lord Jeffrey," whose absence was due to ill-health; by Mr. J. Maconochie, "Mrs. Siddons, senior, the most distinguished ornament of the stage;" by Mr. Dundas of Arniston, "The Memory of Home, the Author of Douglas." The chairman next said he had too long delayed proposing a toast which must be ever hailed with pleasure in a Scottish meeting. He meant the land that bore us,—the Land of Cakes; every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat's house—every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle. (Applause.) So long as her sons should stand by her, as their fathers had done, she must be a happy country and a respected one. And he who would not drink a bumper to this toast, may he never drink whisky more.

Then Mr. H. G. Bell proposed the health of James Sheridan Knowles. The chairman followed with "Shakspeare," and "Joanna Baillie;" and after these toasts had been honoured, came "Mr. Terry" (who dramatized most of the Waverley Novels); "Allan Ramsay;" "the Patronesses of the Theatre;" "the New Theatre;" and "Henry Mackenzie, 'the man of feeling.'"

Immediately afterwards Sir Walter said: "Gentlemen,—it is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge, I may say, '*non sum qualis eram.*' At my time of day, I can agree with Lord Ogilby as to his rheumatism, and say, 'There's a twinge.' I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for leaving the chair."—The worthy baronet then retired amidst long, loud, and rapturous cheering.

Mr. Patrick Robertson was then called to the chair by acclamation.

"Gentlemen,"—said Mr. Robertson,—"I take the liberty of asking you to fill a bumper to the very brim. There is not one of us who will not remember, while he lives, being present at this day's festival, and the declaration made this night by the gentleman who has just left the chair. That declaration has rent the veil from the features of the Great Unknown—a name which must now merge in the name of the Great Known. It will be henceforth coupled with the name of Scott, which will become familiar like a household word. We have heard the confession from his own immortal lips—(tremendous cheering)—and we cannot dwell with too much or too fervent praise on the merits of one of the greatest men Scotland has produced."

The following is Sir Walter's own comment upon the proceedings at the Theatrical Fund dinner; it is an entry in his diary for February 24th, . . . "If our jests were not good, our laughter was abundant. I think I will hardly take the chair again when the company is so miscellaneous; though they all behaved perfectly well. Meadowbank taxed me with the novels, and to end that farce at once, I pleaded guilty; so that splore is ended. As to the collection—it has been 'much cry and little woo, as the deil said when he shore the sow.' I got away at ten at night." Lord Meadowbank had, when going into the meeting, asked Scott if he might refer to the authorship of the novels; and as the facts were pretty generally known since the failure of his publishing house, Scott answered: "Do as you like—only, don't say much about so old a story."

THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

The 15th August, 1871, was the hundredth anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's birth, and the Edinburgh Border Counties Association inaugurated the movement for a festival in honour of the memory of Scott, to be held on that occasion. For reasons of convenience, the celebration was arranged to take place on Wednesday the 9th August, and accordingly, with few exceptions, the centenary honours were paid on that day. In the principal cities of the United Kingdom, of America, the Continent, and the colonies, and, indeed, wherever there was a reading population, the genius of Scott was gratefully remembered in public and private on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Edinburgh, being his natal city, was appropriately the centre of these rejoicings; and as the British Association held its meeting there in August, the number of strangers who attended the chief festival was considerably increased. During the day the city was crowded with visitors from far and near; flags were raised on the public buildings and on several private houses; relics of "the great magician"—his manuscripts, portraits, and other articles intimately associated with his life and works—were exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy; and, in brief, town and people presented the appearance of a national and popular holiday. In the evening various parts of the town were illuminated and the streets were crowded with sightseers. The Scott banquet was held in the Corn Exchange, which was decorated for the occasion, and the company numbered about two thousand. Amongst the guests were the most famous representatives of literature, art, and science. The Earl of Dalkeith—one of the Scotts of Buccleuch—presided, and the vice-chairmen were Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Jerviswood, the Lord Justice-general, and the Lord-provost of Edinburgh.

As one of the best specimens of the oratory which the occasion inspired, we desire to preserve here the address of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, who, after the customary loyal toasts from the chair, proposed "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott."

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL said:—To offer for your consideration some of the reasons why the memory of Sir Walter Scott should be honoured in an assembly composed mainly of his countrymen, and wholly of his admirers, may seem a very simple task. To state in any adequate manner his services to his country and mankind would be a task of a very different kind. It would involve nothing less than a review of the literature which he found, the literature which he left, and the literature which a later age has created, and an examination into the part which literature holds in the vital system of a people. I need hardly say that the first and simpler method of treating the subject is the one which I propose to myself, and that in approaching even that, I am sensible how much I stand in need of your indulgence. I would first remind you of the amount of work accomplished by Scott, and the comparatively brief period in which it was performed. In 1796, his twenty-fifth year, he began to toy with literature as a translator of German ballads. But his own original writings, beginning with the *House of Aspen*, and ending with the *Surgeon's Daughter*, all saw the light between 1799 and 1831. His career as a popular poet may be said to have opened with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805, and ended with *Harold the Dauntless* in 1817. His career as our first writer of prose fiction commenced with *Waverley* in 1814, and closed with his life. By the side of this ample and sparkling stream of original writing flowed another of scarcely inferior volume, consisting of miscellaneous works, editorial, critical, biographical, or historical, of which it is enough to mention the editions of *Dryden and Swift*, the *Life of Napoleon*, and the *Tales of a Grandfather*. As an officer of the Court of Session and sheriff of Selkirk, professional work occupied a considerable portion of his time, and so also did the mercantile concerns in which he was unfortunately a partner. For a good many years, the years of seeming financial prosperity, say from 1817 or 1818 to 1825, he was one of the most prominent figures in social life in Scotland, and one of the favourite lions of London. In these busy thirty-two years enough was done to fill the lives of ten not inconsiderable mortals. One of the Homeric heroes seemed to have reappeared upon the earth, clothed in superhuman strength and the wig and gown of a Scotch advocate. (Applause.)

As a poet, Scott, like other great masters of the lyre, may be said to have fulfilled the aspirations, and given full and triumphant truth to the thought, with which many kindred minds have been in labour, but which they had lacked strength to bring forth. In days when letters here in Scotland were still young, there was a strong disposition to gather up, and afterwards a no less strong wish to reproduce, the relics of earliest song. The ballads which collectors like George Bannatyne and Richard Maitland loved, later poets like Allan Ramsay and Elizabeth Halket eagerly imitated, and so considerable was the power and the industry of these imitators that it has lately been argued with plausibility that the best of our so-called old Scottish ballads belong to the age of Sir Roger de Coverley. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and Percy's *Reliques* are later indications of the tendency of thought and taste which in another branch of art was likewise marked by the plaster pinnacles of Strawberry Hill. Scott himself, cradled in the ballad-land, became the most zealous as well as the ablest of ballad editors. In collecting materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, thinking, as it was said, "of little but the queerness and the fun," he was making himself for the work of his life. He was also in no small degree making at the same time the public taste to which that work was to be submitted. In fulness of time the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was born, to fascinate a world athwart which the genius of Burns had lately flashed, but in which Hayley was probably the most popular poet, and the laurel of Dryden certainly wreathed the brows of Pye. Few critics will question the supremacy of Scott, at least in our language, in the field of metrical romance. Opinion may vary as to the rank to be assigned to that class of composition. Other poets have soared higher into the empyrean of thought, or have dived deeper into the mystery of life, but none has ever told his tale with greater breadth of light and shade, or hurried his reader along with a more genial vivacity; none has ever lit up the banquet-hall or the battle-field with more of Homeric fire, or adorned his action with a more exquisite transcript of the scenery of nature. (Applause.) It is in virtue of these qualities that a great poet holds as his own for ever the ground, historical or topographical, which his wand has once touched; and conquests of this kind are in one sense a measure of his power. In this sphere Scott is certainly the greatest of peaceful and beneficent conquerors in the world of letters. Bannockburn and Flodden are his; Melrose and Dunvegan, and many a fair domain and ancient pile between. The house of Buccleuch is not less indebted to his genius than to the valour of another Sir Walter, the favour of King James, or the good housewifery of the lady of the *Lay*. Of this city, his own romantic town, he is, in our legal language, the unquestioned feudal superior. It is curious now to turn to his friend Moore's playful allusions to these poetical conquests at the time *Rokeby* was announced in 1814. Writing in the character of Messrs. Lackington to one of their authors, he says that Scott,

> "Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
> Is coming by long quarto stages to town,
> And, beginning with *Rokeby*, the job's sure to pay;
> Means to do all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
> Now the scheme is, though none of our hackneys can
> beat him,
> To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him;
> Who by means of quick proofs, no revises, long coaches,
> May do a few villas before Scott approaches.
> Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
> He'll reach without foundering at least Woburn Abbey."

It is needless to remind you that ere the fresh poet alighted at Woburn gate Scott had pursued his raid far into England, and with new arms had annexed Ashby and Kenilworth, Whitefriars and Whitehall. (Applause.) Had Scott written nothing but his lyrics he would still hold a distinguished place in letters. "Rosabelle," "Lochinvar," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Norah's Vow," and "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" will be sung and loved as long as tenderness and melody, pith and vigour, archness, gaiety, and delicate humour shall please the ear, inspire the fancy, and touch the heart. These and other songs of Scott have made the tour of the world with the songs of Burns, and haunt the memory of most men who love poetry and speak English. They are the very songs to be sung in a strange land by exiles not much given to weeping and hanging their harps on willows, and who yet at Vancouver or Hong-Kong very steadily think of Scotland, knowing, or perhaps not knowing, how greatly the Scotland to which their hearts turn is the intellectual creation of Scott. It is the poet's best reward, we are told by Longfellow, to find his song in the heart of a friend. Scott, like Longfellow himself, is a poet who enjoys "love, honour, and obedience, troops of friends." One of the latest of his stranger-friends whom I have met with turned up in North-Eastern Siberia. If you will look into the pleasant tent-life in that country of Mr. George Kennan, an American surveyor, you will find him discovering analogies between the scenery around him and the Western Highlands of Scott's poetry, and recording how he and his party made the woodlands of Kamtschatka re-echo to the wild and unaccustomed war-notes of "Bonnie Dundee."

I would now ask you to look at Scott as a writer of prose fiction, who, from the stores of his learning and the spring of his imagination, fed for sixteen years the fancy of the civilized world, ministering no less to the social and moral well-being than to the innocent gaiety of nations. The Waverley Novels provided a new pleasure for the reading world, even for the little fastidious world of jaded elderly critics. To him who has never seen the sea or the mountains, the first sight of either becomes an epoch in his life. Many of us, I believe, cherish as a choice reminiscence our first glimpse of the fair imaginary realm which was created by Scott. My own first peep of it I well remember, obtained by means of a review which I got hold of when at an age at which the nature and uses of quarterly criticism were for me as yet very dim. The delight with which I devoured the extracts in small print was only equalled by the disgust with which I floundered amongst the comments in a larger type, lamentable fits of insanity, as I thought them, befalling in some mysterious manner my matchless story-teller. It was not till several years afterwards that the book itself fell into my hands, and the well-remembered names of Isaac of York, Rebecca and Rowenna, told me that I had found an old friend in *Ivanhoe.* I venture to mention this trivial personal incident in hopes that it may recall to many of you whom I have the honour to address, various green spots, diverse and yet similar, of auld langsyne connected with Scott and his writings. (Applause.) The effect which the first Waverley Novel may produce on a fresh and imaginative mind, now when Scott has taught his craft to so many cunning hands, can give but a very faint idea of the success of *Waverley.* "The small anonymous sort of a novel," as Scott called it in sending it to Mr. Morritt by the mail of the 9th July, 1814, very speedily took the world by storm. Five years later, on the publication of the eighth of the series, a reviewer so discriminating and so little given to reckless praise as Mr. Jeffrey announced that no such prodigy had been known since Shakspeare wrote his thirty-eight plays in the brief space of his early manhood. This opinion was recorded upon the appearance of *Kenilworth, Nigel, Durward,* and various other favourites, scarce less successful than their predecessors. Detailed criticism would be out of place here, where we are met to agree that as Stratford did for Shakspeare, so Edinburgh must do for Scott. The long procession of ideal figures, headed by Waverley and the Baron of Bradwardine, and closed by Richard Middlemas and the French Begum, forms stern and solemn, or gay and sportive, courtly or grotesque, of every age and sex, of many climes, periods, and moods of mind, which proceeded from the brain of Scott, have furnished a goodly quota of their number to the world's gallery, where the people of the poet's dream stand side by side with the personages of history, and where it often occurs to us, who are the transitory visitors to the show, to exclaim with the Spanish monk before the canvas of Titian—

> "These are the real men,
> And we the painted shadows on the wall."

(Applause.) Who of us, indeed, do not feel Don Quixote and his squire, Hamlet and Falstaff, to be our fellow-creatures quite as truly as Philip III. or the Minister Lerma, or Devereux or Cecil or Queen Bess herself? Scott has filled more places in the historical Valhalla than any other writer, Shakspeare alone excepted. To the history of this little corner of northern Europe, this single Scotchman, bending his big brow over his desk, has given a wide and splendid celebrity, far beyond the reach, at least far beyond the attainment of the strong hands and stout hearts and busy brains of the whole perfervid race of other days at home and abroad. (Applause.)

His reading of our national story is probably the version which will long be accepted by the world. In one point, indeed, it was fiercely challenged. The sufferings and services of the Covenanters had made them popular idols, and some good men were startled at being shown that their idols had a comic side, and on being reminded that in respect and sympathy for freedom of thought the black Prelatist and the true-blue Presbyterian were in the relative condition of the pot and the kettle in the fable. But I question if any of the controversialists who entered the field against Scott ever recognized more fully than he did that the spirit which leads men to lay down their lives for what they hold to be truth is the very breath of national life; if any Whig writer has ever painted a more touching picture of the better men of Bothwellhaugh than the novelist who delighted to wear the white cockade of the cavalier. In fact, the good corn of the history of the Kirk seems to owe quite as much to the winnowing it received from Scott as to the painful garnerings of honest Wodrow, in whose husbandry flail and fanner were unknown. If the world beyond the Tweed is likely for long to read Scottish history with the eyes of Scott, it is still more certain to adopt his estimate of the character of our people. Coleridge used to say, "Whenever I have occasion to speak of a Scotch rascal, I always lay the emphasis on Scotch." This principle Scott applied in a somewhat larger spirit. His Scotch characters, Highland and Lowland, tinted with all the delicate shades of local and social colour, gentle and simple, good and bad, are all emphatically Scotch. It is not for a Scotchman to say whether our great painter has or has not been

> "To all our virtues very kind,
> To all our faults a little blind."

But we certainly ought to be well content with the national portraiture, and do each what in us lies to perpetuate its nobler features. The work that Burns yearned after from the depths of his passionate heart, Scott has actually accomplished. From the story of our feuds and factions, from the dust and blood of the past, his genius and his patriotism have culled all that was pure and lovely and of good report, and have woven it into an immortal chaplet for the brow of Caledonia. He has fanned the fire of Scottish nationality without detriment—nay, with positive advantage to that higher and nobler nationality which rallies around the flag whereon the white cross fits so compactly into the red. Wherever the British flag flies it will find no better or truer defenders there than those Scotchmen who best know and love their Scott. (Applause.)

Amidst moral and intellectual benefits, I must not forget the important contributions of Scott to the material prosperity of his native land. The dead poet whom we celebrate is as distinctly an employer of labour as any of those captains of industry whose looms whirl by the Tweed or whose furnaces flame along the Clyde. Here, there, everywhere, pilgrims are flocking to the shrines which he has built for himself and his country; and trades and occupations of all kinds flourish by the brain which lies in Dryburgh, as they formerly flourished by the brain of St. Thomas. Mrs. Dodds of the Cleikum, Neil Blane of the Howff, and others, his pleasant publicans, are only a few of those whom Scott has established in a roaring business. When land is to be sold in any district of the Scott countries, his scenes and his characters therewith connected, and even his passing allusions, are carefully chronicled amongst other attractions in the advertisement, and duly inventoried amongst the title-deeds of the estate. It would be hard to say how many years' purchase Scott has added to the value of Branksome, or of the Eildon pastures. But there is no doubt that the touch of his pen does in many places form an important element of that unearned increment of value—that, I believe, is the scientific term—which Mr. Stuart Mill and friends propose shortly to transfer from the lords of the soil to the Lords of the Treasury. Some of Scott's truest admirers have been disposed to regret that there is no single piece of his that gives any adequate idea of his greatness. The pangs of parturition were indeed unknown to that most prolific of brains. The mighty machinery of his mind worked with the least possible friction. *Waverley* is generally esteemed the most carefully finished of his tales, yet we know, on his own authority, the two last volumes were written between the 4th of June and the 1st of July. The noble lord who, in a party attack on the most illustrious of his countrymen, told the House of Commons that one of the Clerks of Session wrote more books than any other person had leisure to read, would probably have accomplished an unusual feat if he had read in one day the forty pages 8vo which Scott sometimes wrote in the same period of time. The two sermons which Scott wrote for a clerical friend were promised overnight and placed in his hand next morning. The absence of apparent effort in the exercise of even his highest powers struck all strangers who had an opportunity of observing his talents. Two acute and by no means superstitious observers solved the mystery by ascribing to him something of supernatural power. "There was," says Hazlitt, "a degree of capacity in that huge double forehead which superseded all effort, and made everything come intuitively and almost mechanically." Captain Basil Hall was at first much exercised by the phenomenon, but as he himself kept a very copious journal, and discovered that in one of his visits to Abbotsford he had written in one day about as much as Scott considered a fair day's task, he considered that his wonder was misapplied. "No such great matter after all," concluded the gallant captain; "it is mere industry and a little invention, and that we all know costs Scott nothing." (A laugh.) In fact, amongst his intimate friends the marvellous facility and fecundity of the man ceased to excite any surprise. Even the faithful and affectionate Laidlaw, his amanuensis in times of sickness, used to forget himself and everything else in the interest of the tale he was writing down. If the dictation flagged, he would say, "Come, sir, get on; get on;" and would receive the characteristic reply, "Hout! Willie, you forget I have to invent the story!" (Laughter.)

It is natural at first sight to regret all this headlong haste, and to wish that four or five of the novels had been compressed into a perfect work of art, into a "gem of purest ray serene" altogether worthy of the mind whence it came. No doubt the rule of Goldsmith's connoisseur is generally a sound one, that the picture would have been better had the painter taken more pains; and if we can conceive such a thing as a pedagogue seated with a row of possible Walter Scotts before him, it would be highly proper that he should impress the maxim on their young minds. But as the genius of Scott was in so many points exceptional, it is possible that it may have worked under special laws of its own, and that something of the charm of his works may belong to their rapid and spontaneous flow, like the rush of a river or melody from the throats of birds

"That carol their sweet pleasures to the spring."

(Applause.) The influence of Scott upon literature, both at home and abroad, was immense. Whatever he did, whatever attire he chose to assume, at once became the fashion. The apparent ease of his verse, the fatal facility of the octosyllabic measure, procured him a large poetical following, in which there were, no doubt, many figures strange to see, like the alderman, in whose person Holyrood saw

"The royal Albyn's tartan as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt."

But his school can likewise boast of several disciples of rare genius. His presence may be felt in some of the earlier tales of Byron; from his shrine comes some of the fire that burns in *Ivry* and the *Armada*, and the *Roman Lays* of Macaulay, and in the *Cavalier Ballads* of our own still lamented Aytoun Of the historical romance in prose he may be called the father; and never had literary sire a more goodly offspring in the second generation—

"By many names men call them,
In many lands they dwell."

In France, Hugo, De Vigny, the elder Dumas; in Spain, Fernan Caballero; in Italy, Manzoni and D'Azeglio; in Germany, Zschokke and Alexis; in America, Cooper; at home, Grattan, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray, are only a few of the writers well known to fame, who have essayed to bend the bow of Scott. Of living English writers I will not speak. Many names will at once occur to you all, and I am sure that the most famous of the band would be the foremost in rendering homage to their great master. If the words that Scott wrote to Mr. Cadell in 1830 were somewhat overcharged then, they are more near the truth in 1871—"The fact is," he wrote, "I have taught a hundred gentlemen to write nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself." In truth, Scott's art, using the word in the larger sense, was like that of Falstaff, who was witty himself and the cause of wit in other men.

Even in the fields less peculiarly his own than fiction his influence was very great. His writings stimulated historical research in a hundred directions; and he was the founder of the Bannatyne Club, parent model of many similar societies prolific of goodly quartos. In his romances the delighted reader had found himself brought face to face with personages whom he had before seen only as in a glass darkly. Historians began to take a leaf out of the great novelist's book; to use a style more dramatic and pictorial; to develop individual character; and bestow unwonted pains on accessories of time and place. Is it too much to say that we probably owe to the example of Scott some of the most graceful digressions of Hallam; something of the splendid scene-painting of Macaulay; something of the electric light flashed over many famous men, and into many dark places, from the pen of Carlyle? (Applause.) Is it unreasonable to suppose that his great genius has exercised an influence, not the less real because untraced, unseen, unsuspected, like the influence of the Gulf Stream diffusing itself through our western sounds and sea-coasts in softer verdure and richer foliage?

Of all the legacies which Scott has bequeathed to mankind, I believe none are more precious than his own character and life. (Applause.) Happy in many things, unhappy in a few, he was singularly happy in a biographer. Amongst our chosen book companions, amongst the friends that can never alter nor forsake, *Lockhart's Life of Scott* deserves to hold a place of chief honour and ready access. I doubt whether the world has ever been told so much about any one man by any single biographer—whether the life of a great man has ever fallen into the hands of a writer with equal opportunity of knowing the whole truth, and equal faculty for telling it; and whether the whole *Biographie Universelle* can furnish a single other name that would show so fair if the whole life which belonged to it were unrolled like that of Scott, year by year, almost day by day, before the gaze of his fellowmen. (Applause.) The admiration with which Scott was regarded during the larger portion of his life was great, but the love and affection which he inspired during his whole life was still greater. Warmly and widely loved before he was famous, in later days he attracted the regard of various remarkable persons to whom his fame was an unknown quantity. In Paris, in 1815, amongst all the celebrities of Europe, he seemed especially to fascinate Blucher and Platoff the Cossack, the latter of whom, cantering down the Rue de la Paix, would jump off his horse to kiss him. It is highly improbable that either the Prussian field-marshal or the hetman of the Cossacks of the Don knew much about either *Marmion* or *Waverley*, or that they were influenced by anything deeper than the frank kindly aspect of the stalwart ex-volunteer, with "that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality, courage, and tenderness," which Haydn assures us "neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched." How variegated with all the hues of character is the list of his friends! Jeffrey, Rogers, Moore, Byron, Crabbe, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Southey, Haydn, George IV., are only a sample of those who, differing from one another on many things, agreed to love and honour Scott. The reverence in which he was held from their first acquaintance by Lockhart is of itself no small proof of his titles to be revered and honoured. With the intellectual life of his time, Scott's relations were as genial as those which bound him to its social life. His career gave no incident to the "Quarrels of Authors." His high, frequently too high, appreciation of the writings of his contemporaries was one of the most noticeable of his many pleasant traits of character. Washington Irving, after passing a few days at Abbotsford in 1817, was convinced that his host was the author of the Waverley Novels, because they were the only important works of the day he had never quoted. How characteristic is Scott's reminiscence of Burns, and his pride in having, as a boy, helped the poet to the authorship of some lines by Langhorne, and having received a grateful look from him in return. From this, which was probably his first meeting with any distinguished man of letters, to that which was probably one of the last, at Naples, when being under the delusion that his debts were all paid, he offered pecuniary aid to Sir William Gell, the record of his relations with his brethren of the pen is a record of brotherly-kindness, encouragement, furtherance, earnest sympathy in success or in disappointment, of gifts of money when he had it, of loans of time, when time was to him in a special manner money. (Applause.)

Much has been written and said about Scott's desire to found a family upon the estate which his industry had acquired. It has been urged that being the Ariosto of the North, the Cervantes of his native land, it was pitiable that he should have cared to be Scott of Abbotsford—a kind of distinction frequently achieved and enjoyed by his Andrew Fairservices and Nicol Jarvies. This view of the case seems to leave out of sight the important fact that the Scott was as strong within him as the Ariosto or Cervantes, and that if he had been devoid of one of the strongest tendencies of the race from which he was sprung, he would not have been the Walter Scott we have met here to celebrate. (Applause.) In the higher part of his character he was a poet, in the everyday concerns of life he was a shrewd practical man of the world. Hence, having acquired wealth by an unusual path, he invested that wealth very much as any one of his friends might have done who had acquired it by the practice of law or the weaving of wool. In his case land had a peculiar attraction, for he had loved the country from his cradle, and by its possession he was enabled to realize, or to try to realize, the half-feudal, half-patriarchal life of his day-dreams. The existence of a certain number of families, with more or less of permanence in the possession of the soil, and enjoying more or less of social importance, was, according to his political theories, essential to the welfare of an ancient kingdom. There was nothing inconsistent or unworthy that a man holding this theory should desire that amongst those families his descendants should be found. The popular and prevailing theory is, of course, of an opposite kind. But for some cause or other, which it is not for me to explain, when the holders of this theory buy land, it seems to lose its grasp of their vigorous and enterprising minds. They, too, build and plant on a scale altogether feudal; and their walls and windows blaze with heraldry, just as if romantic poetry and old-fashioned Toryism had been their business and their creed.

Even of Scott's politics, so characteristic of the man, I will venture to say a word. They were the opinions naturally growing up in the mind of a man who had been unable to feel any enthusiasm for French Liberalism in 1789; who had rejoiced in the fall of the French Napoleon in 1815, before a European coalition mainly formed and set in motion by the Tory ministry of England, and who had not seen, as we have seen, the national prosperity which attends three generations of revolution. Such as they were, the views of the young advocate defending a housebreaker at Jedburgh were those of the favourite at Carlton House, which is more than could be said for some of the fine folks he met there. On the whole, I believe few of us will be disposed to regret that he did not go over to the winning side in 1831—a year of rapid change and sudden conversion. He had chosen his party, and adhered to it strictly; but there was nothing in his tenets nor in his attitude that was ignoble, or narrow, or incongruous. His once famous *Malagrowther's Letters* show that he was no slave to party allegiance, and that in the midst of his own anxieties and disasters the call of public duty found him no niggard of his time and toil. His writings show that while his own opinions were firmly held, he was ever mindful of how much may always be said on the other side. Tories may well be proud that the most illustrious author of his day was a Tory. Not a few Radicals I believe there are who will think more kindly of Toryism for his sake, just as I am sure that any repugnance to the Radical faith must have been much softened in any one who had enjoyed the benignant converse of another great man lately taken from us—George Grote. (Applause.) Those who are most disposed to discover evidence of weakness in this or that portion of Scott's conduct will admit such weaknesses only brought into nobler prominence the indomitable fortitude with which he confronted the misfortunes of his later years. One weakness he unquestionably had—that of reluctance to look disagreeable facts in the face. But for this his financial disasters would probably never have overtaken him. He could, however, as few men could, set his face as a flint against the inevitable in declining years and health, and take up arms against a sea of troubles with all the energy of youth. There is nothing more tragic in the story of literature than his memorable struggle—from the entry in his diary of 24th January, 1826—"I will dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds, or what may sell for such, to make good my engagements"—to the closing scene, when six years of such incessant digging had done their work on the noble intellect, and when the rocks of Pausilippo and the Campanian lake beyond could elicit no other words from the weary pilgrim but—

"It's up the craggy mountain
And down the mossy glen,
We canna gang a milking
For Charlie and his men."

For myself I can say that I never take down, for instruction or amusement, a volume of Scott's writings, published in or after 1826, without thinking of the circumstances in which they were composed, and remembering that they, like the water from the Well of Bethlehem, which David refused to drink, represent the heart's blood of a brave man's life. May the day never come in Scotland when we shall forget that noble and beautiful life with its triumphs and its joys, and its sorrows, and its lessons! (Applause.) You have met to-night to do him a rare and exceptional honour; yet the century which closes with the 100th anniversary of his birth has been a century full of great capacities, great achievements, and colossal and unparalleled events. Within the lifetime of Scott died Clive and Hastings, the founders of our Indian empire; Chatham fell in the senate, and Nelson on the quarter-deck; Fox, Burke, the younger Pitt, Canning, and many more, died in the fulness of parliamentary fame; Wellington lived and conquered; and a host of writers, philosophers, and inventors inscribed their names in the book of fame. Of all these statesmen, soldiers, and thinkers, two only have been thought worthy of such national recognition, both poets, both Scotchmen—Burns and Scott. (Prolonged applause.)

A song written by Mr. James Ballantine was then sung by the Scottish singer, Mr. Kennedy, who was enthusiastically encored. The following gentlemen spoke during the evening, each heartily paying his mite of homage to the shade of Scott: The Lord Justice-clerk, Dean Stanley, Lord Lawrence, Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms (for Ireland), Mr. Cyrus Field (for America), Dr. Beets (for Holland), M. Ivan Tourguènef (for Russia), the Lord-mayor of London, the Lord-provost, Lord Houghton, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Airlie, Sir Alexander Grant, Lord Jerviswood, &c.

Not the least noteworthy event of the evening was the exchange of telegrams between the Earl of Dalkeith, as chairman of the meeting, and the President of the United States, his excellency U. S. Grant.

Whatever failures there may have been in carrying out the details of the festival, everything was done with the earnest desire to honour the memory of Sir Walter Scott, who more than all her heroes has won honour for Scotland.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.